



VOL. IV. } D. C. DENSMORE, PUBLISHER.

NO. WEYMOUTH, MASS., MAY 15, 1879.

\$1.65 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

NO. 10.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

Enlarged from 8 to 12 pages, formerly issued from No 3 Dwight Street, Boston, Mass., will after this date be published at *Fair View House, North Weymouth, Mass.*, the 1st and 15th of each month.

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

" D. K. MINER, Business Manager.

D. C. DENSMORE, Announcer and Publisher.

Price yearly,	\$1.65 in advance.
Six months,	.83 "
Three months,	.42 "
Single copies,	.06 "

The above rates include postage. *Specimen copies sent free on application at this office.*

All letters and communications (to receive attention) must be directed, (postpaid,) as above, to D. C. DENSMORE, Publisher.

LITERARY.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

LINES TO MRS. A. McDONALD,

[On the Death of her Eldest Daughter, Emma, aged thirteen years, which occurred on the 12th inst., after a brief illness of eight days. When dying, she said to her mother, "Don't weep for me; the angels are here; I see them, and hear them sing."]

THROUGH TRYPHENA C. PARDEE.

From the beautiful home of God's love,
From the morning of Life's freshest bloom.
Where the dewdrops are shining above,
In the gardens that never wear gloom,
I bend to the earth with a song,
Whose music is sweet to be told—
Oh, it charms the whole landscape along,
Where the angels are leading my soul!

Yes, the angels, dear angels, that came
To my bedside when struggling in death.
Singing Jesus, dear Jesus's name,
Left me not at the parting of breath:
But crowned me with roses and fern,
And blessed me with solacing cheer;
Then they gave me this lesson to learn—
"Nevermore wilt thou sorrow or fear."

I would chase those dark shades from your brow,
Dear mother, and heal your deep grief:
To the mandates of Heaven we bow—
Oh, rejoice that my pain was so brief;
Rejoice that the dark day is gone,
That evils no more can annoy,
That the hour of redemption's bright dawn
Brings your Emma Life's measureless joy!

To my brother and sisters I send
Purer love than the earth-heart can feel;
And wherever their footsteps may tend,
Thither Emma's kind Spirit will steal,
And fondly lead on in the light
That melts mournful shadows away,
Till we meet in God's paradise bright,
With the angels forever to stay.

Oh, the songs, dearest mother, the songs
That swell on the sweet-scented air!—
They make my weak Spirit grow strong,
They're so full of affection most rare

Oh, my Spirit is bathed every hour
In the truest and tenderest love.
And I'll send back to earth its glad power,
Till we all sing together above.

ELLINGTON, N. Y. April 17, 1879

[For the Voice of Angels.]

GLENDOWER;

A LEGEND OF THE OLD AND NEW.

BY ALICE CARY.

THROUGH MRS. SUSAN GOODHUE WAGNER.

[CONCLUDED.]

It is then manifest that transition or change is the necessary effect of nature; that all things are governed by the same law, but differently applied, according to the genus homo, the species or kind. We can only construe the vital as the basic organic system inwrought through matter to its perfected condition; the flexible generating impulsive action or friction of eliminated life, as the solar part must ever be the attractive soul-principle, must ever take its position as naturally, and with the same precision, as the earth moves on its axis. Remember, then, the death of the body only separates, but does not obliterate or retard the growth of future advancement. The law of our being is ever the same conscious and eternal truth. When we touch nature, we touch good; and presuming that this is our natural sphere, as we compare the world of cause to the world of effect.

And now all nature seemed in commotion:
And ships were sailing on the ocean,
And spires were pointing to the sky,
And swarms of birds flew swiftly by:—
All things I saw of bird or beast,
All things, the largest and the least:
Courtiers of old, with sword and spear,
Clad in bright armor, did appear;
And serfs and slaves, in clanking chains,
And masters holding to the reins,
And priests and scribes and pharisees,
And women prostrate on their knees,
And little children with tearful faces,
In terror seeking hiding-places.
For the days of oppression were pictured to me,
When tyrants ruled and blood ran free;
And prayers and tears were all in vain:
When kings and monarchs held the rein,
And babes were torn from their mothers' breasts,
As onward the tyrants mally pressed:
Maid and matrons, the young and the old,
Lacks of white and tresses of gold—
Doing penance in word or deed,
O'er the weary or the beads;
Imploring the Virgin and the Saints,

Pouring out their souls' complaints.
And there were ruined castles and towers,
And burning tapers, incense and flowers;
And a table spread with a sumptuous feast,
And one in the royal garb of a priest;
And urns with holy water filled,
Of precious sacrament distilled,
Where saints and sinners were made whole,
With holy unction for the soul.
There was beating of drums and waving of plumes
Of kings and princes, peers and grooms;
And painted bids of bronze and gold,
Like unto the feudal days of old;
And all the day and hour was rife
With the sound of the bugle and the fife.
But there was a lull in the battle fray,
And a gleam of light through the darker day:
The scene was calm as the summer hour
Of opening leaf and bud and flower,
Of verdant bank and grassy hills,
And the murmuring of brooks and rills:
And the birds poured forth their gift of song,
Till the vales were filled with the music sweet,
And everything was bright with bloom,
In rarest loveliness complete.

Old cathedrals rose before me, mosques and harems, with every insignia and device, quaint and curious, with relics of barbarous ages and representation of all races. Untamed and ferocious beasts roamed hither and thither. But one by one they disappear—harem and mosque, people and art; temples springing up, and groups of people are collected together as workers or spectators, with faces radiant and blooming with love and happiness, gentle and kind in demeanor. Sweet music was discoursed from various instruments—brilliant in conception, from highest to lowest sounds, attuned to voices of sweetest melody, flexible and tender—and little children clad in white garments, wreathed with bright garlands of buds and leaves, or sparkling gems like dew-drops in the bright light—all giving definitions of nature or art, philosophy or religion, in poesy, or reading the planets, or drawing birds, flowers and fruits, cascades and cataracts, rainbows and tender cloudlets—all draped and colored and defined;—or analyzing elements, giving names to minute particles, unfolding germs, separating and uniting, measuring and comparing, dissecting and balancing the parts, their virtues and properties, through science and philosophy, each holding palm-leaves, whereon was written, "The ultimate religion, the redemption of the universe, the heaven of love and progression, the refuge of the defenceless, the despised, the innocent;" and the deformed becomes shapely,

the dwarfed assumes natural proportions, the weak are made strong, and imperfections perfect. Guardians and teachers, pupils and saviours, all fraternized and harmonized unto each other. Thus I heard a voice saying, "Old things shall pass away, and all things become new."

I have wrote what fancy gave me,
I have given truths divine—
Scenes of earth and scenes of heaven,
Blended into prose and rhyme.
Thus my Spirit, resurrected
From the tomb of clay,
Creeds and dogmas has rejected,
Forms and symbols laid away.

In the light of truth and reason
Doth the soul find every need;
Every soul feels inspiration,
Every good and noble deed;
Every little act of kindness,
Every charitable thought;
We can only know our blindness
From the lessons that are taught.

Thus, by precept and example,
May we live the life sublime;
Every thought and inspiration
Be of love, and truth divine;
And our highest aspiration
To the beautiful and true,
And the only compensation
In the good that we may do.

Thus my little work is ended;
If some good it may attain,
Or the purpose I intended,
Then it may not be in vain;
If one moment's joy you've tasted,
Or improved one idle hour,
I am sweetly compensated
For the story of Glendower.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

HOW TO REMOVE INFLAMMATION OR CONGESTION FROM THE BRAIN.

A CASE.

A BOY of thirteen years was sick with scarlet fever, generally called "canker-rash," and the rash came out on the skin; but for some reason turned in, affecting the base of the brain; and the boy was reaching at a distance, as though desirous of getting hold of something, being nearly unconscious. The medical doctor was called in the morning, and he decided that the case was gone by, and that the boy was incurable. The same day, at night, I called to see him, by the request of a neighbor. He breathed as though his stomach and lungs were full of phlegm; and as I knew that such breathing was caused by inflammation, or congestion, on the back and lower part of the brain, I said, (before taking a second thought,) "I could have cured him this morning; don't know but I could now." I was taken at my word, and urged to undertake the job. I attended to him from ten in the evening till four the next morning, when I said the boy was out of danger, and would get well. He is alive now, and is thirty-seven years old.

TREATMENT.

I wrung cloths from as hot water as I could well endure, put them around his head, covered with flannel, changing them every fifteen minutes, and at the same time wrung cloths from water that had snow in it, placing them under his hips and the lower part of his back; changing them as often as I did the others; taking

care to keep his feet warm. In six hours, his head became cooler than his feet; and then I said he would get well, and he did.

J. A. SPEAR.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

MESSAGE FROM ROBERT HARE TO DR. FAHNESTOCK.

THROUGH DR. ORR, LANCASTER, PA.

A NEW PLANET.

DEAR DR. FAHNESTOCK,—The imperfection of human language while in embryo, makes it exceedingly difficult to give descriptions of things out of the range of perceptions to which that language is adapted; and to advanced Spirits such descriptions must appear in about the same light that the first feeble efforts of an infant attempting to walk would to a stout, able man, who could easily make his fifty miles per day. I suppose, however, we must be satisfied; and if we fail to reach perfection, we have at least the satisfaction of knowing there is room for improvement.

There are so many subjects upon which I would like to write, that I can scarcely determine which to take up first, especially as I am compelled to consult conditions. I will, however, present you with a brief outline of the last planet in your system, which is at present (in human language) nameless. The orbit of this planet is at as great a distance from Herschell as that of Herschell is from the sun, (we can only give size and distance comparatively,) and its size probably six times that of Jupiter. There is a fineness of organization here utterly unknown, and really inconceivable to the inhabitants of earth. It seems as though a Spiritual regeneration had smoothed away everything earthly, and all angularities had been rounded into circles.

I think I once told you that, as physical power decreased in the individual species, mental predominated. On this planet you have the extreme limit of this law, so far as regards your system. The inhabitants are most beautifully moulded; an alabaster semi-transparency characterizes their appearance, which at first sight would class them as Spirits, rather than inhabitants of an earth. As their earth brings forth all necessary for their support, almost spontaneously, all care for the support of physical life is to them unknown, and every energy of a superior intellect is brought to bear on questions relative to mental culture. I will continue this evening.

ROB'T HARE.

SEPTEMBER 7, 1864.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

POEM BY SCOTIA'S BARD.

28 WINTER STREET, BOSTON, APRIL, 1879.

BRO. DENSMORE,—I herewith send you a little gem from the ascended Bard of Avon, written about twenty years ago; and the circumstances under which it was written may make it more interesting to your readers.

Mrs. F. O. Hizer, the Medium, was one day reading to a lady friend some of her inspired productions, when her friend asked if Burns, her favorite poet, had ever influenced her, to

which she replied, "I have never been conscious of his presence." The friend then said, "If he should ever come to you, I should like to have him answer a mental question."

A few days after, the Medium, when alone, wrote the following, which proved to be the answer sought; which, if agreeable to you, I should be happy to see laid before your readers.

Fraternally thine,

WM. L. JOHNSON.

Fair lady, that I come to you
A stranger bard, fit well I ken;
For you know naught of me,
Save through the lays I've poured
Through Scotia's glen.

But when I speak o' gilding Ayr,
O' hawthorn shades, o' fragrant ferns,
O' Doon, and Highland Mary fair,
Mayhap you'd think o' Robert Burns.

I'm the lad; and why I'm here,
I heard the gude dame when she said
She'd knaw in joyous Spirit-spheres
If Burns was wi' his Mary wed.

I sought to tell her o' our joy:
Na muckle impress could I make;
And lullie, I have come to see
If you'd my message to her take.

Tell her that when I passed frae earth,
My angel-ladle, crowned wi' flowers,
Met me, wi' glowing love-lit torch,
And led me to the nuptial bowers.

That a' we dreamed o' wedded bliss,
And more, was meted to me there;
And sweeter was my dearie's kiss
Than on the flowery banks o' Ayr.

Where love's celestial fountains played,
And rosebuds burst, and seraphs sang,
And myrtle twined, our couch to shade,
I clasped the love I'd mourned sae lang.

And while by angel-harps was played
The bonnie bridal serenade,
Though na gown'd priest the kirk-rite said,
Burns was wi' Highland Mary wed.

There's na destroying death-frosts here,
To nip the hope-buds ere they bloom;
The bridal tour is through the spheres—
Eternity the honey-moon.

And now, my ladie, if ye hear
These words unto the anxious dame,
I think I can ye so reward
You'd na'er be sorry that I came.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

LOOKING THROUGH THE MIST.

BY SEE B. FALES.

SOME of our public reformers forget that God has endowed them with the inestimable gift of intellect, or that they possess talents which they do not seek to improve; for they claim to be in communication with the Spirit-world, and that they are constantly under the control of minds disembodied. Now, I would like to know why their own faculties are not, if developed, just as useful and powerful, as those of some Spirit freed from earth. I would like to be a useful woman, doing my duty in all places and under all conditions; but I want to use my own will and mental capacity, my own intellectual faculties and reasoning powers, and then if I make a fool of myself, I will bear my own burdens, and not cast them upon Spirit-controls.

The spirits are charged with follies of the most outrageous and simple kind. They

are made to utter sentiments that would bring the blush of shame to the brow of a wild Indian; and if we, who have reasoned ourselves into conditions above such low exhibitions, feel called upon to rebuke the evil Spirits controlling those weak organisms, we are condemned and banished as disturbing elements. They say we lack force and harmony, and claim that Spirits cannot communicate where we are. Now, if this be so, what have the Spirits been doing since they left the earth-plane, that they cannot stand a little outside pressure of truth, and common sense.

We have Mediums who claim to be controlled by the Old Masters—Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven—and yet neither of them express any of the grand and noble harmony which rendered them immortal here on the earth. Going to the higher spheres, have they become so entranced with the purer, sweeter melody of the Angel-World, that they no longer use their own inspired gifts? Coming back to us, they ought to transfer to human tongues those infinite songs and melodies evolved by shining worlds in motion, and learned by communion with angels.

I would like to hear the songs of the Angel-world. Do those grand anthems roll with vast volumes of melody, through the spheres, rolling in upon the soul through the physical or outer ears?—or is the inner ear alone quickened, that it may hear the sweet aspirations of yearning and ascending Spirits? The inspired soul, while yet in the body, hears the voice of love, as it flows through the depths of the inner life, in songs of harmonious peace and order of heaven, where love rules, and God reigns, and reveals his laws through sweet and solemn music.

We cannot bear to think of those grand Spirits coming back to the earth, to mingle in the affairs of humanity. If they come at all, it seems to me they must have power to lift us up, till we hear at least a faint echo of the strains that come to their ears from the far yet beautiful and harmonious valleys of Paradise. Cannot Beethoven, who was physically deaf to the sound of the outward universe, give us a faint idea of the higher inspiration, which must have thrilled all his soul to gladness, when he opened his tearful eyes upon the glory of heaven, calling into renewed and perfect action all the divine elements and energies of his inspired, immortal nature?

We find it hard to believe that either Mozart or Beethoven can come back without their music. Can Haydn return without his melodies and anthems?

It strikes me that Mediums should be

careful that they are not sometimes deluded by self instead of the Spirits. We do not relish the idea of great minds coming back to be cramped and utterly weakened beyond the power of acting out their own natures, and making good and perfect use of the infinite wisdom they have gained in heavenly spheres. Socrates, Plato, Moses and Elias ought to be able to give us higher knowledge and more profound reason, than men and women who have not yet mastered the knowledge of self and their own physical natures, to say nothing of the Science of the Soul. I have seen Mediums under the control of powers said to be the above-mentioned Spirits, and I learned from their manifestations this fact, that either those controlling powers were not the Spirits they claimed to be, or there is a state of punishment, like unto Hell, and it is located on this earth, and those advanced Spirits, for some sins unknown to us, are sent here for punishment; and their sins must indeed be heavy if the penalty requires them to dance attendance upon some of our modern Mediums.

I would like to hear those lofty Spirits report their experiences, after they have been engaged in efforts to reform humanity. If they still have power to use the wit and wisdom, which characterized them here, the recording angel must have a merry time of it. Think of the ancient philosophers describing a modern Spiritual Circle, where a half-dozen Mediums are engaged in personating all manner of people, from the wild Indian to the humble Nazarene. One man not long ago claimed to be empowered to speak by John the Evangelist, and instead of calling upon sinners to repent, he commenced to talk with a rich man concerning taxes and house-rents. I thought of the money changers in the temple and sighed for the whip, that I might drive out the spirit of fraud, and give truth and justice fair play.

Ours will continue to be an unloved, unpopular religion, till we who advocate it strive to cover its nakedness with the royal garments of reason and common sense.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE.

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

HINSDALE, May 2, 1879.

D. C. DENSMORE:—*Sir*,—In your paper of April 15th, we noticed a message from William Pitt of this place. Although he said but a few words, we all think it is correct and characteristic of him, and would be pleased to hear again from him; for he has certainly left his affairs in a very dubious state. I think he would do

well to revise or correct some statements made while here in mortal. An early reply is solicited by his neighbors in Hinsdale, Mass.

Hoping he may favor us with another message soon, we remain

HIS NEIGHBORS IN MORTAL.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

A VISIT TO ROBERT BURNS.

BY SPIRIT JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE, THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELHAMER.

[CONCLUDED.]

WHAT need has Robert Burns to return and sing his songs through the lips of Media? That it is sometimes the case is true, but not often; and why? His spirit of love, of faith in God, of hope for human progress, is so broad, so free and untrammelled, that it breathes itself out in a benediction of good over all humanity; it is felt whenever a desire is manifested to do better and be better. It is manifested whenever a soul earnestly prays for help to be of use to others; it inspires the weak with strength, and blesses the erring with a determination to redeem the wrong committed. It is felt through the Spirit-realms, purifying, elevating and regenerating. Is not this the grandest poem, the sweetest song, the noblest tale, that bard or prophet ever could have dreamed? Is it not the out-working, in lines of living glory, of the most sublime, yet sweet, soulful poem of praise to God that Spirit can conceive? Is it not the breathing, soul-quickened, revivifying poem of life, that is outwrought from the inspirations and aspirations of a gifted, struggling soul in mortal form, and which is the perfect culmination of all that has been dreamed of by that soul, manifesting itself in the fruition of a work of beauty, glory and grandeur, not of mechanic art, but of natural, quickened, sentient Life?

Could the mortal deouncers of Robert Burns witness his noble triumph of spirit over matter, his defeat of all sensual life, his wonderful efforts for the good of others, and his glorious soul, radiant with the light of truth, they would bow their heads in abject poverty of spirit before him.

One of a band of noble workers, his spirit flows out in love, sympathy and forgiveness to all his enemies; and in blessing to humanity.

Even in Spirit-life, this soul remembers and loves his native home and haunts of earth. The rugged rocks and darkling streams, the gowan-gemmed sod and heather-crowned hills of Scotland are dear to him still.

We were seated upon a mossy bank, en-

joying the loveliness of the scene; the gleaming valley, dotted with its blooming gardens and snowy habitations; the crystal stream murmuring at our feet; the birds chirping in the branches, the lofty mountains uprearing their crests but a little way before us; with the glorious sun, throwing a flood of golden splendor over all.

I could perceive the thoughts of my companion reverting to earthly scenes, and presently, with bosom heaving, and his great dark eyes glowing with the intensity of his emotions, he broke forth:

Fair are thy smiling fields of green, oh, vale,
And sweet the flowers that gem thy emerald soil;
Thy zephyrs bring a spice in every gale,
And man and nature here commune with God.

Thy crystal waters flow in melody,
Thy birds make music through the waving trees;
Thy mountains, rising in their majesty,
Survey in grandeur all thy harmonies.

But fair and sweet as thou, my Spirit-home,
To this fond, loving, clinging heart of mine,
Are Scotia's fields, where once I loved to roam,
And pluck the gowan and the eglantine.

Thy brooks are clear, but Scotia's burns are bonnie,
Where once I puddled through the summer day;
Thy birds recall the times, not few but monny
I've heard the mavis chant her tuneful lay.

And though thy mountains rise in mystic glory,
They are not fairer to my Spirit-sight
Than Scotia's grim old crags and peaks so hoary,
That brought my boyhood soul such dear delight.

Aye, Scotia's lands to me are sweet and canny,
As in the days I roamed her meadows fine,
Wi' loving frien', or gleesome, prattling bairn—
Those sweet, rare blessings of the auld lang syne.

As a ray of light, in passing through a pane of glass, may become broken or refracted, or as a straight staff placed in a vessel of water may present a misshapen appearance to the beholder, so in attempting to present to you these straight, symmetrical lines of thought, these golden rays of light, emanating from a poet's soul, they may become broken and distorted in their passage through matter; but by these refracted rays you may be able to gain a comprehension of the glory of the soul from which they originated, in its entirety.

And thus we passed our time, with great profit to myself; for from the companionship of my friend, I gained a knowledge of the true beauty of the natural life or the Spirit, and a larger conception of the grandeur of individualized life, when fulfilling its proper mission and expanding out to its full capacity, even while drinking in the beauty of my surroundings, the harmony of the scene, quaffing the crystal drops or inspiring thought which filled the soul of my companion, and imbibing of that deep peace and gladness that imbued his entire being.

But in attempting to portray to you a tithe of the pleasure and profit that my Spirit gained from this visit to Robert Burns, I have exceeded the limit of this

paper: therefore I must close, apologizing for my abrupt termination by saying, I only intended to give you an idea of the home and occupation of Scotland's immortalized son, whose songs and poems have enriched the literature of earth, and gladdened the hearts of countless beings here and in the immortal world; and that it would be useless for me to prolong the narrative.

Suffice it to say, that the visit brought great delight to my soul, and it has been repeated more times than once.

For the faint portrayal, I ask your pardon; as it is impossible for Spirits to convey to mortals an adequate conception of life in the Soul-world as it really is.

In the foregoing pages, I am aware that I have said nothing in regard to the nearest relatives and friends of the poet—his brave, honest parents, those to whom he ever pays filial respect; and those also who receive fraternal sympathy and regard—his noble sons, that sweet, gentle daughter, the pet and blessing of his heart, whose early loss he mourned until his death; and last, but by no means least, his faithful, forgiving Jean, his counsellor and guide to the end.

But because I have not mentioned these, it is not that they are remote or separated from our poet. No, they are with him, as a cluster of stars gather around one brilliant, far-reaching centre; and upon him they bestow that true Spirit-love and sympathy which he reciprocates in kind.

But I have dwelt longest upon his connection with the beautiful ideal of his early life; for in her is centred the power to draw forth the noblest and purest aspirations of his soul. As a beacon-light, a radiant star, her undefiled Spirit, overflowing with the love that has blest and enriched his being, has ever led him onward and upward over the ruts and pitfalls of sensual life, until he has reached the heights of self-conquest and self-respect. In every sense, Mary Campbell has been the saviour and sustainer of Robert Burns.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

BLACKBERRY RIDGE, Mich., April 19, 1879.

D. C. DENSMORE, ESQ.:—*Dear Sir,*—In the VOICE OF ANGELS of April 1st, I find a message addressed to me, through M. T. Shelhamer, from a Spirit calling herself Ellen. To say that I was pleased, would convey but a faint idea of what I really felt. I recognize the Spirit, and thank her so much for her words of love and sympathy; for my pathway Spiritually looked very dark before me. But with such a beautiful gleam of light, it

cannot help but be brighter for some time to come. I hope to hear from her again, and other of my dear Spirit-friends.

With thanks to the Medium, and many, many thanks to "Tunie," for her loving kindness in helping the Spirit to give the message, and with good wishes for the prosperity of the VOICE and the success of the cause, I remain,

MRS. MARTHA J. SESSIONS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE NEW DISPENSATION.

NUMBER FOUR.

SPIRITUALISM comes to us as a discovery, and in this discovery reveals the destiny of man. It also gives us a new idea of our relations to God, and settles upon a firm, scientific basis our relations to both God and man. In this work comes the reconstruction of religious beliefs; and when the work is accomplished, it will take its place among the list of sciences, and we shall have a religion when completed that will stand upon as sure a foundation as any of our sciences do—shall have a scientific religion, which will take the place of the broken fragments which are now presented to us in the form of sects, where love rests upon undemonstrated imaginations and theories. When these are all swept out of existence, and in their place is put a demonstrated scientific religion, it is easy to conceive how much also will be swept out of existence that is part and parcel of our present social structure; for the conceptions that have grown out of our ancient religious beliefs form in a large measure the conceptions of what is right and wrong, and is, and what should be, and how we ought to do and be, in our social compact.

It cannot be otherwise but that ancient religious beliefs were as full of error as were ancient material philosophies. If so, then all conclusions drawn from a religion full of error must of necessity be erroneous.

Modern discoveries under the general term Spiritualism, discovering the destiny of man, also discovers the fruitage of an earthly existence; discovers how a life and its acts affect as to happiness or unhappiness the human in its Spiritual abode. When all this is fully revealed to us, as it will be in time, the sequence must be a reconstruction of our whole social structure.

The present age, then, is a revelation to us of a development in which appears an expansion of human brain-force, breaking from the environments which a narrower past has walled in human soul-life,

and these expanded souls breaking these environments to those still within these confines are souls going to rack and ruin and the downward road and from God, and lost, lost, lost!

We believe that this expansion and this breaking away from present soul environments is all that is meant in the New Testament phrases, "The new birth and resurrection."

We also believe that with the advent of Spiritualism is all that is meant by the second coming of Christ.

We believe that Christ means a human soul development, progressed or grown to a degree that it sees, feels and acts outside of all sectarian environments. Cosmopolitan in all its loves, its aims and purposes, and being such in its societary ideas, would not only formulate a universal religion, but formulate a social structure, that would embrace all human interest and all nations, making the humanity of earth not ideally but in reality a brotherhood. This brotherhood and this religion and this social structure is what we term the New Dispensation, and what the import of Spiritualism implies, and what the Spirit-world meant to do as a finale when they in their Congress determined to introduce Spiritualism to this planet.

We believe that the mission of Jesus and what came of it, and the mission of Spiritualism today, are one and the same in spirit, design and purpose.

Believing this, we put it forward as such, hoping to call attention to the idea that Spiritualism in its facts and philosophy is not a something the Spirit-world is placing before us for amusement and to excite our curiosity, as parents furnish playthings for their children; but it means that we shall become educated by these facts, and be inspired by them to rear on this planet a social structure that shall be worthy of grown men and women, worthy of the light that is given us.

But coming as we do like the Jews escaping out of bondage, out from the fold of some sectarian wall, it cannot be expected that this "new birth" will find us full-grown and fledged, ready for the grand march that awaits us. We must necessarily pass through the wilderness before we reach the promised land. If there are those who have gone back under the protection of some sectarian wall, it only shows premature birth or unripeness, not yet sufficiently evolved to pass out and face the music, or rather the discords of the transition road.

Spiritualism as it stands now before the world is composed in its representative

state of a mass of soul-life in the wilderness of transition.

Looking at Spiritualists from this standpoint, disconnected and incoherent, and judging of Spiritualism by the fruitage Spiritualists present, it is no wonder it is in a measure the scoff and ridicule of sectarists; but looking at all this as defining progress in her transition from lower to higher planes, viewing Spiritualists as travelling through the wilderness to the promised land, all uneasiness about what may happen, or the fate of Spiritualism, vanishes in the confidence that time and progress will bring what is really intended, namely, a better state of human life on this planet, placing them under new adjustments in all that relates to their well-being. This new adjustment, this reconstruction, and the general principles governing humanity on this plane, is the New Dispensation which Spiritualism comes to inaugurate, under the wisdom and intellectual control of the Angels of the Spirit-world.

INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE BIRTH OF SPRING.

BY M. THERESA SHELHAMER.

THE golden sun with splendor shines,
To usher in the gladsome morn,
When frost-crowned Winter takes his flight,
And royal Spring is sweetly born.
No clouds are in the azure sky,
The balmy breezes gently blow;
While all the air is ripe with sweets,
And tinted with a mellow glow.

The birds, returned from Southern climes,
Are pouring forth their sweetest lays;
The streams, released from Winter's reign,
Are murmuring their songs of praise;
The early buds are on the trees,
The emerald blades of grass are seen,
And Nature dons her fairest robes,
And wears her crown of glistening sheen.

No sounds of discord mar the hour,
No notes of strife are on the air;
The voice of man is calmly hushed,
And silence reigneth everywhere;
But tiny blossoms lift their heads,
And peep above the lowly soil,
While birds and waters sweetly chant,
And hymn their praises up to God.

At such an hour and place as this,
My selfish aims are all forgot;
I lose my cares, and only feel
How glorious is my humble lot;
For life and light and air are mine,
And I am strong and well and free,
While waters flow and flowers bloom,
And birds sing their songs for me.

My plans may fail and go astray,
My hopes may wither in a night;
But sweetly nature blossoms on,
And brightly shines the golden light.
The world and I are rich indeed,
For Nature spreads her ample store;
And we may gather what we need,
And yet she gives us something more.

What though I have no priceless robes,
No shining gold, no precious gem;
The matchless hues of countless flowers,
The sun and dew-drops rival them;
The warbling birds make music sweet
Around my quiet, humble home,
While overarching all, above,
Is heaven's eternal, boundless dome.

I'll praise my Maker's holy name
With all my strength of mind or will,
For the bright tokens of his love,
These sweet expressions of his skill.
I'll plume my thoughts for higher flight,
And sing a sweeter song of praise
To Him who works in peace and love,
And rules by wisdom's wondrous ways.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

NATURE'S UNIVERSAL PLAN.

BY D. L. PALMER.

As o'er the earth we gaze at morn,
And with our vision Nature scan,
We see through all her works and ways
A general Universal Plan.

Sun shines on all, the rain doth fall,
And breezes soft our brows they fan—
Whatever Nature doth bestow
Is on the Universal Plan.

We all may breathe the same pure air,
Or drink where living fountains flow;
Free Nature has no stated bounds,
But gives to all "free pass" to go.

Then, why these pens, these hives and dens,
Man has invented here below?—
There is too much contraction here,
As Nature doth too plainly show.

Oh, throw them off, ye men of earth,
And swiftly let fair Freedom in;
Where fetters bind and chains enshrine,
And darkly keep the soul in sin.

Oh, let fair Freedom have her way:
Like breezes on the plain,
She'd sweep from off the earth, today,
Miasma evil, dark and vain.

War's clan would cease forevermore
The hearts of men to crush;
The olive-branch of peace would grow
From out the blood-stained dust.

No church or state would clamor long
To hold the victor's day;
But Freedom's love move every heart
With universal sway.

If all were guided by this love,
Upon the Universal Plan,
This earth would change to paradise
For every woman, child and man.

MALDEN, Mass., March 1, 1879.

ANOTHER VERIFICATION.

OAKLAND, Cal., Jan. 23, 1879.

MR. DENSMORE:—*Dear Sir*.—I recognize the communication from Julia Boughton Curtis, through "West Ingle," in the VOICE OF ANGELS of Dec. 15th, 1878, as correct. MARSHALL CURTIS.

CORRECTION.

THROUGH a pardonable blunder, the messages from Goethe and H. C. Wright, published in April 15th issue of the VOICE, should have been credited to A. Bailey, instead of Mrs. M. Y. Bridge, as printed. Another mistake was the first letter of Mrs. Bridge's initials is E., instead of M. We hope our Denver friends will excuse the above blunders.

Pub. Voice of Angels.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

From Robert Hare; Lucy Alcott; James Beard; Eddie Buckner; Stephen Hendricks; R. E. Davis; Mrs. Jane G. Hambly; Dr. Columbus Gates; Jennie Sprague; "Fidelia," to Solomon W. Jewett, through "West Ingle;" and others.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION:

FAIR VIEW HOUSE, NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS.

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

" D. K. MINER, Business Manager

D. C. DENSMORE, Announcers and Publisher.

NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS., MAY 15, 1879.

EDITORIAL.

A FRIEND residing in Texas writes: "There is a popular error, prejudicial to the popular acceptance of Spiritualism, which many would be glad to see corrected by a plain and authoritative statement from the Spirit-side of life. I allude to the general idea that our departed friends are flying like pigeons through the air, about us, and seeing every movement of our physical bodies, and hearing what we say. Will the editor please give us an explanation of what Spirits, in their normal state, and without the use of mediumship, see of mortals and their material surroundings?—I. L. T."

RESPONSE.—We thank friend T. for asking the above questions, as it gives us a chance to correct to some extent what may properly be called a very grave error; that is, that "Spirits in their normal condition can see every movement of the physical bodies of their earthly friends, and have cognizance of all they say."

To begin with, we make the unqualified assertion, and shall endeavor to prove it, that Spirits in their normal condition can no more see human organisms and their movements than they could Spiritual beings while inhabiting the earth.

Spirits, after leaving their mundane bodies, occupy other and similar ones; and although made up entirely out of the finer and more sublimated particles of the old body, and although unseen by mortal eyes—except by clairvoyants—yet it is just as material in reality as the one out of which it came.

As the Spirit was never seen by either mortals or immortals, hence when one man says to another, "I have seen so-and-so," calling him by name, he is simply mistaken; for he saw only the house the *real* unseen man lived in. So when clairvoyants say that they see a Spirit, they are just as much mistaken; for, as in the former case, they only saw the habitation the unseen man occupies, and *not* the Spirit or undying part of mortals, as that is a living principle, emanating from the Divine Mind; and being such, and coming from such a source, was never seen by mortal or immortal ken.

Every state or condition a Spirit may occupy, from its conception in the womb to its highest unfoldment in Spirit-life, al-

though directly connected with every succeeding state, is diametrically different: and it cannot see or sense any other than the one on the plane it occupies. To illustrate: Supposing it possible for a child, while going through the gestational process of growth in the womb, to be capable of reasoning, and, knowing nothing about a future state, if told that his present condition or state was only preparatory to occupying another one just as real, he would naturally reason on this wise, "Here I am, surrounded with all the conveniences and comforts of life, protected from harm, what more do I need or care for?" and would scout at the idea of a future life, and refuse to listen to such "stuff" and nonsense." Nevertheless, after nature has matured her work, in spite of his protestations to the contrary, without his will or consent, the accouching process lands him safe and sound into another world, as different in every sense from the first, as light from darkness.

After a while, he becomes reconciled to the new state of things, and sets himself about making the best of it, congratulating himself with the thought that *this* world surely is the end of life; and it told, as on the former occasion, that his present state or condition had for its end and aim precisely the same object that his first life had, he would say, as in the first place, that there was absolutely no such thing as another existence, and treat all such sayings as hallucinations of a diseased mind, and finally wind up as before with "stuff and nonsense."

Nevertheless, as time rolls on, and the spiritual and physical parts of his being become material, not unlike his first experience, when the accouching process landed him into the world of effects, so when the accouching angel, death, has done his allotted work, he finds himself in still another world, more real and tangible to his Spiritual senses than the last was to his material sense; and yet as different from the second as that was from the first. Here, as far as a future state is concerned, he finds the same objection to there being such a state that he did on the two previous ones; and although memory reveals every thought and act of his last life, yet he clings to his present state of being as the only one he is willing to acknowledge; and if told, as on previous similar occasions, that his present or third state of existence was merely a rudimental state, preparatory to obtaining still higher, grander, and more unfolded conditions than the last ones, his answer would be but a repetition of both preceding ones.

The above refers only to those who enter Spirit-life ignorant of such a state. After his birth out of his first Spiritual state to a higher one—for one is as really born out of one Spiritual condition into another as is a birth into material life—his incredulity as to their being still another future state ceases, in a measure, and he begins to realize that the soul never ceases to progress; he also realizes the great fact that *all* conditions are necessary to progression; that unless there were what are called *low* conditions, which, with but few exceptions, even among the most advanced minds, are ignored as unnecessary, there could not by any possibility be any high ones. From that time on, he progresses rapidly towards the Infinite.

From the above mode of reasoning, it will be seen that (as before stated) every state or condition of life, from the embryotic to the highest unfoldment in the upper spheres, is complete in itself; that is, whatever state or condition a Spirit may be in, high or low, it is necessarily oblivious to all other states higher or lower than the one it occupies; simply because it can sense no other.

Hence, as Spirits can only take cognizance of Spiritual things, the idea that they "fly through the air like pigeons" is absolutely illogical and absurd. That the higher unfolded ones in Spirit-life—those who through developement have thrown off the adjuncts of their earthly lives—can discern the thoughts and intents of their earthly friends, with whom they come in close *rapport*, without the aid of earthly Mediums, we do not deny; because thoughts are Spiritual entities; and in that way, and no other—that is, through the Spiritual aura of the human—can they discern a human Spirit, and judge of its surroundings.

Before concluding this article, we wish to respond to a question that has been on file some time, propounded by an old-time friend of ours, living in a Western city, which we should have attended to before; but going upon the principle, "First come, first served," it has been necessarily delayed until now; and this rule applies to all our contributors. We quote our friend's question from his own pen: "How is it, my old-time friend Judd, that some people, with an inferior income as compared with others, run along smoothly through this whirling, bustling world; who are always ready to liquidate all their liabilities at maturity, and maybe have a respectable bank account besides—while others, equally prudent and economical, and just as hard-workers, never have a

dollar to spare, and are always in debt? Now, I have been as economical and prudent as most people; my business is in a flourishing condition, hardly ever losing anything by bad debts; yet, as before intimated, I am always behindhand; my legitimate bills unpaid; my wife and family scarcely ever appearing on the street, for want of proper apparel to compare favorably with what I have always considered our less thrifty neighbors. How comes this great discrepancy? and is there any way out of it? If there is, and you or anybody else will be kind enough to point it out—although, as you know, nearly six decades have passed over my head—I will endeavor to profit by the revelation."

As our ostended friend has asked us to solve the cause of his present and past embarrassment, we take it for granted that if we reveal what may not coincide or harmonize with his business tact, that he will not get nervous over it, and denounce us for writing and publishing it. Although we never claimed to be a business financier, capable of teaching, or even advising others in that line, yet we shall endeavor to convince him that his deplorable financial condition, as he calls it, is the outgrowth of his own reckless extravagance. To begin with, we will allude to only one of his useless, and worse than useless expenditures, one in which he has indulged for at least forty years, and that is *cigars*. To our certain knowledge, he used to smoke from eight to a dozen cigars a day, to say nothing of giving one to every friend he met.

Now, these cigars, at the least, cost at wholesale not less than seventy-five dollars per thousand—for he prides himself upon smoking nothing but the best "Havanas"—and allowing, taking into account what he gives away, that he disposes of at least twelve each succeeding day—which is below, rather than above the general average—and supposing that they cost ten cents each, we have a bill of \$1.20 per day, \$36.00 per month, and \$432.00 per year; and supposing he has kept up this expenditure for thirty out of the forty years he has indulged in this filthy habit, and we have the enormous sum of *twelve thousand nine hundred and sixty dollars*, (\$12,960,) expended in smoke alone.

Now, friend H—, to say nothing of costly champagne suppers, and living on the best the markets afforded, and other expenditures not taken into the account, which in the aggregate may amount to more than the cigar-bill, is it any wonder that you are always behind-hand, with not a dollar to spare? The only wonder is that

you have sustained yourself at all; which you could not have done, but for a thriving and lucrative business.

To sum it all up, if at the commencement of your business career you could have realized the fact, that six cents a day is the interest of \$365.00 for that day, and that \$1.20—your admitted expenditure for cigars alone per day—is the interest on \$7,300 for one day—if you could have realized all these things, you would hardly have been so reckless in frittering away your fortune, and might now have a bank account of \$12,960, to say nothing of the constantly accumulating interest on this large sum;—and all this expenditure to cater to an unnatural and louthsome habit, which not only injures the physical, but debases the Spirit, preventing it from rising out of its *smoky* condition into one of peace, harmony and contentment.

In accord with the old and trite saying, namely, "that it's never too late to learn," if our good, hard-working brother—who has many years yet to remain on the rudimentary plane—will take a hint from the above deductions, and commence retrenchment at once, if only in the cigar business, there is a fair chance, taking into account his great executive business qualities, of redeeming his uselessly squandered fortune, regaining his former standing in society, and retire from business in one decade and a half, with sufficient to live upon the remaining years; and when the friend of all—death—calls for him, leave behind a handsome competence for his children.

ANOTHER VERIFICATION.

THROUGH M. T. SHELFAMER.

D. C. DENSMORE:—*Dear Brother*,—Thanks for a copy of VOICE OF ANGELS, containing the message from my wife. I have attended over two hundred of Mott's seances during the last two years, and one might as well try to convince me that I never had an existence, as to make me believe that I have not seen and conversed with my Spirit-wife at least that number of times, and many of my relatives and friends scores of times.

But it was a perfect and agreeable surprise to receive a message through your beautiful paper, from one whom I see and converse with so often here. I received it on Monday; but as there was to be no Circle on that evening, I could not see her and verify it until last evening, Tuesday, the 29th. As soon as greetings were exchanged, and before I had time to ask a question, she asked laughingly, "You received the surprise?" She asked if I rec-

ollected that a few weeks ago she asked me to excuse her absence for a day or two. I recollected it well, and on consulting my diary, I find it was on the 28th ult., two days before the communication was given at your Circle.

She continued, that as she can control your Medium, she went straight to her, and gave the message, principally for the purpose of influencing our son.

Please send the VOICE regularly in future. I will soon remit.

Fraternally and Spiritually yours,

STEPHEN YOUNG.

MEMPHIS, Ill., April 30, 1879.

P. S.—The message came through M. T. Shelfamer. If you have a surplus of that number, and will send a few, I will pay for them with the regular issue.—S. Y.

[NOTE.—It is our custom when a message comes to a stranger—a non-subscriber to the VOICE OF ANGELS—as in this case, to send a copy containing it to the party to whom the message is addressed by the Spirit giving it.]

Pub. Voice of Angels.

SPIRIT MESSAGES,

GIVEN AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE,
APRIL 6th, 1879,

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELFAMER.

INVOCATION. BY ROBERT ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN.

GREAT AUTHOR of life! we thank thee for the solemn sacredness of this hour, for the impressiveness of its lessons, for the inspiration our Spirits feel when gathered together in the name of thine Angels.

We would sing our songs of praise to thee in company with thy children from the higher life, who sing sweetly to thee, knowing thou art worthy all praise.

We thank thee that amid opposition and difficulties, thy Spirit-children have gained a victory; that amid the frosts and snows of wintry life, they can speak of summer days of warmth and brightness yet to come.

For all avenues of communication between the mortal and the immortal we bless thee. For this oasis in the desert, where thirsty souls may become satisfied, we offer thee the grateful praise of our Spirits. Grant that these well-springs be efficient to water the germs of hope and faith, and cause them to bloom into beautiful blossoms of knowledge and abiding trust.

Oh, ye angel bands! work, work while it is day; the fields are whitening for the harvest. Work, oh, work for the gathering in of the sheaves. Send your messages to sorrowing hearts—messages freighted with love and consolation, that shall fall like balm upon the bleeding wounds of humanity. Work, oh, work, until from the souls of earth shall arise one glorious

burst of song: "Glory to God in the Highest, on earth peace, good will to men!"

ELIZA J. PIKE

I COME from Waltham. I want my mother, my father, and all my friends, to understand and realize that I live as actively, as consciously, and as lovingly, as it is possible for any being to do. I want them to know that I can come back and mingle with them; that life in heaven is as real as life on earth; and that I am active, happy and blest.

Sweeter than sleep, sweeter than rest in heaven, nobler, grander than singing at God's throne, is this beautiful Spiritual existence, this freedom from pain and weakness, this power to realize the beauty and use of suffering, this privilege of returning to share our joy with those we love, this pure sympathy that would draw our friends nearer the heavenly life. Oh, this is all sweeter, nobler, than dreamless sleep, than perfect rest in the arms of God; and so I come to give light to others, and to request them to give me opportunities to come to ask them to look at this belief in a kindly spirit, for it is the golden stair that gives me power to step down to them.

I feel weak, for I was ill some time. I do not know you; but they told me I could come. The little children helped me. My name is Eliza J. Pike. I have been gone about a year.

[Please ask the gentleman to send my message to my father, Mr. James Pike, Waltham, Mass.]

HATTIE AIMES.

How do you do? [Nicely; how do you do?] I feel badly; my head doesn't seem just right; but I suppose it's because I'm coming to a stranger. I want to say that I come often at home; that I come with other dear Spirits, who are so kind and loving, and we all bring a blessing. Our home is sweeter, and heaven seems nearer, since I died; and we bring a triple cord of love to bind human hearts to the beautiful home above.

On my anniversary, I will bring a wealth of flowers to adorn our rooms. I will bring peace, sympathy and love, that hearts will not feel sad and pained, but will rejoice that I can come and manifest my affection for them. Unlike the lady just here, I have the knowledge that my dear friends feel I can return and bless them. I was sick only a little while, but it was hard, very hard—suffering, I mean.

I am about sixteen now. I come from New York—Upper Lisle.

[I want this sent to J. P. Aimes, Upper Lisle, New York.]

NELLIE M. SMITH.

I CAME once before; may I come again? [Yes, indeed.] I didn't succeed as I wished. I do want my mother to believe this; I do want her to let me come to her; I don't want her heart to be bowed down in such sorrow; I want to comfort her, to make her feel it is best; that all is well with me; and that she can draw me to her whenever she likes. She knows you are all strangers, and that is why I come.

In a few days, recurs the time when I went away; but I didn't go away, you know; she only thinks so. I am close beside them all, and I will watch over them; and if the good Father will allow, I will be their guardian angel; they could not have one who would love them more.

Don't grieve, don't fret, dear mother. I am with you, with eternal love.

I am Nellie M. Smith. My mother's name is Hannah N. Smith.

[I want you to send to my father, Mr. Zoeth Smith, Charlestown District, Mass. Thank you.]

J. B. SEVERANCE.

I EXPECTED to see a larger Circle upon the material side; but you have a great many Spirits here. I have been intending to come here ever since I passed out, which was only a short time ago; but I have not been able, and now I find I have lost the one particular thing I meant to say. I understood this, as far as mortals can; but it is left for the Spirits to realize the difficulties laid in the way of giving all they wish to in returning. Some time ago, my daughter sent us a message through the paper, from this Circle, that was very acceptable to us. I did not then realize I should so soon be here myself in Spirit.

I wish to send my love to my wife; to assure her all is well; to assure her that we are with her, holding her Spirit in loving embrace; supporting her through the dark trials; strengthening her to bear the sorrow and pain. Our dear one is with me; she joins me in sending deepest love and sympathy. We shall prepare a heavenly home, a Spiritual welcome, and experience a most blessed reunion when you join us, "over there." Give our earnest love to William, and tell him all is well.

I am J. B. Severance, of Malden, Mass. I passed home a short time since. Bless you, and thank you.

[Please forward to Mrs. J. B. Severance, Malden, Mass.]

CHARLES S. MIDDLEBROOKE.

AGAIN, at this anniversary time, so dear to me, do I crave your kind indulgence while I waft a word of greeting, with a

blessing of love, to dear ones yet in mortal, especially to my family.

To my noble wife, whose work during the past year has been one fraught with power and good, whose labors have awakened a new interest, and started a new impetus in the cause of reformatory truth. I can give no better tidings than this. Your Spirit-band bless you; your Spirit-teachers give you strength and encouragement to press forward and run the race as nobly as you have always done. Your Spirit loved ones gather about you with a mantle of sympathy, that shall enfold your Spirit away from the wearisome cares of earth; they raise up for you friends on every hand, and rejoice that through you the lessons of truth are brought home to human hearts. God and the Spirits would bless you, my noble wife, and guard you ever more.

[Charles S. Middlebrooke, of Longhill, Conn., to Anna M. Middlebrooke, M. D. Bridgeport, Conn.]

GEORGE HARRISON.

[THE Chairman sang, "Happy greeting to all."]

THAT is a sweet welcome, sir. I do not know that I shall identify myself to any one; but as you sang, I felt impelled to step in and say a word, if only of blessing to you for this work. I was not a Spiritualist when in the body, but I am decidedly one now, I am out of the body. There is one William Harrison I would like to reach, and if I do, I want him to go to a Medium, or to send to J. V. Mansfield, of New York, and get a communication. I will give him more than an equivalent for his money.

I am George Harrison. Send to William Harrison, Toronto, Canada.

MESSAGES GIVEN APRIL 13, 1879.

MIRIAM C. FOWLE.

I FEEL old and weary again. A few moments ago, I was almost strong and young. They have just laid my old body away, and the Spirits brought me here to throw off all earthly things. I have only been gone a few days, but I take kindly to this; it's sweet and beautiful.

I lived in East Boston; I'm a very old lady, sir. The change was peaceful, calm and sweet to me. I had seen dear ones depart; I had had sorrow and pain; but I tried to do my duty, and I had faith in the love of God, and it never deserted me. I felt the angels were with me, and it gave me strength to wait until they called. I am satisfied, because this is rest, and I have met my darlings.

I send my love to all. My name is Miriam C. Fowle.

SALLIE A. HUDGENS.

I wish my message to go to my dear husband, A. Hudgens, Starr City, Arkansas. I have been as anxious as he could be to get a word to him of my welfare. Please tell him all our best loved, all our friends are with me, and we frequently come back to watch over those we left on earth. I want them all to feel that I am with them, interested in their plans, and seeking to help them.

For two years, sir, I have been trying to send my husband a few words of encouragement from some of these places. You can imagine how glad I am to come. Just after I passed out, I tried to manifest, and he felt I was with him. I was so glad to be free that it was a joy to my Spirit; only I was anxious for those I left. I am more than satisfied, and wish to say that all that has since passed has been for the best, as I see it from my Spirit-home. I will meet him when he comes, with hosts of others. Until then I will watch over and bless him.

I am Sallie A. Hudgens.

ELISHA HATHAWAY.

This mode of procedure is somewhat strange to me, sir. My excuse is, that my sojourn in the Higher Life has only been of a few months' duration, and I have been constantly dragged back because of the doings of those whom I hoped would allow my will to rest.

It is hard to find one's enemies in his own family, among those who should have been nearest and dearest. I possessed considerable property, and feeling that those nearest me had all that was good for their well-being, I thought best to will it to liberal institutions, where it would benefit more than the few. I did so, in as sound mind as I ever possessed, and after mature deliberation; but my daughter and others back of her have dragged my case into court, declaring that I was insane, and seeking to break the will. I trust and believe that an intelligent jury will sustain my testament. I know I was right. Were I here today, I would do the same thing over again, even though it were against those of my own family.

I wish my message to go to Cincinnati, where I belong. There is a gentleman who knows of my case, and when he reads this, I request him to send it to my daughter. And this I say to her: "Beware how you strive to gain an undue amount of this world's goods. Beware how you seek to deprive the indigent of this money. Let

it go where I willed. In the great Hereafter it will be a blessing or a curse to your Spirit, according to how you proceed in regard to it."

I thank you, sir.

ELISHA HATHAWAY.

MARY WEYMOUTH.

I WOULD like to say a few words to my son. I want him to know that a band of those dearest to him have gathered round him to give him health and strength. Tell him to watch himself well during the coming Summer, for we are anxious to build him up for new work in the fall and winter. His band are anxious to have him work for the common good, as they can bring a strong power to bear upon him, if he is strong. He must not concentrate his thoughts upon his physical condition; he must mix with cheerful company and amid enlivening scenes, so that his mind will be drawn outward, without taxation of the brain.

All his Spirit-friends send him great love. Marietta is here; she, too, is watching over him with love; she will never progress so high, (as he has thought,) but what she will return to attend and guide him.

The great fear that was my bane through life has vanished, and I am anxious to eradicate all its effects from others.

[My name is Mary Weymouth. This is to Dr. A. B. Weymouth of Medford.]

DR. JOHN COLLINS WARREN.

I AM a stranger, although I do not feel as one, having been introduced here by my father, who appears to be an *attache* of this place; and I am indeed pleased to meet you, [shaking hands with the Chairman.] I have been somehow drawn here, to give a word to one who has been told I am associating with him in practice. It is true that I have been with him at times; also true that I have been with others, influencing wherever I felt I could do so with benefit to any one; although withholding my name, as that is of slight importance.

Wherever I can be of use, I shall be glad to go; for I feel that my life should be spent for the alleviation of pain and suffering. I am busily engaged both in literary pursuits—having an interest in the *Medical Journal*, which its mundane supporters little dream of—also am what you might term an unseen assistant of a certain eminent surgeon, who, I dare say, would scout the idea of a dead doctor being in any way useful to him, but whom nevertheless I can use for the benefit of others.

I do not expect to reach any bearing

my family name; but this will go where I intend it.

DR. JOHN COLLINS WARREN,
of Boston, long a resident of the Higher Life.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

A FRIEND'S ADVICE.

BY OWHEETA.

ALLOW me, my friend, a friend's privilege,
To drop a few words in your ear!
You have lived a long time in the mortal,
And done foolish things, I much fear;
But the summer of life is not ended,
And its fruits may be gathered, you know,
By all who will act on this maxim—
Water and weed as you go.

The field of this life is a broad one,
And much precious seed has been sown;
Some of it's crushed by the wild weeds,
And some of it's covered with stone;
It needs all the care and attention
That mortals can give it, I know;
So take my advice, and be careful
To water and weed as you go.

The frost and the snows of the winter
The sun's rays are melting away,
Bringing the sights of the wild-wood,
And the beautiful flowers of May;
Teaching us all the importance
To look to the seed that we sow;
And mind the lesson I've told you—
Water and weed as you go.

The Spring will be here with its promise,
And speak from the green-covered soil,
And flowers that show by their splendor
The manifold wisdom of God.
Oh, man, heed the lesson they teach thee,
That life from the Father doth flow;
So make it as pure as the flowers,
And water and weed as you go.

The fruitage will come in its season,
A reward for your toil and your care;
Then see that those in the shadow
A part of your harvest shall share.
This is the voice of the Spirit
To brothers and sisters below:
"Be sure, while you dwell in the mortal,
To water and weed as you go."

We have made arrangements to print in each succeeding issue of this paper, for an indefinite period, one or two messages—according to length—purporting to come from the Spirit of the celebrated Prof. Rob't Hare. They are all directed to Dr. Fahnestock, through the mediumship of Dr. O. These messages treat scientifically upon every conceivable subject relating to the laws underlying the philosophy of life, not only upon the mundane plane, but the progress of disembodied Spirits through the higher spheres of Spirit-life. They are very interesting, and highly instructive to the students of Modern and Ancient Spiritualism, and must redound to the benefit of all earnest seekers after truth, whether Spiritualists or not.

Pub. Voice of Angels.

MESSAGE FROM PROF. ROBERT HARE,
THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF DR. O. AND
OTHERS.

Continuation from April 15th issue, of the *modus operandi* by which Mind or Spirit acts on Matter.

DEAR DOCTOR,—The continuation of our subject in April 15th, leads us to the investiga-

tion of those changes undergone by the disembodied Spirit in what is known as death, and its normal condition in the World of Spirits, when that change has been passed. Take, as an example, the first case proposed—where the physical aroma was grovelling, while the mental was to some extent in a progressive condition. Now such an individual contracts disease; the physical organization loses its power of reciprocal reaction; or in other words, from the weakened condition of other vital organs, by disease, the brain becomes so absolutely positive as to draw all vitality to itself. Organ after organ gives up its vitality, and of course its functions, and ceases to act. The Spiritual body, then drawn gradually out of the natural, becomes developed outside, in the order of the natural organic causation; till at length the entire Spiritual body, being eliminated, moves and breathes and acts, a distinct, tangible intelligence. Now he discovers that having mentally progressed beyond his grovelling physical aroma, he has no longer an affinity for it, or for any other like it; but finds instead, that he is now in possession of a new principle, a pure, spiritual aroma, which unites him with all those pure and holy beings above him; while his mental eliminations, which still continue with him, unite him with those below.

The advance of such a Spirit must be rapid; because he receives his sustenance from the best of both worlds. Such a one can communicate with mortals through his and their mutual aroma, but only on subjects of the character with his own spiritual food, received from those higher than himself.

Take your next case, where the physical elimination is pleasing, while the mental is unprogressed. As soon as such a one becomes a Spirit, he finds his idolized humanity about becoming food for worms, and casting about for remaining resources, he discovers nothing but degenerated mental eliminations from his Spiritual body; which, like a sickly effervescence, nauseates even earth's spiritual sustenance, and seeks its gratification in the physical eliminations of the sensual cosmopolite.

You will now be prepared to understand the character of the Spirits, as well as their affinities, who attend your Circles. Through the mental and physical aroma eliminated from each individual in the Circle, and harmonized by association, Spirits of different affinities are drawn together, and by a concentration of will and effort, when the conditions are Physico-Spiritual, can produce physical demonstrations. When the conditions are *Spiritu-Physical*, (you will understand this inverted word,) then mental demonstration is the result—impressions, visions, etc. Trance being the result of absolute stativolence or somnambulence of the whole brain, depends rather upon the balanced condition of those in the individual, than on any condition produced from association. This is also the case, to some extent, with visions, impressions, etc.

I desire to be simply understood as saying, that no individual will ever develop as a Medium, in which this condition of balance between these forces cannot be brought to exist. If a balance

produces a grovelling elimination, your Medium will be purely a physical one, and under control of such Spirits. If of a high order, then your Medium will belong to that class, and your Spiritual influence will be of such a character.

When association concentrates mental eliminations, manifestations may be produced without development, as in the case of a few primary sittings. When you have matured these thoughts, which are rather explanations than otherwise, I will proceed with the subject.

ROBERT HARE.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

MESSAGE FROM GOETHE TO A. BAILEY, THROUGH HIMSELF, AND LETTER.

[Message received March 21, 1879.]

I DESIRE to make known my views as to that which is about to transpire, as we see matters from our side of life. There is no doubt but the present year will be an eventful one, in many respects. A large number of prominent persons will receive and accept the Spiritual Philosophy. There will be an uncommon amount of sickness. Frightful and frequent accidents and calamities will happen. Great losses at sea and by fire will be numerous.

At the same time, there will be a season of general prosperity. Some kinds of crops will fail, so that provisions will be rather high during the following winter, but no famine.

New and wonderful manifestations of Spirit-power will be developed, and within the next eighteen months, the number of Spiritualists will be nearly doubled, and the struggle with sectarianism will be nearly at an end.

"The Great Universal Brotherhood" will be fully established, which will ultimately supplant the churches as they now exist. Prepare for the great change that is coming, and do your share in the glorious work. Those of you who remain in the earth-form, will wonder and be surprised at the radical change in public and private affairs. I hope to be able to communicate with you again, giving instruction and advice. Remember always that, "Blessed are the pure in heart."

GOETHE.

LETTER.

MY BROTHER,—I have here given you my last communication received. I am not sure whether it is safe to send it forth.

Bro. Pardee now says, "We will decide that matter." All right, Bro. P., am grateful and pleased with the greeting. Now, Bro. D., I have so much to say to you, that I hardly know where to begin; I will however commence with recent events. We have had a most wonderful phase of mediumship recently developed in our

dear Sister Bridge. For some time past, she has been controlled in and out of our Circles, to draw sketches of mountain scenery, supposed by us to be the localities of rich mines; but some three weeks since, at home, she was controlled to draw with a pencil in each hand, and the result was the profiles, well shaded, of the two Spirits controlling her, each drawing his own picture, and both at the same time. At our Circle held at Bro. O. Brooks', she was controlled to draw with both hands, one at work on one side of the sketch and the other on the opposite side, and done very rapidly indeed. She was not present at our Circle last evening, so that I cannot report what progress has been made since. Will see her soon, and place your very kind and acceptable letter, received this forenoon, before her. She is a hard-working woman, with not very good health; and I think it a great pity she cannot be placed in conditions, such as will be favorable for doing all the good that our Spirit-friends might desire to accomplish through her organism. If you can find time, please write a good cheerful letter to her.

Now for something else. In the summer of '68, I removed with family to Alliance, Ohio, from Cleveland, where we had been favored with a flourishing Society and Lyceum. I soon ascertained that there were some Spiritualists there, and I commenced to hunt them up. Some said they reckoned they held meetings sometimes; others guessed they met in a certain building occasionally on Sundays. All the information I could get was vague enough. So I commenced to visit said building at different hours every Sunday, and after several weeks was rewarded by seeing several vehicles standing in front of said building. Then I commenced exploring the inside of it, and at last found an assembly of a dozen people, in a room about twelve by fifteen, used for a shoemaker's shop, and in that number was only one person whom I remembered as having ever seen before, some four years before—a Mrs. Thomas, (who resided in a neighboring town, and soon after removed to Topeka, Kan., and lectured there for some time, and passed on from that place,) was giving a lecture to the little band. After the lecture closed, permission was given for any one to speak that desired to do so. I arose and told them that I had become a permanent resident in the place, and how long I had been in finding them; also of the prosperity of the Society and Lyceum in C.; and in the matter of Spiritualism, I meant business, and that we must organize a Society and Lyceum there.

When I made the remark, I saw quite a number shake their heads. I told them that was no place for Spiritualists; that we must hold meetings every week, and let it be known that we did so; and when the shop got too small to hold us, we would take a small hall adjoining, now called "Lyceum Hall," and when that became too small for us, we would go into Concert Hall above, then the largest hall in the place; and when that could not hold us, we would take the College Hall, (the Disciple College was at that time being built.) "We are going to have that hall some time; the Angels tell me so," were my words. The head-shaking continued.

After the meeting was dismissed, the friends came and introduced themselves, and said, "We would like to have things as you have described; but it can't be done." I replied, "It *must* be done." They responded, "We know what Alliance is, and it is no use to try."

From that time, my wife and myself took hold of the matter, meaning business all the time. During the week, I visited as many of them as possible at their homes, and finally prevailed upon them to meet in the little shop room every Sunday. That accomplished, I poured hot shot into them in regard to a Lyceum. Finally, I prevailed upon them to agree that upon the following Sunday they would try and gather in as many children as possible, and if the result was favorable, would organize a Lyceum. On the next Sunday, there were present *seven children*, four of them from my own family, and a short time before members of the Lyceum in Cleveland. They consented to meet again the next Sunday. Self and wife went to work, and in less than six months, we had a flourishing Society and a Lyceum with over one hundred and twenty-five members. We did not stop to occupy the small hall, but marched into Concert Hall, with "banners flying;" and it would be crowded when we had Lectures. Now, the Spiritualists occupy *College Hall*, and my wife, who is visiting there, informs me that the very back-bone of the place (some five thousand inhabitants) belong to the association called the "Independent Church." She writes that many allude to the prophecy made when I first met them in the little shop, more than eleven years ago.

On several occasions, in public, I told them the same thing, although I could not see how it could be done; but I think if you were to write to Bro. Flower, and ask him, he would tell you a very interesting account, as to how it *was done*. Our good Christiann (?) Orthodox brethren there,

sought to kill me at one time; and I now carry the mark of a stone thrown at me in Concert Hall, by one of their minions, at one of our assemblages. I still live in more senses than one: but where, oh, where are they? Mrs. B. writes me that those holy (?) people have threatened Brother Flower's life; but their ranks are getting terribly thinned.

My wife says that it looks very strange to see so large a number who used to revile and taunt us, now marching under our glorious Spiritual flag, taking her by the hand as a sister, and making affectionate inquiries regarding me.

What will not our Spirit-friends assist us to accomplish in the matter of spreading the new gospel of truth, knowledge, and peace to men of good will? May we not be proud of the Age in which we live on earth?

I long for the time, (if it ever can come,) when I will be free from so many cares and anxieties, and grasp the sword of truth with both hands, wielding it right and left, opening a way for the light to pour in, and fill those who are longing for the sunshine that our Philosophy brings, to fullness, and which can never grow dim.

Good night, my dear brother. Peace be with you and yours.

Respectfully,

A. BAILEY.

"WEST INGLE'S" DEPARTMENT.

SHERMAN S. SHELLEY,

TO S. L. WOOD, HURLINGTON, RACINE CO., WIS.

DEAR FRIEND S.,—You know I will give you all the knowledge I possess in regard to my Spirit-life, and those who are dear to us both. I have been near you in all your past trials, and have tried to save you disappointments, but have failed in some respects, and owing to circumstances over which I have no control. They have forced measures upon you, which will end better than you now believe. You will soon know and understand why I write you this message.

I was not willing to leave the earth when I did. I desired to live and accomplish certain things, which were dear to my heart; but I am satisfied that I was and still am under the care of a power mighty and just. You will know who, and what I mean, when you come here, where all are contented.

Your disappointments, dear friend S., will all be made good, and you will live to realize many of the best dreams of your life.

You ask me if Ralph is living. He is still living, and before long will give you proof of my words. He is where money

and gold is found; and though changed, will be found the same in all that was good and true in his nature. You will find him all right; indeed, you know yourself where to find him. He is not far from the place last heard from. Julia will tell you herself where her children are. One is dead long ago; the others are alive and doing well. Ask her; she can tell you. I have only a short time to speak in, but will come again, as I have much to tell you.

Ever yours affectionately,

S. S. SHELLEY.

TUNIE'S ADDRESS TO HER FATHER.

I HAVE come to write a few lines to my dear father; for he feels as though he can not hold out much longer with the little paper, VOICE OF ANGELS; but I will do much to help him. The time has come when the great world shall know of its truth, and be guided to Spirit-land. I and my dear Spirit-friend, Judd Pardee, come hand in hand to help him and the little messenger of love.

I feel tonight that there is not any more anxiety or cares for my dear father, as every cloud that has overshadowed him has a silver lining; but he knows not the time thereof, when the light and glory shall be heaped upon him, and he shall rejoice and be exceeding glad for the great and good work that he has done. In another year he will accomplish much more good to the world than ever before.

I feel tonight as though the little messenger will be enlarged before long, despite the hard times. It has had a hard struggle to get where it is; but it has fought the good fight of faith, and gained the day at last. It will not be long, dear father, before you will bring the paper to the city of brotherly love, as it should be. I am afraid that the rich ones in this great city look away from home to help others, before they think of those suffering all around them.

But I have not come to talk about others' misdeeds; but when I come where there is such great suffering from hunger and cold, I feel as though I ought to go before the great men in every city, and tell them if they would help their own before others, they would be rewarded hereafter, as co-workers with the angels.

I am but a child, yet I know. I can give much light to the world where it needs so much at the present time. I have not forgotten the great work that lies before me, for I know that I am sent to the earth-plane to do good, and to help the weary ones to that home where light and truth prevail. But yet, when many poor

Spirits are sent out of the body without a warning voice to prepare them for the new life, they bring the earth-conditions with them. That is the cause why we have so many conflicting influences around us, as we have to help them; doing which prevents us often from doing good to them that are in the flesh.

I am obliged to close this, for I must away.

From your little Spirit-Messenger and child,
TUNIE.

P. S.—Please send this to my father, Dr. Deansmore, at North Weymouth, Mass.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 17, 1879.

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

WILLIE BARRON.

I WANT this to go to my mother. I want her to know that I come to her and try to help her all I can. I always wanted to be of use to her. Poor mother; her life has been a hard one, and I wish I could brighten it for her with my love. It was hard to go; but this is a beautiful world, and I don't see any of the pain and misery in it that is found on earth.

Tell mother that it don't make any difference what we believe here; it's all changed "over there," and we have to believe this. My change in religion only lasted until I stepped over the river, and then I was no more a Catholic; Uncle Josh was the same.

Now, mother doesn't believe in this: but I think she'll be glad to get a letter from me; for I want her to know I come to help her, and dear little Lizzie, who is mother's sunshine, and who the angels love and care for, and who will have a perfect form and a sweet life when she comes to us.

Aunt Mary, uncle Josh, grandfather, grandmother, and ever so many others, send love to mother; and we are all waiting for her in a home where she will find recompense for her terrible suffering.

I fell from the *Transcript* building, and died at the hospital, four or five years ago.

[My name is Willie Barron, and I want the publisher to send my letter to Mrs. Kate Barron, Quincy, Mass.]

WATER DRINKING.—Water, the essential basis of all drinks, is a beverage necessary to man's existence. It has been calculated that the body of a man weighing eleven stone is composed of sixty-six pounds solid matter, and eighty-eight pounds water, and that he loses about six pounds of water every twenty-four hours. With this in mind, daily living becomes a simple question of out-go and in-come. Many a system is slowly drained and famished through an inadequate water supply. We hear of this or that kind of food, or medicine, for building up bone and tissue, while respecting the liquid,

the larger portion of the man, there is less intelligence or less carefulness. Perhaps the worst that comes of moderate tea and coffee drinking is that it impairs the appetite for plain water, just as indulgence in sweetmeats takes off the liking for wholesome food. It must be observed that the supplies to the solid and liquid portions do not get on well together, but are naturally distinct processes in the main. Drink at meals hinders the assimilation of food by the system; while taken in the intervals, and on rising in the morning, and retiring at night, a glass or two at a draught, it completes the digestive process, cleanses and invigorates the stomach, and improves the quality of the blood, both by washing and as a solvent of poisonous particles which are continually being discharged into it, and which otherwise accumulate to the destruction of health and life. As a rule, it will be found that water drinking and fair flesh are in as close relations as water bathing and outward cleanliness. The water drank should not be too cold, but of a temperature easily adapted to that of the stomach and blood.—*Watchman*.

"TUNIE" FUND.

We have been requested by the Band controlling the destiny of this paper to call upon those of our patrons who are able, to contribute to a fund for sending the *VOICE OF ANGELS* free to those unable to pay for it. To any and all our patrons who can send any amount, if ever so small, for the above purpose, we will credit the amount they may send, in the next issue of the paper.

Since our last, we have received the following donations to the "Tunie" Fund:

Miss Sarah E. Clibchester, Bangor, Me.,	\$1.00
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