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LITERARY.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

BEAUTIFUL HILLS.

THROUGH TRYPHENA C. PARDEE.

Ou, the song of "The Beautiful Hills"!  
Sweet singers, we ask you repeat;  
Its sweet, heaven-enrapturing thrills  
Bear us up to their cool, mossy feet.

There we stand in their shadows and dream  
Of foliage bright evermore,  
And rich tinted blossoms that gleam  
On the River of Life's tearless shore.

And we see the small streamlets that glide  
From summits of love out of sight,  
That swell to the brim the grand tide,  
Bearing balloons like lily-leaves white.

And in each sits a sailor upright,  
Slow plying his silvery oar,  
Whose eyes are transfixed on the height  
Of the evergreen hills just before.

And we list for a note of the song  
That gladdens some dear one of ours,  
Who left us to linger among  
Fragrant slopes in those mountainous towers.

And we list not forever in vain;  
We see them come down to the stream;  
Our loved ones have met us again—  
Thus fulfilling our life-longing dreams.

Then sing of "The Beautiful Hills";  
Sweet singers, the anthem repeat;  
None too often its heavenly thrills  
Draw us nigh to their balmy-breezy feet.

(Suggested by reading Mrs. A. C. H.'s poem in the Olive Branch.  
ELIZABETH, N. Y., May 13, 1879.

I THINK I am rather fond of silent people myself; I cannot bear to live with a person who feels compelled to talk because he is my companion.—*Disraeli*.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

MESSAGE FROM ROBERT HARE TO DR. FAHNESTOCK.

[THROUGH DR. O., CONTINUED.]

DEAR DOCTOR,—After considerable time spent in useless attempts to alter fixed laws by your Mediums, "reason has at length resumed her sway," and I avail myself of the opportunity of continuing my descriptions. We have seen the distinctions which constitute the differences between Media, as well as individuals generally, who enter the Spirit-world, with the advantages or disadvantages each derive from particular constitutions in earth-life.

Let us follow an individual through his progressive development in the spheres; and in order that we may have at a single view the different varieties, let us take, for example, one in whom the physical and Spiritual aroma is in equilibrium. Let it be observed that this condition constitutes the highest developed earth state of an individual; that is to say, that the highest development of which any one is capable on earth, is the harmonious equalizing of his physical and mental nature, so as to constitute a unit. I do not wish to be understood as saying that all persons thus in themselves harmonized are equal to each other, for this is not the case. One, from his high mental condition, may assimilate an angel of light, while the other, from his degraded physical aroma, is a devil. Although each physically in himself is a unit, yet both have arrived at that condition in earth-life, beyond which further progress is impossible. Now, by taking these two examples in their progress through the spheres, we have, as it were, a bird's-eye view of all the human family; merely observing that the first progression of all who are not thus equalized is to arrive at that point, after which their further course is identical.

At the expense of being charged with digressing from my subject, let me illustrate this point. You have on earth two great sources of human progression, one called good, the other evil. One consists of those means used to elevate man's mental nature above the animal, and to raise his physical being with it; that is, to equalize these

two natures into a unit; the other labors to bring the mind to the level of degraded physical natures, by fostering and encouraging animal propensities and vitiated desires. When the one has subjugated the animal, and merged it into the mental, it has accomplished its work. So, also, when the other has made a brute of the man, further progress in that direction is impossible. The one is an angel on earth, the other a devil; although both harmonize in their own natures. Hence, when the first of these examples passes into the second state of existence, (the spheres,) no time is lost in equalizing that has been done on earth; nothing which he could have done was left undone; and now, having nothing to retard his progress, his course upward is rapid. In union with higher unfolded beings, he becomes the recipient through intuition of all knowledge for further progression. The other also dies, and as mental darkness was his condition on earth, Spiritual darkness now occupies its place. Physical appetites, fostered and cherished in earth-life, become unquenched, and urge him onward, groping his way through midnight darkness, for the means of their gratification. The light beaming above him reaches him not, for the windows of his darkened soul open from below. Light from earth-life reaches not his case; for, like the buzzard, odors are only grateful when wasted from putrefaction. Thus it may be ages he will continue; until, wearied with grovelling, his soul abhors its cause, and he grasps the struggling ray that enters his dungeon, which proves the lever to raise him out of his low condition to higher ones. When conditions are more favorable, I will proceed.

ROB'T. HARE.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SUBJECT CONTINUED.

DEAR DOCTOR,—I am happy in being able to continue my correspondence with you. From what has heretofore been said, the inference may be drawn that the conditions of progress in the spheres consists of certain states through which each individual has to pass in his ascent to higher ones; and may, as a means of illustration, be compared to the various classes in a college. The student after entering is exam-



ined to indicate the class for which he is qualified—a certain amount of knowledge being absolutely necessary in each case. Now, the question is not asked *how* he got it, but *has* he got it? If so, his class or sphere is at once indicated.

There is one difference, however, between the students and the Spiritual man, which it will be best to note in this connection. A student may have the necessary knowledge to enter a given class, and yet be without purity or wisdom; whereas in Spiritual life this is impossible; for wisdom with us constitutes our only means of information; which necessarily imparts purity and holiness. Hence, a Spirit who is qualified by his acquired knowledge for any sphere, necessarily possesses the purity of that sphere. His first, or materialized entrance into Spirit-life, indicating his earth-acquired condition, places him in his appropriate sphere, from whence, not unlike the student, he commences his progression.

ROBT HARE.

### CIVILIZATION:

#### MESSAGE NUMBER TWENTY.

SPOKEN AT MATFIELD, MASS., BY WILLIAM TELL, THROUGH J. M. A., DEC. 29, 1878.

[Silent letters rejected, but otherwise the spelling is mostly after the common fashion.]

Be comfortabl, be hapy, be prosperus, be good for somthing in the world of man. To liv is not enuf; to exist merly as a clod-bound mortal is not enuf; but fre as the birds of the air, strong as the egl, flet as the antelop, gentl as the soft zefers, com and go, oh, mortal man! doing the work of lif cherfully, bravly, truthfully and lovingly; beleving, trusting that an Infinit Intelligenc, boundless lov, and al-controlling power regulats and directs and shaps, warms, sustans and blesses the hol humanity. Natur movs in cycls of progression. Yor mission, sister and brother, is not ously peculiar but important. The sam remark mit be aplid to many another, saling on lif's trubld main; but yor work is mor distinctivly characteristic than perhaps that of many or most workers in the feld of progres. I wil not say it is more important to mankind. Be that as it ina; ech step in yor career is wachfully garded, I ina an directed, by innumerabl ads and gids in Spirit-lif, ho ar tenderly waching over the humanity and serving it, as a hol, moving upon it and working within it, surrounding and shelding it—inspiring it, in bref, from tim to tim, from aj to aj, at diferent periods in its career, as it is found to be receptiv and controlabl, or directiv.

We ar disposd at the present tim to wa this: yu ar at liberty to go awa from here, as from yor hom, into the far South of yor land, for the purpos indicatd by another in a preceding mes-ag, (recuperation, fizical, etc.) Yu wil discern for yorselvs in du tim, the propriety or impropriety, wisdom or unwisdom, of setling permanently anywher outsid of the chosn spot, as indicated or hinted at in certan communications, givn several yers ago, relating to the American Indians, ther rita, etc. Yu wil hav liberty to act for yorselvs, to any extent compatibl with

the final succes of the plan we hav in vu for yu to cary out; otherwis it wud not be wel to mov from this point.

It wil be as wel, we think, for yu to mov out quietly from this plac, with no thot or plan other than to do the work of the Spirit for the coming sesop—I mit sa, perhaps, for the coming yer. We wil gid yu to places and pepl that ar in a condition to make yor sta comfortabl as possibl, and wil suround yu with frends (such at least as the world has—which is saing non to much, to be snre); and we hop to gid yu er a twelv-month shall pas by, to a havn of rest—home, sweet home,

"Where groups of children laugh and play,  
And weave bright flowers in garlands gay,  
And gain fresh beauty day by day," etc.

We ar wiling for yu to reman here until yu ar thoroly redy to go awa, and wil mak conditions for yu at the other end of the lin, such that yor reception wil be harty and yor tretment afterwards cordial and kind. Reman here, if yu like to, until next wek.

Your friend and brother,

WILIAM TEL.

### SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE AT LYRIC HALL, PHIL'A, APRIL 27, 1879.

Report of the Committee appointed by the "Keystone Association of Spiritualists" to investigate the phenomenon of denominated Spirit-writing in Wm. H. Powell.

The Committee was appointed on Sunday, April 6th, 1879, and consisted of W. Paine, M. D., Chairman; Reuben Garter, M. D., B. T. DuBois, H. H. Clayton, Francis J. Keffer, John P. Hayes, A. Lawrence.

According to arrangements, the Committee, in connection with Mr. Powell, met at the office of Dr. Paine, No. 250 South Ninth street, on Thursday evening, April 8th, 1879.

Mr. Powell passed into a state of somnambulancy, or catalepsy, that he denominates Spirit-control, when his pulse became more full; respiration increased from 18 to 25, face flushed, the carotid vessels throbbd, and the heart had a labored action.

In the course of three or four minutes, he signified the want of a slate, and commenced to write with his index finger. This finger was then washed with strong soap and water, and the entire Committee examined it to see that there was nothing on it previous to the effort to write.

After writing messages on slates, this abnormal condition disappeared, and Mr. Powell, conscious, talked as freely as before. In order to make a more careful test of this peculiar phenomenon, his sleeves were rolled up, his hands, arms, and face were washed in strong soap and water, then in a solution of muriatic acid of sufficient strength to destroy any calcareous substance that might be secreted about him. His finger-nails were pared and carefully scraped; perfectly new slates were furnished, and in a brilliant light, every possible precaution was taken to detect fraud or deception. In a few moments, Mr. Powell passed into a similar condition as that previously mentioned, and with his finger extended, in view of all, there appeared

a soft, pulpy mass with which he could write with perfect freedom.

The experiment was repeated seven (7) times, and in every instance with the same results.

He also took hold of the index finger of a member of the Committee, and there appeared upon the end of his finger a similar substance, with which he could write with this finger, as well as with his own. The moment he let go of the finger the substance would drop off, but in most instances was retained as long as he had the finger grasped between his own.

The finger-nails of the member of the Committee through which he wrote were also washed and scraped; and carefully observed. The Committee are positive they did not come in contact with any substance after the washing and scraping, until they were applied to the slate, when the substance exuded and writing was executed.

The slates were washed with acid water, and every precaution taken so that no substance was on the slate at the time of the application of the finger. This substance could be seen exuding from the finger while Mr. Powell was in this state, and several pieces were obtained and subjected to careful chemical and microscopic examinations.

The microscopic appearance was that of albuminous cells filled with a pigment. There were also fragments of cuticle and epiphytal structures. The chemical analysis showed the substances were composed of albumen, starch, phosphate of lime, and phosphate of ammonia, with an amorphous pigment matter, without any traces of lead, slate or other substances ordinarily used for writing on slates. During the experiments the hands were covered with towels, handkerchiefs, etc., and yet the substance would appear through them.

The Committee have also resorted to all other accessible means to account for this phenomenon, on other principles than those claimed by Mr. Powell, and their efforts have been entirely unsuccessful, so that they are perfectly satisfied that there is no deception or fraud, and that Mr. Powell is not conscious of the production and nature of the phenomenon.

We therefore submit that it is one of those peculiar physiological manifestations that we cannot account for, and as such respectfully present it.

WM. PAINE, M. D.,  
B. F. DuBois,  
JNO. P. HAYES,  
ALFRED LAWRENCE,  
REUBEN GARTER, M. D.,  
FRANCIS J. KEFFER.

On motion it was resolved, that the report be published in *Mind and Matter*, *Banner of Light*, *VOICE OF ANGELS*, and *Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

MR. EDITOR,—I am authorized by those who have had tests of satisfactory mediumship on the part of Mr. Powell, to state that under the control of the Indian Chief "Tecumseh," there are messages written which are recognized as coming from Spirit-friends, and others.

Yours, &c.,

JOS. WOOD, Pres't of Association.



## VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE.

FOND DU LAC, WIS., March 28, 1879.

DEAR BROTHER DENSMORE,—I have just received the VOICE OF ANGELS, 15th of March number, containing a message from my daughter, Emma C. Winchell, who passed to the Higher Life Dec. 21st, 1878, from the Northern Hospital for the Insane, Winnebago, Wis. Glory be to God in the Highest! Mine eyes have beheld thy salvation! If she was talking with me, face to face, it would not be more characteristic of herself, than every syllable uttered in her message. Almost the last words she ever said, on being asked if she suffered much pain, "I never felt so well in my life." She was a woman grown, and always leaned on her ma in sickness and trouble.

I am happy to hear you say it is all beautiful, my darling child. Come and lean your head on mamma's bosom, and press your lips to mine. Yes, dear child; so am I glad that I went to you the first day I went down to my meals; I did take but little supper, went back to the third ward, where my daughter was, found the door locked, but took no denial; the door was opened, and I found them dosing her with the mixture she speaks of, and some kind of liquor and milk. I had just accused the Dr. of prescribing this poison, which caused her to sleep most of the time. He denied it positively; but I was a little too soon for them, and told the supervisor I was acquainted with it, and Carrie could not take any more of it; that I wanted her to be in her right mind. The Indian guide she speaks of, I saw her come in the door, pass around the head of her bed, and stand at her left side; Lafaun is her name.

I often feel my daughter's influence, and I am happy. The little Indian's name is Rosa. She has lived with me this winter, and is a Medium. I could always tell when she was under control; she falls in a deep sleep. On one occasion, I asked who she had seen. She said, Carrie came to her, and told her that she had been under Dr. Kempster's control; but his reign was short, and his days nearly numbered: and now he had to come under her power. I have pondered this in my heart, and could not understand what Carrie could mean. On reading her message, it is explained to my satisfaction.

That is right, dear daughter. Give Dr. Kempster's panorama an airing. Don't forget, my dear, to give Fond du Lac jail a ventilation, where you were kept four long days and nights, crying to be taken home to your ma; where you, with others, were fed like so many bears, through grates, complaining with the cold; and the response would be, "It is all in your eye about the cold." Where you was allowed to sleep at night in your clothing, just as you dressed in the day! Dear, dear! when will this great wickedness cease?

Well, she said, "Dear mother, you know what I had to endure." Yes, yes, dear child, how well I know; and it almost breaks my heart, when I think of it. How glad I am you are at rest. I have no dear Carrie, now, to come and say, "Ma, what can I do to help you?" May God and the angels help you, darling, to

see what you can do to help suffering humanity. Do your work well, my child.

I told Dr. Kempster you were a Medium, and told your supervisor—if I remember, you called her Kitty—that would not be the last they would see and hear from you. I shall wait with great anxiety to hear from you, and the treatment poor afflicted mortals receive in the asylum. Think of it!—seven hundred patients there!

I will and do give your love to all I have seen; have sent the paper containing your message to the poor farm, with a special request to read.

Yes, I will always wear your ring, dear child; have concluded to wear some of your clothing; which I never should have done, only by your request. Now, my dear, let me ask a favor from your hand, and "darling Tunie." Can't you help little Charlie Maloney and his little baby sister, who passed away with disease of the throat, this winter, to say something comforting to their mamma, who is in deep despair over her loss? They live just across the street from me—east on Banister and South Sibley—and little Winnie Brown, west on North Sibley, who was killed about six weeks ago, whose mother thinks he is in purgatory, because he did not wake up to confession and partake of the first communion. Especially remember Mrs. Maloney just now.

Come as often as you can to your mother. We all send much love and many kisses, to Emma C. Winchell.

All hail Progression's glorious theme! Let angels prostrate bow. Bring forth the royal diadem, proclaiming o'er all the land, on every shore, by every tongue, Progression still is moving on.

Dear brother Densmore, how glad I am that I ever heard of you and your dear paper—loving Voices! But how often I feel depressed in spirit, when I think how unable I am to pay you for this rich blessing I have just received. God and angels bless you and Sister Shelhamer, and all of our good and blessed workers in this holy cause!

I am, with high consideration, your sister in the cause of humanity,

CORDELIA TAINTOR.

P. S.—Dear Carrie, remember Mrs. Dora Ham to her mother, Mrs. Sophia Johnson, or Johnston, who passed to the Higher Life about one year ago, near Fond du Lac, Wis. Give my love to all of my children. Little Ira sends love to you. Good night.

CORDELIA.

## COMMENDATORY RESOLUTIONS,

UNANIMOUSLY ADOPTED BY THE FIRST SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, OF ATLANTA, GA., APRIL 28TH, 1879.

WHEREAS our Brother J. Madison Allen and Sister Sara S. Allen have been with us during the past ten weeks, and have greatly endeared themselves to us by their public and private ministrations, their kindness of heart, genial manners, spirituality and dignity of character, Therefore, as an official recognition of their valuable services and private worth, it is hereby

Resolved, That we have been greatly edified and instructed by the very eloquent, philosophical and profound discourses which

delivered through our brother, by his distinguished controls; and we feel assured that by the twenty-two public lectures, numerous public seances and test-readings and private sittings, which have been given, the cause of Truth and Spiritual Progress have been greatly advanced in this city.

Resolved, That we most heartily recommend to our sister societies and the friends of Spiritualism everywhere, these earnest and devoted workers, and pray that the good angels (embodied and disembodied) will make their pathway bright through all time—

Strewing it with flowers of sweetest fragrance rare—  
Nor leave their bodies to feed on naked air.

Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions be sent to the *Banner of Light, Religio-Philosophical Journal*, and VOICE OF ANGELS, for publication.

J. M. ELLIS, President.

L. R. PALMER, Secretary.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

## AN INSPIRATIONAL MESSAGE.

THROUGH MRS. H. BAILEY, AT GOLDEN CIRCLE, LOTTSVILLE, PENN.

LIFE is a book that opens up lessons for all. The grave and the gay have their experiences, the indolent and the thoughtful. All phases of life are subject to those educating influences that guide humanity upward, nearer the eternal fountain of truth. The growth of the interior life of man depends upon proper conditions for unfoldment, as much as the physical organism depends upon certain peculiar conditions for its growth and sustenance. A little judicious training is necessary to enhance the one with the other, to bring out fully and positively whatever there is of use and beauty in life, and blend all things harmoniously together.

There is no antagonism in nature, and whatever is seemingly antagonistic to the mind is the result of an undiscovered element or principle of natural law; or humanity has failed to correctly understand nature's exact laws and principles. In either case, there is a deviation from those true and exact principles that mark the progress of all life, whether materially or spiritually expressed.

Man is a nomad in existence, the highest culmination of all the combined powers and forces of the Infinite that can be materially expressed. He is not transient but eternal; because separate and apart from matter he inhabits those conditions that tend to an advanced degree of Spirituality. To be sure, the body is transient; but this is not the man, only the receptacle that held the man; and this is subject to the same inevitable laws of change and decay that govern all conditions of life in



The mind is of endless duration; it moves onward without ceasing, forever. There is no end of thought, no time of nothingness; but ever the Spirit rejoices in itself, in its own secret hope, in knowledge, love and trust. Nature teaches inspiration. There is a law of light and harmony surrounding the universe, and the human mind is capable of receiving its attractions according to its condition of developement. Nature's field is boundless, and she is continually furnishing themes that man should know, prompting new thoughts through the silent workings of that unseen life that lives in all and operates through all.

#### ANOTHER.

ANOTHER little wave  
Upon the sea of life,  
Another soul to save  
Amid its toil and strife.

Two more little hands  
To work for good or ill,  
A little thoughtless brain,  
A little untought will.

Two more little feet  
To walk the dusty road,  
And choose, where two paths meet,  
The narrow or the broad.—[Selected.]

#### CORROBORATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

MARSHALL, Minn., April 25, 1879.

BROTHER DENSMORE,—In your issue of April 1st is a communication through M. T. Shelhamer, from Mrs. G. F. Knokes, which I recognize as coming from my darling daughter. She promised, just before she passed on, seven years ago, she would if possible send a message through the *Banner of Light*.

Before coming West, I frequently saw and conversed with her at Mr. Bastian's *seances* in Chicago. One evening, while in conversation with her, I asked why she had never sent the message, as we were anxious to get one from her. She replied, that she had never been able to control the Medium.

I am at times aware of her presence, but not as often as I wish; and when alone, frequently ask if present to show herself, or give me some audible test. I presume that is what she alluded to, when she says, "I often wish I could let mother know of my presence, but I cannot."

She passed away young, and a true Spiritualist. She also spoke of her husband's faith, and of the changes he had made, which is correct in every sense.

I get the impression that we shall hear from her again soon. I hope we shall, and that she will give her given name, and mine also, as she was in the habit of calling me by my given name.

Words are inadequate to express our thanks to you, my brother, that you have opened another channel between this and the "better land"; and that you may long remain to cheer many sad hearts, is the wish of your friend,

MRS. C. A. HASKELL.

And when your mission here is o'er,  
Angels will bear you to your shore;  
All trials, disappointments past,  
Safely at home, sweet home, at last.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

#### LETTER FROM MONTANA.

GLENDALE, Montana, April 17, 1879.

D. C. DENSMORE:—*Dear Brother,*—Having a little leisure time this morning, I shall devote a portion of it to dashing off a few lines for the VOICE.

Being somewhat enthusiastic on the subject that bears on our Spiritual welfare, both here and hereafter—a subject in which every human being should feel a deep interest—I have been striving to interest some of my near and dear friends in the grand cause of Spiritualism; but without tests it is a difficult matter, I assure you. Strange indeed it is that our best friends will doubt one's earnest assertions in favor of Spiritualism, even tho' they love him as a brother, and consider his word credible on any other subject.

The natural adhesiveness, or disinclination of man's mind to cast away old opinions, (no matter how unreasonable,) for new ones, (no matter how progressive,) may account for it in a great degree.

Some time ago, I chanced to walk into a court-room, where a man was being tried for murder. The poor wretch was found guilty of murder in the second degree, and sentenced to the Penitentiary for a term of ten years. The strongest evidence against him was his own confession, which—unluckily for him—was made in the presence of three men, shortly after he had committed the deed. But there was only one man of the three who could make affidavit that he heard and understood the said confession. And on that one man's evidence he was found guilty of murder in the second degree, and sentenced accordingly. Does it not seem strange that the evidence of one man should be taken in such a case, where we may say a man's life was at stake, while at the same time two other intelligent and honorable men were present at the said confession, but heard it not?

The prosecuting attorney in the case referred to, when addressing the jury, referred to the writings of some celebrated lawyer, he had forgotten his name, and we don't claim ever to have known it, where-

in it is said that "if twelve men are in a room where there is a clock, and one man says he heard the clock strike, his evidence shall be taken, though all the eleven declare most emphatically that they heard it not."

Now, how few of our Christian friends would be fit to sit on a jury to try the cause of Spiritualism. Do you think they would weigh fairly the evidence of the millions of living witnesses, both high and low, wise and otherwise, who assert that they not only believe our departed ones can come back and communicate with us, but that they *know* it to be so.

Indeed, the prejudice of men's minds is so great, that our civil law recognizes it, when it rejects men from sitting on a jury who have previously expressed an opinion on the case.

Therefore, we can hardly expect a people whose minds have been one-sided on the subject of religion all their lives could now give a fair and unbiassed decision on Spiritualism.

We know the Christian motto is, "Train up a child in the way it shall go," for as "the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined"; and we are sorry to say that alas too many of the—otherwise intellectual—kings of the human forest have been sadly warped and "bent" in their infancy. And now the gentle zephyrs of Spiritual Truth, nor the mighty winds of Science, can ever bring them to a natural position, while they stand in the verdant groves that deck our country side.

I have heard a great many say that they "hope Spiritualism is true; for it is the most pleasant religion there is, if only true." But, poor souls, they cannot credit it. The fact is, they are not prepared to be "born again." They must, however, become as little children before they can enter into the heaven of Spiritual truth. Yes, they must make up their minds (no matter how old) that we are all children in this terrestrial school; and it is our loss if we play truant. We must learn as little children, and use our own reasoning faculties to analyze the false from the true.

Our reason should be our Bible and our guide in all things; for we know for a certainty that God gave it to us. But, as the noble St. Pierre justly observes, "Men made books"; and we should beware how much faith we place in the works of men. In fact, the history of some of these books is very obscure indeed, and the language used therein is not refined by any means. Should such language be used in a book now-a-days, it



would not be allowed in any respectable family, and certainly would not be transmissible through the mails.

In following the teaching of such books, if a man is good, it is the good that naturally is in him that crops out, and causes him to follow the better part of such works. Brigham Young and his followers took such works as their guide; but did he follow the better teachings? No; he followed just what suited his most degraded and selfish inclinations; and if possible, he would have destroyed all the rest of the world, that the "Lord's chosen people" might establish their kingdom on the ruins. And all was done with prayer and supplication to the most high God and in the name of Christ Jesus.

And so we can follow the instructions of such works, and commit the vilest acts imaginable, while we follow the example of "the Lord's chosen."

I am afraid, dear brother, I am already too lengthy, and will close for this time by imploring our Christian friends to do away with prejudice, and become as little children, and investigate, with a determination to accept what is in accordance with their *reason*, for that is the only true Bible that God ever gave to man.

Too many, we are sorry to say, think what they don't know is not worth trying to find out; but to such we say, Don't play truant in this great school; there is much for all to learn yet.

Ever yours for the right,

H. W. BROWN.

#### VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

MEDFORD, MASS., May 15, 1879.

DEAR BRO. DENSMORE,—I was greatly surprised, delighted and gratified, when I found a message from my own mother in your last issue. It has been nearly twenty years since she entered the Spirit-spheres, during which period she has been my ever-faithful attendant and guide. My devoted companion, Marietta, who is mentioned in the same loving message, left the form in December, 1873.

I ought to be very thankful to highest Heaven for these kind words of encouragement from the Spirit-shore.

Having made inquiries in Malden, I am happy to verify the communication of Spirit J. B. Severance, who was an esteemed citizen of that town, and whose departure is much regretted.

Yours with sincere gratitude,

A. B. WEYMOUTH.

A GREAT fault—that a man thinks himself more than he is, and esteems himself less than he is worth.

#### INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

#### SHALL WE LAUGH WHEN WE GET THERE?

BY MRS. J. M. PORTER.

Yes, we'll laugh, when we get there,  
Over many sunny things  
We used to think of heaven,  
And the seraphs with their wings:

How they'd play the golden harps  
Before the great white throne,  
With the angels for an audience—  
Saviour on the throne,

Seated by his Father's side;  
While the Holy Ghost looked on  
And saw the whole proceedings,  
While he only wore a crown,

Suited to his humble station,  
As the third one, lowest down,  
And having no position,  
Only just to calmly frown

At the troops of white-robed figures  
Who kept sailing 'fore his eyes,  
With their palms forever waving  
And their endless songs of praise;

While just within their hearing  
Are the wallings of the damned,  
And by looking o'er the battlements  
They could see them in the flames,

And could hear their piteous wailing  
And their helpless cries of woe,  
While they sang their song of gladness  
And had nothing else to do.

Such nonsense to the people  
Whom he said he came to save,  
By faith in him as leader  
And a wondrous love he gave.

But he only was a mortal,  
Just the same as you are now;  
And was, we think, a bragger  
Of the wonders he could do,

When he came within his kingdom,  
Which he hoped some time to do,  
When the days of earth had vanished,  
And he'd conquered every foe;

Which time will ne'er be coming;  
So he'll have to wait a while  
Before he gets the station  
To which he has aspired.

CREDENSE, Illinois.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

#### MESSAGE FROM ROSE CARLTON TO HER MOTHER.

MOTHER dear, your darling girl  
Greets you from this better world;  
When the waves of sadness roll  
O'er you with their dark control,  
Remember that your Rosa dear  
Is trying then your soul to cheer.

In the coming better day,  
When brighter light shall round you lay,  
And the door ajar is left to stand,  
We oft will come from Summer-Land;  
Your children all will then draw near  
With words of love your soul to cheer.

Never, while you walk below,  
O'er earth's shoeny fields of snow,  
Will you be left one hour alone;  
But angels from a better home,  
And Rosa, too, doth oft draw near,  
To aid you with our words of cheer.

My guardian true that on you called,  
Is near you, with her love of old,  
And bids you ever here to hope,  
For brighter days will round you ope;  
Then your children all will come  
And aid you towards our brighter home.

When the distant years that lay  
Strewn along the paths you stray  
Have fleeted with each coming hour,  
As you approach our lovell bower,  
Among those who round you then will stay  
Rosa sure will find her way.

When at last the golden tie  
That holds you to our home on high  
Is drawn by tender hands of love,  
And calls you to our home above,  
Then we all will shout with glee,  
For mother's in a home that's free.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

#### LITTLE MAUD'S REFLECTIONS AND QUERIES.

THROUGH WEST INGLE.

CAN you tell me of the Summer-Land,  
Where the immortal violets blow,  
Where the friends we lose walk hand in hand,  
Clad in garments white as snow?  
Can you tell me of the Father's house,  
On the shores of the Jasper sea—  
The house of "many mansions" bright,  
The home of the happy and the free?

For many hours she lingered late  
Beneath the silvery moon,  
Looking in vain for the Golden Gate  
And the violets of heavenly bloom.  
They say beneath the whispering palms  
The angels tune their harps of gold;  
I wish I knew if beyond the tomb,  
Far beyond those waters cold,  
There was a land better than this,  
Where aching hearts may have their rest—  
A land of plenty, love and bliss,  
Where rich and poor alike are blessed.

Dear VOICE OF ANGELS, if you know,  
Answer me; and if a fraud,  
The angels needn't come again  
To whisper songs to little Maud,  
For I will shut my ears so tight  
That their music can never get in;  
I'll forget my prayers every night,  
And God may answer for my sin.

[NOTE.—The above were almost the exact words of little Maud, some five or six years old, while sitting in her night-dress on the hearth, just before she retired for the night.]

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

#### THE BELIEVER.

BY MRS. A. N. F. ROBERTS.

With joy I'll float adown death's tide,  
To Jordan's stream I'll safely glide;  
In death with joy my soul shall swell;  
In Angel-life I then shall dwell.

I'll hail the voice when death shall call;  
My mortal to decay may fall;  
Then, when my earth career is run,  
The angels will escort me home.

When my clay-form shall lay in shroud,  
My soul shall sing sweet anthems loud;  
The earth is rife with toll and pain,  
In heaven peace and joy doth reign.

CASDIA, N. H., April, 1879.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

#### A FRAGMENT OF POLITICAL POETRY.

THROUGH WEST INGLE.

MINGLING with the "Vox Populi"  
Is a low, deep and solemn cry,  
And the burden of that solemn sound  
Is the blood of thousands in battle slain,  
The brave and true who died in vain,  
Crying loudly to God from the ground.

And oh, if the souls of those heroes blest  
Could return again from dreamless rest,  
And by some strange power be told  
That the principles for which they fought  
Are by their sons too often bought,  
And paid for with the nation's gold,

I believe they would gather, one by one,  
Around the brave soul of Washington,  
And each hero of the mighty slain  
Would shout the freeman's battle-cry.  
Till Union and the "Vox Populi"  
Would redeem the land again.

Young heads believe that they shall lose their originality in recognizing the truth which has already been recognized by others.



## VOICE OF ANGELS.

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NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS., JUNE 1, 1879.

## EDITORIAL.

## BIRTH OF A SPIRIT OUT OF A DARK CONDITION INTO ONE OF LIGHT.

WHILE quietly sitting in my office a few evenings since, waiting Micawber-like for something to turn up, and while contemplating the boundless sea of humanity struggling to better their condition, some in one way and some in another, I saw my angel-daughter Tunie coming towards me, followed by a fine intellectual looking gentleman; and although he could neither see her nor hear her talk, yet he could both see and hear me; and being entirely unconscious of her presence, thought in coming he was actuated by his own mind. Yet it was through her unseen influence that he came. Recognizing no one but myself, and perceiving that he wished to communicate something, I arose and received him in the same manner I would a stranger in the mortal.

After introducing himself, he hesitated, as if in doubt what further to say. Here, to understand what follows, I am obliged to digress a little. A few days previous, Tunie told me she intended as soon as possible to introduce a gentleman who by accident passed into the Spirit-world in the full vigor of mature manhood, and that, having imbibed the idea before he died that there was no other life than the earthly one, he landed in the world of causes with that thought uppermost in his mind; and although he had been there many months, no one as yet could convince him he had changed worlds. To convince him of his error, Tunie said, was the object in bringing him here. This information partially prepared me as to his spiritual condition; that is, if he was the one she intended to introduce; and as she told me at the time he was so firmly filled with the idea that there was no other life after the death of the body, she doubted favorable results; yet she thought it best to try. Although I had but few doubts as to his being the one she referred to, still, judging from his intellectual appearance, I was not quite sure; as I hardly thought it possible that such a one could be carried away with such erroneous views. But through the suggestive expressiveness of Tunie's lovely face, I felt assured the gentleman before me was the one she had spoken of.

To return from this digression, I will say that after passing the usual introductory compliments, (and although, as before stated, he hesitated to speak after introducing himself,) yet, after getting his confused thoughts together, he commenced speaking as follows: "I came here, sir, through the influence of some well-meaning, but deluded strangers, to ascertain whether I am dead or alive. They also assured me that my wife, who has been dead over ten years, was mostly instrumental, through others, in getting me here. Now, don't you think," he continued, "it a singular, not to say ridiculous mission for a well, healthy man, in the full vigor and strength of manhood, as I am, to be running around to find out whether he is dead or alive? The idea is so supremely ridiculous and absurd, that I can find no words strong enough to express my surprise that there could be any one claiming one iota of common sense who can entertain such a palpable absurdity a single moment; yet it is so; for there are old and young, good-looking and bad-looking, learned and unlearned, all telling me I'm as dead as a pilchard; and while they are telling me this, I am telling them, in tones that can be heard five blocks away, that I am alive, and as well in mind and body as they are; but all to no purpose; for they keep repeating the same thing over and over again. Now, sir, how are we going to settle this matter?—that is, find out who is right and who wrong? If a man can't tell whether he is dead or alive, I don't see how anybody else can. Look at me, sir; examine me critically; (straightening up to his fullest extent); feel of me, sir, and see if my muscles are not as hard and rotund as yours. Look at my teeth, (opening his mouth), and see for yourself if they are not as perfect as anybody's. Hear that, (stamping one of his feet on the floor), and then tell me, if you can, that a dead man can make such a noise as that." Continuing—"I'll tell you what it is, sir; I have seen plenty of people carried away with all sorts of hallucinations, but never before heard of anything half so foolish and silly as this.

"Now, sir, after listening to what I have said and done in your presence, tell me, upon the honor of a gentleman, if you think I am in reality a dead man?"

This was a poser; and how it was to be brought about I could not tell. For here he was, to all appearances—as far as his own sense of seeing, feeling and hearing was concerned—as much alive and in as good health of body and mind as he ever

was; and he not only knew it himself, but demonstrated it to others. Hence, as I said before, how or in what way he could be convinced that he had changed worlds I could not conceive.

Happening to look up at this juncture, I saw a well-dressed, intellectual looking lady, about thirty-five years old, gently leading by the hand two children, apparently eight or ten years of age, follow Tunie towards where the stranger was standing. Perceiving by Tunie's looks that the lady was the earthly companion of the incredulous gentleman, I anxiously awaited results. Knowing that Spirits on the lower planes in Spirit-life can neither see nor hear those on higher ones until they have thrown off some of the adherents of their earthly conditions—which can only be done by coming in *rapport* with those on the mundane plane—I knew he could never be convinced of his error until his Spiritual senses were opened, so far at least as to see and hear those around him. This usually occupies two or three *seances* to accomplish. Happily, this was not the case with our strange visitor; for by this time his sense of hearing was developed. Perceiving this, his wife purposely engaged in earnest conversation with her friends relative to his life's history—which was a remarkable one—and which nobody but his wife and himself knew anything about.

Soon after she commenced talking, I noticed him listening intently at something, which made him very nervous, as he kept looking first one way and then another, seemingly anxious to ascertain from whom and whence the talking came; in the meantime edging nearer to where I was seated. At last, apparently unable to bear the suspense longer, he asked me in a suppressed tone, "Who is that talking?" He was told it was his wife, in conversation with her friends—naming them. Upon hearing this, he straightened up and said, "That can't be so; for my wife has been dead over ten years, and some of the parties you mention more than twenty. Hence it cannot be them. And yet, (soliloquizingly), how came strangers with the secrets of my life?" Continuing his reverie, he said to himself—"This thing must be looked into. Say, stranger," addressing me, "How came these ladies here, and where did they come from?—one of whom claims to be my wife?"

He was told that his wife came there to meet him, through the law of mutual attraction, to assist him out of his low Spiritual condition on to a higher one, just as



she always assisted him in earth-life to gain a competence for his family.

At this time, although his sense of hearing was unfolded, yet he could not see. He then said, "I can hear people talking, and one voice sounds very much like my wife; I wish I could see who it is." At this announcement, one of the party approached and made passes over his head and eyes, when all at once, seemingly as by magic, the film that obscured his vision was removed, and his Spiritual eyes were opened; but by his motions, it was evident that the light was too strong for his new-found Spiritual eyes; for he placed one hand over his natural eyes, to screen them from the light, as one would when coming out of dense darkness into a brilliantly lighted room. After remaining thus for a few moments, with his head turned to one side, to more effectually screen his eyes, the lady still making passes from his head downwards, he drew a long sigh, as if relieved of some great burden. He then removed his hand, and looking wonderingly around, said, "Where am I?" In answer to which the magnetizer replied, "You are at home once more with your family, whom you have mourned for many years as lost to you."

Up to this time, although he could see, he did not recognize the lady making the passes, although a sister of his wife; but after looking at her intently for a moment, he exclaimed, "Why, Mrs. M——! is that you? I thought you died a dozen years ago." Then pressing his hand to his forehead, as if trying to collect his confused thoughts again, he said, "If you are alive as you seem to be, why may not my wife and chicks, who were snatched from me ten years or more ago, be alive also?" Hearing this, his wife, who had purposely kept out of sight until the opportune moment arrived, advanced with her two children towards him, when Mrs. M., his sister-in-law, said, "Allow me the inestimable pleasure of introducing to your special care and attention Mrs. K. and children," while tears of joy were streaming down the cheeks of all present, in the midst of almost oppressive silence, when he exclaimed, "Oh, May! May! are you indeed my long-lost wife? And here, (looking at his children), as my soul liveth, is *little* May, and Bessie, too."

Here language fails to depict the scene that followed the grand denouement, and I will not attempt it. Suffice it to say, I have witnessed many similar scenes before, yet this was the most soul-absorbing one, drawing out all the finer sensibilities

of sympathetic souls, that ever fell to the lot of mortal to witness.

I will merely add in conclusion, that, after the first ecstatic greetings between husband, wife and children were over, and while the wife was leaning lovingly upon her husband's arm, with his other gently encircling her waist, with a child on either side, and while tears of joy were still trickling down the cheeks of all present, the happy united family group, followed by their relations and friends, quietly passed out of sight, all joining in singing the doxology; when I found myself alone, meditating upon the scene I had just witnessed.

*Pub. Voice of Angels.*

#### NOTICE.

As I am receiving letters every day from our patrons, inquiring the whereabouts of West Ingle, saying they have sent letters to her with fee enclosed for communications from their Spirit-friends, and could get no response; some of them sending from two to four, with the above result; and as some letters have been sent to my care, which I have always forwarded to her on their reception at this office, and as I have never received any response from her, nor have the parties sending them, I now say that I want no more letters to West Ingle sent to my care. I am compelled to this course, as some may think I am responsible for her derelictions.

D. C. DENSMORE,

*Pub. Voice of Angels.*

#### NOTICE.

WE call attention to the removal of Miss M. T. SHELHAMER, Medical Medium, from 89 K street to 493 E. Seventh street, South Boston, Mass. Also, to the fact that the Spirit-guides of Miss S. have decided that her office-hours be confined to three days in the week only, during the heated term. See advertisement on last page.

#### CORRECTION.

IN the third line of the last paragraph, second column of page 114, in our issue of May 15th, the word "material" should read "matured." This occurred from an unaccountable oversight of our printer, as the word was written plainly.

#### A FRAGMENT.

LET us gather up the sunbeams  
Lying all around our path;  
Let us keep the wheat and roses,  
Casting out the thorns and chaff;  
Let us find our sweetest comfort  
In the blessings of today,  
With a patient hand removing  
All the briars from the way.—[Selected.]

WE content ourselves to present to thinking minds the original seed from whence spring vast fields of new thought, that may be further cultivated, beautified and enlarged.—*Chevalier Ramsey.*

#### SPIRIT MESSAGES,

GIVEN AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE,  
APRIL 20TH, 1879,  
THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELHAMER.

INVOCATION, BY ROBERT ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN.

OH, Thou who art infinitely worthy to be worshipped by all thy intelligent creatures throughout thy vast dominions! We assemble in this sacred hour to worship thee in adoration and praise. We bless Thee for the sacred hour when friendships are remembered and perpetuated, when love is the incentive to nobler efforts, and when thy angels are permitted to return from heavenly spheres to shed comfort and consolation upon the hearts of mortals.

We bless Thee for the uplifting power of thy Truth; we thank thee for its purifying effects upon the Spirit; and we ask that we may still look to thee for strength and confidence; and may each soul become a recipient of the blessings showered down in plenitude from thy hand.

Blest ones, whose work it is to guide, direct and sustain others in mortal, we ask that the work be increased and enlarged according to the needs of man. Oh, let your blessings flow out towards humanity, until every soul becomes uplifted into a happier state of being. Scatter the shades of doubt, skepticism and fear from the parent's heart; whisper to each the glad tidings that their loved ones still live and love them.

Bless all human agencies for the dissemination of the work; let no root of bitterness spring up to mar the sanctity of angel-communion; but make them worthy to co-operate with those ministering Spirits who desire to carry on the work everywhere, until all humanity shall sweetly join the chorus of the heavenly spheres.

LUCY ALCOTT

I HAVE come again. [You are welcome.] This is the anniversary of my Spirit-birth—my first birthday in the Summer-Land; and I come to send a greeting of love, a remembrance to those dear to my soul, at home, especially to the one who is nearest to me in sympathy and tenderness—my father. I am Lucy Alcott. I have been with dear father every hour of this day, close, close to his heart; he has felt my presence, my sympathy and my love; and now, how gladly do I come to this place—which is growing very dear to me—to send forth my anniversary greeting, and the love and blessing of my soul, and the souls of those Angel-friends with me, who ever come closest to dear father.

Dear father, I was with you on the 10th; I knew your thoughts, I appreciated your



loving remembrances, deeper in thought than words could express. I love my mortal birthday, because it gave me parental love and sympathy. I love my Spirit-birthday, because it gave me an immortal inheritance.

Dear father, whatever trials come, whatever disasters befall, they cannot shake the trusting confidence of your Spirit. I rejoice at this, knowing that through all a golden promise is shining, a crystal ladder gleams, over which the angels pass in their watchful care over you. You will not be surprised at this letter, for I tried to give you monitions of it at sunset. Bless you, dear father, forever.

[Please send to Rev. Wm. Alcott, Swift River, Cummingtown, Mass. I thank you.]

[The Spirit whose message follows then controlled. Upon her departure, the Chairman sang two verses of "The Angels are hovering round," when Miss Alcott returned and said, "Excuse me, you drew me right back to the Medium. I tried to make you sing that before I first came, but couldn't. I had a strong impression to sing it; but I have a cold, and so didn't like to. I'm glad you did sing it; it was my favorite, and father sang it before I passed away. I know the angels are hovering round, to carry the tidings home, and many hearts will receive comfort from them."]

MRS. ALLIE DOSTER.

I'm not very fine. [You are just as welcome.] Thank you. I'd like to speak through the paper to my family, to send them my love, and tell them I'm close by; especially to my husband, William. He's growing old and tired. Tell him we are with him just the same, when he don't feel us, as when he does. Conditions are sometimes bad, and surroundings are uncongenial to Spiritual-power; but the band gather round to give him all the strength they can. I've been trying for years to get a message to him. Because I haven't spoken, is no reason I wasn't there. I'm close by, and I do all I can to help him. By-and-bye, all the troubles will go, all the sorrows and pain, and he will rejoice in Spiritual glory; and those that laugh and sneer at him, and hurt him, will be sorry for it, and will learn to appreciate him, who loves them and would be kind to them, if they would let him. That's all; only we will always be with him, and help him all we can.

[Allie Doster, to her husband, William Doster, of Cave Springs, Ga.]

JAMES BEARD.

ARE all welcome? [All are welcome.] After months of weary pains I passed to

the Higher Life, now nearly fourteen years ago, from Missouri. I had faith enough to render the transition pleasant to me; and now I come back to my wife and children, trusting they will not cavil at this, but that they will accept the Spirit-greeting of love and remembrance of their father. My wife, who feels the weight of care, as well as years, I know will look upon this with favor; also one of my flock, whose years of weary pain and disease have drawn the angels closer into communion, and who knows I come to comfort, guide, direct and sustain, and to whom I send tenderest love and greeting, promising that even among strangers, and in a strange place, friends shall be raised up who will respect the faith that comforts and upholds the Spirit through years of bodily distress.

To my sons and daughters who do not believe, I would say, search into this for yourselves. You know your father spoke only that which he believed to be true; he would not counsel you to do that which would harm your souls; but he says, do not reject this knowledge, for it is the pearl of great price, for which many are vainly seeking.

To my beloved wife I say, Dear Zerelda, we bless and guide you. Soon we will meet again, upon that shore where partings are unknown and where peace and joy abide forever.

I should now be about 63 years old. My name is James Beard.

[Please send my letter to Mrs. Zerelda Beard, Bismarck, Mo., and the angels will bless you.]

EDDIE BUCHNER.

I'm coming to mamma, 'cause she feels bad. Tuncie helped me to come, and she's helping me to talk. It don't seem long to me since ma put me in a box, "cause everything's so pretty." I've got lots of flowers, and a bird and a squirrel, and I'm going to hurry up and grow big; and mamma musn't cry, 'cause I ain't sore no more; and I comes every day and hugs her tight, and kisses her, too; and she must feel there's lots of things to live for; an' by'm by, she'll find me right at the gate waiting. [What's your mamma's name?] Carrie—Carrie E. Buchner. She looks at the paper. She wishes she could know something about me; so I comes myself, and Tuncie helps me to talk. I sends heaps of love and kisses. Oh, I'm Eddie.

STEPHEN HENDRICKS.

CALL me Stephen Hendricks. I would like to add a word, in connection with the foregoing—a word of consolation and cheer, to the child's mother, to say, Dear Carrie, your little bud is safe in the great garden

of Heaven; it has been only transplanted to a more genial, sunny clime, where it will receive that tender love and care which will develop it into the perfect, beautiful blossom. We bring him every day to receive your love, and to impart his own in return. Do not grieve, but only give forth peace and joy, that he may receive only the best of nourishment from his mother's soul. As for myself, I am with you with love and peace. I rejoice in all that comes to you, for it is perfecting your Spirit for the better life. The love of Spirit-friends outlasts all change, permeates all darkness, and uplifts each mortal nearer the Angel-World.

MESSAGES GIVEN MAY 4TH, 1879.

R. E. DAVIS.

I DIDN'T believe this; I had no evidence of the power of angels to return and manifest to mortals. I believed the day of miracles was past, and that in these days God spoke only to man through the recorded testimony of his apostles. I do not now feel that the best kind of consolation for bereaved hearts is found in the Church. I know there is something in advance of old Episcopal ideas for the mourning soul, and I come to try and shed a little ray of light upon the pathway of my beloved family—to tell them that I not only live, but that I am aware of their doings and still take an interest in their welfare, and that in this way I send each one a blessing with my love. I tried to do my duty here; I do not think I was too strict. I lived a pretty long life, but I did not know all there was to learn; I am trying to make up for it now. I have met dear friends and old neighbors, who give me kindly welcome. This is a good place, and I am happy, and wish my children to know that it is so with their father.

I have been gone somewhere near seven or eight months. My name is R. E. Davis, and I come from Crosswell, Michigan.

LESLIE S. DINWIDDIE.

I HARDLY know whether I came with the Spirit who was just here, or if he came with me, or if we both came together; but I come to send a message to the same town, and to request my former and still beloved companion to see that his message reaches his family. It is a long time since I have been able to make myself known; I cannot say that I ever did with entire satisfaction to myself; but as the one dear Spirit in mortal, whom I love, understands and acknowledges the presence of ministering dear ones, who come to bless, it gives me peace and contentment. I have long wished to manifest, on Rob's account,



to have him realize the truth of continued natural life after death; to prepare him for the change gradually stealing upon him, and to assure him of the power to be his of returning to minister to his loved ones, and watching over them. All those among us who passed out weak, clinging and unbelieving, who succumbed to the weakness so fatal to their physical structures, are now strong, powerful, radiant in Spiritual strength and beauty, and waiting with yearning love and patience to welcome all our dear ones who yet linger upon the earth.

I thank you, sir. My name is Leslie S. Dinwiddie. My message is to go to Rob't B. Dinwiddie, Crosswell, Michigan.

MRS. JANE J. HAMBLY.

I come from far-off Snake Lake Valley, California. I come to send a word to my dear husband and darling children. They need no evidence of Spirit-communion; the knowledge that I and my beloved Spirit-children live and love them is theirs, and it gives us power to develop our resources in knowing this.

I was long a Medium, and understood many of the experiences, joys and trials of mediumship; and that aids me to come in this way much better than were it otherwise.

I wish to say that what we learned of the Spiritual growth, abilities and advancement of our ascended little ones was all true, but falling far short of the reality; as it is impossible for mortals to conceive of the full power of Spirit. I come now, hoping that the message will reach my dear ones by my Spirit-anniversary, which occurs the latter part of June; that it may appear as an added assurance of my presence with them, another little token of my fidelity and love.

I passed home suddenly and beautifully; there was but little pain; a pressure upon the heart, and breathing ceased; it was not so much disease, as it was that the angels drew my Spirit by gentle force upward. They assured me long ago they would come for me when they were ready, and that I should have no lingering illness. I believe it was on a Wednesday. The welcome was sweet, as my friends can believe.

I wish to say that I am cognizant of all changes and transpiring events, and am content. I bring my love to all.

I thank you. I am Jane J. Hambly, to her husband, D. W. Hambly.

TERRY FLANDERS.

SURE I've coom to be washed. [That's right.] The praist brought me, and I didn't want to coom at all, at all. Will I be clane afther this? [Yes.] Well, thin,

I don't know but I've been out a bit of a while, and faith, I feel dirty yet. Me name's Terry Flanders, and me home's in Boshton—Boston. Oh, yis; it's too foine for me; I want to go. Do ye think I'll be better. [Yes, the gentleman that come with you will help you, and you'll soon be much better.] Och, well, good luk to ye.

DR. COLUMBUS GATES.

I AM Dr. Columbus Gates, known in Boston. I am very glad to meet you, and to know you are engaged in this work. I come to avail myself of your kindness, to say a word through the columns of your paper. My nephew is attending a developing Circle, and I want him to inform the Medium that I am intending, if possible, to make use of her organism to perform a work for the good of others. I come to give her encouragement and cheer, to persist in the course adopted: for the Spirits wish to use her for a good work, and I wish to control her for the pursuance of my own work. The Spirit-band are rapidly forming for action. They are competent and faithful. All we ask of our mortal Circle is passivity, harmony and regularity in their sittings. By-and-bye, a good result will be plainly seen, and the blessings of Spirit-intercourse be bestowed upon them. Mrs. Cousins, be faithful and firm, and the Spirits will bless you.

My nephew Curtis will read this, and carry it to the Circle. Our little one and all our friends send their kind remembrances and love.

#### ✕ ANOTHER VERIFICATION.

TULARE CITY, Tulare Co., Cal., May 4, 1879.

DEAR VOICE OF ANGELS,—Our hearts have been thrilled by the reception of a most welcome communication from our little angel-daughter, Mary E. Cartmill, published in the VOICE of May 1st. It is perfectly characteristic of her, and in it we recognize two or three good tests. The identity is so great that we can't harbor a doubt in regard to its truthfulness. Her cheering words make our souls leap for joy, and stimulate us to a redoubling of our efforts to be worthy of her companionship, when we enter her sphere.

It cheers us to know that our lost ones have only gone on a little before, and that soon we will be with them in the Summer-Land, where the unfolding flower is only equalled in beauty by the ever-unfolding soul.

Our sincere wish is that the VOICE may long live to cheer the hearts of the lonely of earth's inhabitants; our prayer is that the Medium through whom the communication came may long live to gladden the hearts of the sorrowing.

In the hope that some one (unable to pay for the VOICE) may be made to rejoice as we do now, we remit one dollar to be put in the Tunic Fund, and expended for the purposes therein named.

May God bless you, Brother Densmore. May the good angels sustain you in your work of philanthropy, is my heart's desire.  
W. F. CARTMILL.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

#### SPIRIT ECHOES.

NUMBER FOUR.

BY SPIRIT VIOLET.

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELFAMEE.

SHALL I speak of my surroundings in the Angel-World, to those who still dwell upon the mundane sphere? Shall I speak of that beautiful city of light, which we in the eternal world call Zencollia?—literally the City of Light; so called from the brilliant rays which reflect back from its towers, and gleaming walls, when the sunlight falls upon them.

The spires and towers of this beautiful city gleam in the distance, as I am seated by my eastern window; its white walls, glistening with alabaster-like spotlessness, seem to tell only of purity and peace. In the centre of that wonderful array of most exquisite workmanship, a brazen temple arises proudly in the air, its massive dome seeming to crown the superstructure with a coronal of living light.

This grand temple I have visited in company with dear friends, brothers who have gained light and knowledge solely from the wisdom schools of Spirit-Life, and who have become familiar with the interior of this shining temple from frequent attendance upon the instructive lectures delivered there.

The temple of learning in Zencollia is the most massive building I have ever beheld. It is surrounded by an open space, paved with delicate pink and white tiles, of some kind of shining, semi-translucent stone. A flight of variegated marble steps leads to the vestibule, which is likewise paved with the pink and white tiles.

The building contains four spacious halls, the finest of which is dedicated to Science, the second to Literature, the third to Metaphysics, and the fourth to Music.

Each hall is furnished with roomy seats for the accommodation of the audience, a raised platform at the farther end, upon which stands a marble table, and a cushioned seat, something like a capacious sofa, serves for the accommodation of the speakers or instructors.

The floors are all paved with variegated marble of white streaked with delicate sea



green; the pillars are of carved ivory; the walls are adorned with beautiful paintings, representing some illustration of the nature of the work to which the hall is dedicated; while the lofty ceilings are frescoed in the faintest azure, white and gold.

One of my companions, a student in the hall of science, was eager for my admittance there as a spectator, which was accomplished. The seats were filled with a throng of people, young and old, and of both sexes. The lesson this day was on the laws of Chemistry; and the speaker, a gentleman apparently forty years old, but whom my brother assured me had been in the Spirit-world many long decades of years, had a number of strange-looking instruments before him, with which to illustrate his theme, and to prove his position by experiments.

"Do you notice that gray-haired gentleman in front, the one with the high forehead, whose penetrating, searching gaze seems to be taking in every movement of the speaker?" whispered my companion. I nodded in silence.

"That is Michael Faraday, the scientist; and I tell you he is as earnest a student as any of us; he attends all our conventions. He has been invited to take part in the exercises, but he declines, preferring to study rather than teach. Oh, I tell you, Sis, a good many of earth's smartest men come here or go to other places to learn, when they reach Spirit-life."

The lesson was very instructive, and the experiments interesting; but as it was new to me, and very far advanced, I did not understand it very well.

"I'll tell you what, Miss Ammidown," said Brother J., playfully, as I expressed my amazement at some of the results of the professor's experiments, "I'll bring you here when we have a lesson on Electrical Life, and you shall see how the teacher will produce most wonderful results without the aid of instruments. You look incredulous; but, Kitty, that is only because you have been used to earthly, material instruments. Here we can make use of the currents of electricity without any such adjuncts. You shall witness some of my own private experiments some time. You have a great deal to learn yet."

And, indeed, I felt like a child who had just entered into the wonderful arena of knowledge and saw spread out before her, strange sights, heard strange sounds, which she could not comprehend but which seemed deliciously clear and interesting to those around her. This was long ago, but the feeling clings to me yet, and I feel there

is so much to learn and understand one can never be idle.

To the Hall of Metaphysics we wandered. Here the speaker was a female; but although the ideas she expressed were grand and beautiful, yet the language with which they were clothed was almost too abstruse for me.

"I brought you here, dear sister," said my companion, "not because I expected you to understand; you are too familiar with earthly expressions for that as yet; but that you might visit a place where those filled with lofty ideals concerning the soul, and its relations to life, meet to exchange thought and to learn of each other. Emerson will delight to frequent this place when he comes over to our side of life. We have scores of other places," he continued, "where such teachers as Theodore Parker, Channing, and hundreds of like noble souls, hold forth with earnest utterance for the lifting up and sanctification of the people. These you can understand: and their teachings are generally delivered in some airy chamber or leafy grove, where all is conducive to the worship of God. You will visit many of these with those who love you."

We did not tarry long in the Hall of Metaphysics. The teacher was grandly beautiful, clothed in flowing robes of classic style; her speech gently modulated; her gestures graceful; her mien earnest and convincing; and to those who understood, she appeared to furnish a feast of good things. I felt humbly penitent, because I could not comprehend the whole; observing which, my guide hurried me away to the Hall of Literature.

Here I could appreciate, for I understood. The services were conducted by a number of men and women, who favored us with sketches of real life, not published, but what they had themselves witnessed; also readings from eminent authors, bits of descriptive power, rich delineations of gifted writers, with extracts from their productions; followed by the expression of gorgeous imagery and brilliant snatches of poetry. Here I was deeply interested, and the more so, because my companion pointed out to me the presence of gifted men and women, whose works I had admired and read, with never the hope of meeting them in person.

But I must hasten. With all the wonderful things I had seen and heard, what shall be said of the Hall of Music? The whole front of this spacious hall is a raised balcony, where the performers and choristers are generally seated.

Here we were joined by a dear one, who

in these papers I shall designate as May. And like the May flowers, she is beautiful and sweet; and hand clasped in hand, in silence, and as far as I was concerned, in awe, we listened to the enchanting strains of music evoked from stringed and keyed instruments, by the skilful fingers of their manipulators; and to the deep, rich tones, or bird-like, thrilling notes of the singers' voices. I can never describe it. What I have said is but a faint type of all I witnessed in that marvellous temple; but the music!—the music was so grand, so powerful, so uplifting, and yet so sweet, so subtle, so enchanting, that I seemed floating away, with no thought but to soar upward to the very Throne of Life and Love.

All petty affairs of life, all outward sense of existence melted away; and in the pure atmosphere of that celestial melody, my soul asserted itself in all its purest aspirations for the perfect completeness of life.

I love Zencollia for its divine harmony of sweet, inspiring music; and oh, dear ones I love on earth, could you have been with me in Spirit, my bliss would have been complete.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

#### EXPERIENCES OF A SPIRIT.

BY CYRENA W. KNOX.

[CONTINUED.]

My wife opened the door; I threw my influence over her; she fainted. The shock was too much for her nervous system. She had become very much reduced through my sickness and death. She was prostrated upon the bed for days. A good sister in the church came in to nurse and take care of her. The doctor was called in and left a double potion of powders and morphine, and the good sister was told to give them at certain hours of the night, if she was nervous. When my wife took the powder in her hand to take it, I threw my influence over her, and threw it from her, and the word "Poison" escaped her lips.

In a dreamy state, my wife told the good sister that she felt the presence of her husband, and believed his Spirit was with her. Horror of horrors! It shocked the sensitive nerves of the good sister, and she besought my wife by all that was good not to believe in such stuff. "What would the minister say!—and all the church folks would have a meeting and turn her out of the church, if she held to such notions." A loud rap on the table was the only answer. The good sister kept talking about the works of the devil, etc. Another loud rap startled her, and she picked up her dry goods in a hurry and



left the house, and in less than half a day the whole neighborhood had heard the story with variations. In their excitement it seemed a grave affair.

In a few days after this, my wife was able to attend to her accustomed household duties, but not with the sad and weary look as before. Her face wore a pleasant aspect, almost to joyousness. As she watered the plants I used to admire, her thoughts were of me, not as one dead, but as one alive; and it made her happy.

In the meantime, a church-meeting had been called, and the deacon and minister were advised to call and remonstrate with my wife. They questioned and cross-questioned her, and threatened her, and used pretty strong language. She at last became indignant, and told them she preferred to keep her own counsel and attend to her own affairs, and wished them to do likewise. They left, and did not trouble her any more. After a while, she took off the veil and changed the deep mourning to brighter colors.

But where was my Spirit all this time? I had struggled; I had succeeded; I was happy. I had called around me many Spirits. I no sooner had the thought of what I needed, than I instantly had the power to labor for it. The old man, the guide, had not forgotten me, but had sent many Spirits to my aid. But oh, the happy feeling I had the morning I threw the powder from my wife's hand! As she was removing some papers from the table drawer, she prepared one of the powders and gave it to the pet dog. In a few hours, the dog lay stretched out upon the lawn dead. She felt badly at the loss of the dog; but the test was more to her than the life of the dog, though she loved him much. Her life had been saved, and by a power from my Spirit. This made a lasting impression upon her mind, and my Spirit received what worlds failed to give—a pleasure, a happyfying assurance of power, beyond what I at first imagined or conceived. But let me say that it was a mistake of the good old physician, and if he had known it, it would have troubled him ever after. I knew him when a boy, and a more conscientious man never lived; and when his years numbered three-score and ten, he passed to the Spirit-life. Many years have rolled away since then, and yet his Spirit may be unconscious of that mistake.

I began now to realize more fully the position I was to sustain in the earth-sphere and Spirit-world. As I have said, I was used to work; I found myself now in a situation to develop my power, and

it was not an unpleasant task. As I now look back over that past field of labor, I can call up many pleasant recollections, and they are as tangible to me as any work in earth-life ever was. I don't know as I can find words to express just the position I was in, for the Spirit sees and takes cognizance of things from a different stand-point than mortals, and I find the language of earth inadequate to express a Spiritual sense of things. I had called many Spirits to my aid, who were eager for progress as I. My wife had received my impressions, and I was beginning to learn the new life. I began to feel that the disease which clung to my Spirit from my mortal body was being removed, as I came in contact with earth's relations, and as I mingled with the moving mass of Spirits where I first found the guide, I could form ideas distinct and separate from them. I had gained an independence of spirit which I had not when I first came over. This to me was a great thing. I could mingle with them and yet be separate from them; that is, my Spirit was not absorbed by other Spirits. I could see my own Spirit's stand-point and see the stand-point of other Spirits. I could advise, assist, and even direct the Spirits around me. I found so many anxious to gain the same progress I had, that I was anxious to form a direct course for them as I was forming for myself. Spirits may be selfish; but when I had gained one step in Spiritual progress, I was anxious that others should gain it also.

Two years of Spirit-life, mingled with earth and its relations, had removed from my Spirit some of the old conditions of the past. In the mean time, my wife had become a good Medium for Spiritual manifestations, and with my advice had let the cottage which had been our only home, and had gone to live in a distant town. I speak of her, for my labors were connected with her; and through her mediumistic powers my own progress to a very great extent was attained, as well as the progress of other Spirits. She formed Circles, and asked in a few earnest inquirers to assist her; and I, with a strong band of Spirits, was forming these and other plans for good.

In the sphere in which I first found the guide, I found many Spirits who were anxious for help, and I aided and assisted many such. They were brought into the Circle, and receiving benefit thereby went back to that sphere, carrying light and giving unto others what they had received. In the five years thus employed, I had with my band formed in this sphere of

Spirits a Circle of Light, which was educating many of the unhappy Spirits, and forming a more direct communication with earth.

You may be led to ask me where was my rest between these hours of labor. In the sphere in which I found myself so unhappy I could enjoy certain seasons of rest. The flowers smiled upon me, and the fruit seemed almost sweet; and I could sleep, because labor brings its needed sleep and rest. It came to me in and through my working for it, and in no other way could I find it. I can recall many little incidents which were pleasant and profitable to the Medium and her friends, as well as beneficial to the Spiritual spheres in which I labored. The many manifestations and expressions of Spirit-power, coming when least expected, and in such different varieties of expression, giving these earnest seekers of truth a rare and profitable opportunity of testing its veracity. I call to my mind the incident of the good sister and the pastor and deacon. My wife returning to her home and hearing of the death of her sister church-member's husband and only son, went to her house and administered to her spiritual wants, and she was ever after a firm and true friend to my wife and to the cause. The good deacon becoming involved in business speculations, lost nearly all his property; his wife sickened and died, and he and his lame daughter were obliged to leave their elegant home for a small cottage across the street. I never saw a more discouraged or broken-hearted man than he was when he stepped on the piazza and rang the bell at my wife's house; and in the hours spent with her he received a consolation which the pastor or church failed to give, and with lighter step and with lightened heart he opened the doors of his own cottage and welcomed the messengers of truth.

The pastor had removed to a distant State, and I am sorry to say we did not have the opportunity of proving to him the beauty of our mission.

I could relate many more such instances that came through my experience, many-varied and peculiar in their character; but time will not permit; therefore I can take but a passing glance at these.

I have heard the cry of Spirits in distress; I wished to aid and benefit them. Power from a higher sphere was sent to help me in my work; plans were laid out, and from year to year were executed, and much good has been accomplished. I do not flatter myself with the thought that I have accomplished so much; but



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