



VCL. IV. { D. C. DENSMORE, PUBLISHER. }

NO. WEYMOUTH, MASS., JUNE 15, 1879.

{ \$1.65 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE }

NO. 12.

## 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, Amanuensis and Publisher.

Price yearly,	\$1.65 in advance.
Six months,	.83 "
Three months,	.42 "
Single copies,	.08 "

The above rates include postage. *Spelman 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.]

### ON THE DEATH OF MR. B. KENT,

[Of Cherry Creek, N. Y., who started on Friday morning, 4th inst., to go to Michigan; put up at a hotel at night, and was found dead in his bed next morning. Verdict of inquest, "Heart disease the cause."]

#### NOT ALONE.—TO HIS WIFE.

THROUGH TRYPHENA C. PARDEE.

DEAREST Charlotte, say not that alone  
I was called from your bosom of love:  
In the house of the stranger, unknown,  
With death's darkest struggles I strove:  
For then the fond love-link I felt  
That held thee to me all the while,  
And the last lingering earth-light that dwelt  
Was the light of my wife's gentle smile.

The transition was painless and brief—  
But a shock, and a thought of sweet home:  
Then the next was immortal relief,  
With a wish for you with me to come.  
Words can never depict how the scene  
That arose to my view now appeared—  
To be unshored unwarned to the gain  
Of eternity's passport all cleared.

Not alone!—No, I was not alone;  
There were old friends, and warm ones there then;  
Words of welcome, and joyous signs shown,  
And shake-hands again and again,  
Till the earth faded out like a speck.  
And I felt I was breathing new life;  
Yet I mourned not the body a wreck,  
For 'twas made thus to end mortal strife.

I rejoiced in the fulness of soul.  
To know what I'd doubted so much—  
That I freed, and had conscious control  
Of myself, as on earth I had such;  
To look forth on the broad fields of space,  
And drink in the flush beauties of heaven;  
Take cognizance and thoughtfully trace  
The great wonders by Nature's hand given.

ELLINGTON, N. Y., May 23, 1879

[For the Voice of Angels.]

### MESSAGE FROM ROBERT HARE TO DR FAHNESTOCK.

[THROUGH DR. O., CONTINUED.]

DEAR DOCTOR,—I am permitted after a long silence to continue my subject. It may be well this evening, before entering into descriptions, to give you an idea of the use of study in Spirit-life.

All study, then, is designed by the Creator as a means by which the human mind is to be expanded and enlarged, and thus made equal to the various states in which the creature is placed in its progress from the condition of an earth-born infant to that of the highest Spiritual intelligence who grasps Infinity and bows in adoration to the throne of the Almighty Father.

Let me endeavor to illustrate this idea: the child enters the world—its mind is almost a blank, inferior in actual expansion to that of the animal. It is surrounded by all the conditions necessary for its growth and expansion; but for want of knowledge, if left to itself it would starve. Gradually, by experience, it learns the use of food, and the means of procuring it; and as the intellect expands, science after science is mastered until ultimately all the laws pertaining to and governing his earth-life are made subservient to his welfare.

Here, then, we have seen the results of study and experience, an expansion of mind commensurate with the status in which the individual is placed—an intimate acquaintance with all the branches taught in one class, fitting the student for an advance into the next above him. You will see by the act of studying, by incorporating with the mind the various useful branches of human research, enlarges and expands the mind itself; while simple results communicated by others act as so much lumber, and are useful only so far as they afford data for further progress—the one class being incorporated, the other a mere addition. Add a certain quantity of either sugar or salt to water, and you have a chemical combination; add powdered chalk or charcoal, and you have a mechanical mixture.

The first study in Spirit-life, with a large majority of those who leave earth, is one de-

signed to teach the great lesson of humanity; and for which the most ample means have been supplied on earth. But unfortunately for the race, false conceptions of his own importance induces man, while on earth, not only to mistake the teachings, but also by false interpretation to make them subservient to his self-hood and vanity.

The gems and precious metals of earth are hidden deep in its bowels; while the quartz and sandstones are everywhere, making a display on the surface. The lowly silk-worm hides from human gaze within its self-constructed cell. Its embryotic life is one of toil and humility, previous to its exaltation. Man looks on, but instead of heeding the lesson, he seizes the silken shroud of the insect to decorate his person, and struts the streets with conscious self-importance, decked out in the very habiliments God had given as a lesson of humility.

During man's earth-life, each advancing footstep places him amid those whispering admonitions; but his own creative surroundings of self-hood and egotism act as an atmosphere through which no sound of warning, no voice of progress can be transmitted. Having passed his earth-life and entered on the second stage of progressive existence, his undeveloped condition presents the blackened walls of an inaccessible dungeon to his further progress; and now, under the most untoward and unnatural circumstances, this deficiency must be supplied, or eternal darkness continue to be his condition. Most individuals thus situated have no conception that progress is possible, and continue grovelling for ages. Hence the uses of the new Harmonial Philosophy, by means of which, hope has been presented to all, and the most abandoned, by a communication with living men in the form, taught the lesson of doing their first works over.

This, then, is the first study of a Spirit, undeveloped by the unheeded teachings of its earth-life. In reviewing what has been written, I confess, Doctor, I fear that I have scarcely been able to make myself intelligible. Human language, (however gifted may be the Medium,) is a poor vehicle at best for the conveyance of Spiritual ideas. You will please, however, to



take the "will for the deed," and at another time I will continue the subject.

ROB'T HARE.

#### SUBJECT CONTINUED.

Dear Doctor, I have informed you what constituted the first study in the Spirit-world; and I have also stated that its accomplishment was both difficult and unnatural. I will strive now and give you some idea of the circumstances under which this lesson of humility must be learned—and here allow me to say, that I have purposely selected a case simply in a negative condition; that is, merely destitute of the necessary qualifications for a happy advancement in the first step of extra mundane existence, without adding the evil passions and unholy desires which those possess, whose earth-lives have been exclusively devoted to self.

Conceive, if you can, an expansive, sandy desert, studded with slimy pools of stagnant, fetid water, where loathsome reptiles keep their vigils, ready to strike their poisoned fangs into all possessed of life; a sultry atmosphere loaded with ten thousand times the virulence of the deadly "Upas," lighted with a few straggling, cadiferous rays, serving the purpose of making the darkness visible, and revealing this condition of unmitigated personified human misery; remorse fastening its remorseless envenomed teeth into the vitals, reminding its victim of that heaven, which now (in his estimation) is eternally lost. Multiply all this by your most vivid conceptions of all that is horrible, and you may gain some faint idea of that condition in which an undeveloped Spirit learns the first great lesson of its progressive existence.

ROB'T HARE.

#### CIVILIZATION:

##### MESSAGE NUMBER TWENTY-ONE.

SPOKEN AT ATLANTA, GA., BY CLAUDIUS GALEN,  
THROUGH J. M. A., FEB. 25, 1879.

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

We ar plesd to no that yo ar stil faithful to the work entrusted to yo. We ar obligd to be bref this morning, but will simply sa that we hav concluded, al things considerd, that it is best for yo to lev the South for the present, as soon as yo hav finishd yor work in this plac. [We had thot of visiting Florida.—J. M. A.] Yo wil then be at liberty to return to the North, by the way of the East, or westward, as may hereafter be shou yo; but in no cas to reman to long in any won plac. We ar wiling yo shud reman here long enuf to acomplish the work lad out for yo here, and then depart for anothr point mor closely conected with yor futur work. Yo wil se presently the mening of this mesag, and the ocasion for it, perhaps. GALEN.

##### MESSAGE NUMBER TWENTY-TWO.

SPOKEN AT ATLANTA, GA., FEB. 28, 1879, THRO'  
J. M. A.

Ther ar to paths left for yo. Won leds yo to Washington, wher yo wil meet partis that ar interested alredy in harmonial homs for humanity, and with varius persons of diferent na-

tionality, ho mit becom interested in yor and our special work, and wher ther ar conditions ratlr favorabl to the prosecution of yor mediumistic labors for a seson. We ar disposd to invit yo, however, to consider yorselvs freed from any obligations to visit any locality other than such as li in the direct lin of yor progres to the spot selected. This brings us to the consideration of the second path left.

Having spoken of Washington as a preliminary or preparatory station on the rout, and left yo fre from any obligation to tak any other than a direct rout unles yo prefer, I shal now mention to yo that we desir yo to rech, if posibl, er many months, the center of the continent, aluded to in former communications; namely, a point within, or imediately adjoining, the Indian Territory, and to tak imediate steps ther to secur a doman for yorself and others, for the prosecution of the main work, the permanent work, the real work, of yor livs; namely, establishing the foundations, dep and strong, in the soil of the fre West, of a fre lif, a fre government, (self-government,) a fre religion, (individual religion, soul-comunion;) in short, the foundations of a social stat that shal be fre from the tramels of "fashion," fre from bondage to "mammon," fre from al thos evils everywhere present in human society, which hav ther root in external athority and in human selfishness.

This is our wish, our hop, our desir, that yo shud be abl to situat yorselvs, within won yer at the latest, and much sooner if posibl, wher the whit man's civilization (and all other civilizations now established) shal be forgotten, as it wer, and wher, starting anew, brav sols shal ferlesly tak up the work of bilding, on natural principles of human brotherhod, of equity, of equality, spontaneity and fredom, in its absolut sens, so far as athority of man over man is concerned.

I wish to sa, in conclusion, (tho' as yo ar wery, wil mak the mesag bref,) yo are instructed, by thos to hom yo lok for instruction, (the movers in this grat enterpriz,) that there is no spot so favorabl, to our noleg, al things considerd, and to its development on a larg scal within the coming century, as the section embracd within a radius of thre or for hundred mile, from a point, we wil sa "Tahlequah" in the Indian Territory, or ma be a litl farther west. Yo ar at liberty, as has ben said befor, to chos; but yet, fate, after al, wil overrul the hol mater; and yo hav spent so much tim in preliminaris, in pacifying the unpacifd, satisfying the unsatisfid, and overcoming difficultis growing out of the ignoranc and misaprehension of both mortals and imortals, that yo hav now com to a point wher it is necessary to be as bref as posibl in reching the locality which in yor sol has al the whil semd destind to becom the seat and center of the new civilization. It is wel, therfor, to be firm and cler, and decided and stratforward, hereafter, until yo rech the haven of rest and the point for work. Yo wil hav enuf to do ther, and ad wil com to help yo to do it. Good-by.

HORAC MAN, MONAKETOLA,  
and others.

#### JUST OVER THE WAY.

Just over the way sweet voices are singing;  
Just over the way the chorus is ringing;  
Just over the way is the sweet summer-land;  
Just over the way is the bright Angel-band;  
Just over the way the loved ones are waiting;  
Just over the way the sunlight is breaking;  
Just over the way the pale boatman I see;  
Just over the way he is beckoning to me;  
Just over the way is my glittering crown;  
Just over the way is my snowy white gown;  
Just over the way is my sweet Angel-guide;  
Just over the way is my heavenly bride;  
Just over the way I am longing to be;  
Just over the way I am sure I'll be free;  
Just over the way with the angels to dwell;  
Just over the way I know all will be well.—[Selected.]

#### VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN., June 1st, 1879.

MR. D. C. DENSMORE:—*Dear Friend,*  
—Again it gives me great pleasure to acknowledge through the VOICE OF ANGELS another communication, through M. T. Shelhamer, from the Spirit of my departed husband.

Please accept for the Medium and yourself my sincere thanks for the same, and my best wishes that you may long be the means of sending out from your sanctum, to desolate hearts, the quiet peace and comfort which these communications furnish.

As I believe my subscription has expired, I herewith send the necessary sum for renewal.

Ever fraternally yours,  
ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK, M. D.

#### BEN ADAM AND BEN SELIM.

BEN ADAM had a golden coin one day,  
Which he had put at interest to a Jew;  
Year after year awaiting him it lay,  
Until the double coin two pieces grew,  
And these two four; so on, till people said,  
"How rich Ben Adam is!" and bowed the servile head.

Ben Selim had a golden coin one day,  
Which to a stranger asking alms he gave,  
Who went rejoicing on his unknown way.  
Ben Selim died, too poor to own a grave,  
But when his soul reached heaven, angels with pride  
Showed him the wealth to which his coin had multiplied.  
[Selected.]

#### ANOTHER VERIFICATION.

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

STAN CITY, LINCOLN CO., ARK., May 28, 1879.

BRO. DENSMORE,—I find in the May 15th number VOICE OF ANGELS a characteristic message, through M. T. Shelhamer, from my wife, Sullie A. Hudgens. Language fails to express my gratitude for such a boon. The message is correct in every particular, and I take great pleasure in giving the fact publicity. I do hope and pray my loved one will continue to send me good news from her beautiful Spirit-home.

A. HUDGENS.

P. S.—Please find enclosed two dollars to renew my subscription another year; the balance to go for copies containing the message, as per list attached. A. H.



(From Mind and Matter)

## BRIEF NEWS ITEMS.

ANOTHER peach failure is predicted in the State of Delaware.

Mrs. Clara A. Field is lecturing in New Haven, Connecticut.

Mrs. Caroline M. Spear, M. D., is residing at Malden, Mass.

Spiritualism is commanding increased attention in all parts of the world.

Mrs. Weldon, an excellent Medium, has been very successful in Paris, France.

Evangelist Moody started from Baltimore on Tuesday last for Cleveland, Ohio.

Much tainted and diseased meat has recently been found in the Chicago market.

Giles B. Stebbins, of Detroit, recently lectured at Kelly's Island, Ohio, with great success.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend has been lecturing at Glenn's Falls, N. Y., during this month.

W. F. Jamieson will lecture in Williamstown, Mich., on June 12th, 13th, 14th, and 15th.

Harry Bastian, Spirit-materializing Medium, will remain at Rochester, N. Y., for a short time.

James Cooper, Bellefontaine, Ohio, speaks in Liberty Hall, in that place, every Sunday.

Every advertisement a man puts into a newspaper is a round in the ladder that leads to crowning success.

Prof Wm. Denton has begun a course of six lectures before the Free Religious Society of Springfield, Mass.

Dr. J. M. Peebles is in the southwestern part of the State of Ohio, organizing Independent Christian churches.

Mr. William Eglinton, who has been sojourning at Cape Town, was expected to arrive in London on the 21st inst.

Spiritual meetings in Portland, Me., are well attended, and new Mediums are coming successfully before the public.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton lectured at Indianapolis on the night of May 23, the subject being "Some Social Questions."

Calvin Hall, of Stafford, Ct., at 94 years of age, departed from the earth-life May 20. He was an earnest Spiritualist.

The latest case is that of a Western woman going to try to keep her mouth shut for three hundred quarter hours consecutively.

W. J. Colville, lecturer, has returned to Boston, Mass. He will speak on Sunday evenings, in June, at Parker Memorial Building.

The grasshoppers are making their appearance in parts of the Western country. To the thrifty husbandman they are blessings in disguise.

R. C. Flower, of Alliance, Ohio, Spiritual Medium, has completely distanced Clark Branden, a sectarian. It was a perfect "walk over."

"Spiritual Sanity" is the name of a new volume which has just appeared in London, in reply to D. Forbes Winslow's attack on Spiritualism.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, as a forcible, logical and eloquent inspirational speaker, is spoken of in many places in terms of highest praise.

Miss Hedley, the great Spirit photographer of Rochester, N. Y., will attend the Penn., New Jersey and Delaware camp-meeting, at Nes- haminy Falls Grove, this Summer.

Sunday-school teachers should be careful what they say about Abraham. A teacher recently said, "Take, for example, the godly Abraham." Several little boys slipped out of school and "double quicked" home.

Mr. Wm. Peck, of England, known as the Medium of Cardiff, and Harry N. Evans, private Medium, of Philadelphia, are preparing to give private and public seances for physical and materializing manifestations. There are certainly astounding or inexplicable phenomena occurring in their presence.

At a recent meeting in London, England, Mr. Burns showed that "Israel," in the Jewish Bible, means "Spiritualist." The lecture made a sensation.

The London *Medium and Daybreak* thinks there is no honor or honesty among the sectarian opponents of Modern Spiritualism. The day is breaking, however.

A telegram from St. Petersburg, Russia, says one hundred and eighty-six houses in a village of the Government of Ufar have been recently burned by incendiaries.

Dr. J. M. Peebles is spoken of in high terms for the lectures delivered by him at Zimmerville, Ohio, and other localities in that State. He is still lecturing in that part of the country.

A Roman Catholic paper says that a recent decision in a civil court in Italy in regard to church property is tantamount to doing away with the Pope and Catholic Church altogether.

The Boston *Herald* wants to know "whether Freeman's faith in the restoration of the life of his slain child is any less reasonable than the widely prevalent belief of the literal resurrection of the body."

The *Medical Times and Gazette* of London says that since vaccination has been introduced into England, that insidious disease consumption has widely spread. There is a rising rebellion in England against compulsory vaccination.

Orion Clemens, brother of Mark Twain, recently delivered a lecture, the subject being, "Man the Architect of our Religion." For this Mr. Clemens was excommunicated from the Westminster Presbyterian Church of Keokuk, Iowa.

More Mediums for Spiritual communications are being developed in Philadelphia. The friends of the cause should know that if the hoops are taken from a barrel, the staves will fall apart, in other words, united within the hoops they stand.

Dr. C. P. Sanford will soon close his labors in Kansas and proceed to fill further engagements in other localities of the West. His wife, formerly Mrs. Addie E. Frye, an excellent test Medium and business clairvoyant, will accompany him.

The "old and the new" formed the subject of a lecture delivered by Warren Chase on Sunday, 18th instant, in Crane's Hall at Santa Barbara, Cal. The main points in the address were "the outgoing and the incoming systems of law and religions."

About thirty bishops held a private conference on Sunday night, May 25th, at Cardinal McCloskey's residence in New York, to consider Archbishop Purcell's financial delinquency. It

is understood that an address was ordered to be sent to the clergy to bring the subject formally before the laity, for subscriptions to meet the deficiency.

A Chinaman, who had been recently converted to Christianity and ordained to preach the Gospel, has been arrested in New York for stealing. Another Celestial, just ordained as a preacher in California, is also in the hands of the law that prohibits theft.

E. V. Wilson, whose sickness caused him to close his lecture engagement in Philadelphia unexpectedly, is still in ill health at his home. He expects to recover his health, sufficiently to enable him to resume the battle of Spiritualism, as he has done in the past.

Mrs. Corner, formerly Florence Cook, has resumed her seances by command of her guides. Her controlling Spirit is "Marie," a French Spirit, whose wonderful powers are said to rival the manifestations of "Katie King," who first manifested through Miss Cook.

Dr. Shaw, pastor of the largest Presbyterian church in Rochester, says that women shall pray at his prayer-meetings, and he would like to see anybody try to stop them. The women, of course, think he is a love of a man, and all the people consider him popular.

William Lloyd Garrison, the veteran abolitionist, departed from this life on Saturday night, the 24th ult., at the residence of his son-in-law, in New York city. He was 74 years old. The abolishing of slavery in the United States is a monument to his memory, never to be effaced by time.

Evangelist Pentecost failed recently to arouse the residents of Minneapolis to a sense of the appalling danger of their close proximity to the dreadful and everlasting lake of fire and brimstone, into which they are to "sizzle and sizzle and never burn up." The people there do not think the earth is flat.

Mrs. Mary Dana Shindler left her home in Nacogdoches, Texas, a few days ago, and is daily expected to arrive in New York. She will pass the Summer in the North. The many friends of this gifted lady will be glad to welcome her everywhere, and particularly so at the great encampment of the Spiritualists and Liberalists of Philadelphia.

The *Lacon Journal*, of Illinois, speaking of Spiritualism, says, "Man's belief in Spiritual phenomena is gauged by his intelligence. To some it is given possibly to see and know the secrets of the future before death intervenes; to most of us this is denied, yet to all the subject has a mysterious fascination, and Spiritual literature is growing in demand every day."

The monthly meetings of the Woman's Church Society are held in the evenings of the fourth Sunday in each month, in Republican Hall, New York City. Last Sunday evening Professor Buchanan delivered a lecture on the "religion of science, of God, of Jesus Christ, and the New Testament." There is no dogmatic creed in this church, but it has a "law of life—Divine love, or the love of humanity."

PARADOXICAL as it may be, there is no man more purely practical than he who is most truly ideal—*Fitzhugh Ludlow*.



[For the Voice of Angels.]

## THE WELCOME ANGELS GIVE.

BY SPIRIT JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE, THROUGH HIS MEDIUM, M. T. SHELHAMER.

I HAVE recently had the good fortune to witness a scene, the impressiveness and grandeur of which only those who are unencumbered by the corporeal body, and who are *all Spirit, all sense, all perception*, can fully realize. This scene was the Spirit reception, the angelic welcome given to one of Life's noblest heroes, one of the whitest, grandest souls that has ever trod the pathway of mortal existence; and although I cannot hope to convey to earth anything but a faint portrayal of the scene, yet may I attempt in this instance to give my readers an idea of the welcome angels give.

After more than the three-score years and ten of earthly existence and experience, William Lloyd Garrison, the friend of the oppressed, the defender of right, the champion of freedom, calmly, quietly and peacefully laid down the burden of mortality, and rising, grand, majestic, free, a Spirit filled with power, his soul passed outward into the realms of eternal light.

In company with a band of kindred Spirits, among whom I may mention my friend Robert Burns, Mrs. Hemans and Elizabeth Browning—noble souls all, who had wept tears of sadness over the oppressed, even while tuning their harps to sweeter melody for freedom's sake—I was privileged to witness a Spirit-reception given to this ascended hero; not the Spiritual greeting given by the nearest and dearest of the heart, that was too sacred for even the Spirit-eyes of sympathizing friends, who had no claim upon his love; but the meeting of kindred souls, who had trod the same paths of truth, waded the same seas of opposition and danger, and who had borne the same battle-flag of freedom on to victory.

Not alone was the Spirit of William Lloyd Garrison surrounded by departed Spirits of his own country; not alone were his hands pressed by such moral heroes as Washington, Adams, Lincoln, Andrew, Sumner, and many more noble souls—men and women of his own country; but there was Lafayette, Lamartine, Wilberforce, Wilcoxson, George Thompson, Harriet Martineau, and countless others, assembled to give their brother greeting.

Let me say that all the great Reformers of every age and clime, whose souls now watch from the battlements of Heaven the advancement of Liberty and Truth on

earth, and who still have a hand in shaping the events of interest to humanity, were gathered to give our friend and the friend of every man—although the foe to all tyranny, persecution and slavery—a perfect ovation, expressed through love, sympathy and blessings. But the most beautiful was the sight of John Brown, brave old Ossawatimie, whose soul continues to march on, and Charles Sumner, whose Spirit still toils for the recognition of equality before the law, seated at the feet of Mr. Garrison, and looking up to him as to some beloved teacher and guide.

Confined by no limits, unrestrained by the confines of walls and barriers, out in the clear and pleasant sunshine, fanned by the balmy breeze, refreshed through every avenue of sense by the perfume of flowers, the gleam of waters and the song of birds;—the very poetry of expression, the nectar of loving sympathy gushed from the fountain of each soul and formed a sea of light which glorified the soul of him who felt its genial, life-imparting flow. You who are in sympathy with great minds, who are in harmony with all souls earnest for the emancipation of humanity from whatever enthralls and keeps it down, can at least faintly conceive of the grandeur, the beauty and the joy of such a meeting; countless numbers of gifted, noble souls assembled to give welcome and to pay tribute to one beloved apostle of truth. No pen, no tongue can do the subject justice.

Outside of the circle of light formed by this celestial company, awed by its brilliancy, surprised by its glory, debarred from enjoying its feast of soul-communion because of the remorseless memories within them, I observed a number of faces—faces stamped with the signet of genius as well as intellect, but that bore the impress of infidelity to truth; faces belonging to gifted but ignoble Spirits who, when upon earth, stood in high places and publicly denounced the Spirits of liberty, of tolerance and justice. Today they are repenting for the life spent in ambitious desires.

But this is not all. Coming up from every direction, together and in great numbers, I observed Spirits approaching, from the tiny tottling child to the aged grandsire; singing songs of welcome as they came, the celestial melody of which echoed and re-echoed throughout the spheres, producing a perfect flood of heavenly sweetness, thrilling the soul with ecstasy.

It was the song of gratitude, a mighty psalm of praise, a universal strain of bless-

ing for deliverance; and as it gathered power and rolled on in musical splendor, the sweetness of its tones, the beauty of its expressions, the grandeur of its inspiration clustered and fell in a cascade of divine harmony over and around the soul of him enthroned in our midst, the object of our gathering, the central glory of our galaxy, William L. Garrison.

On, on they came, bearing branches of green and waving palms, garlands of beautiful and odorous blossoms, stacks of snowy lilies, clusters of royal roses, to strew before his Spirit-feet.

But sweeter than all other gifts, and dearer far to him who beheld and received them, were the smiles of affection, the tears of gratitude, the whispered blessings showered upon him by these now-comers, the vanguard of this hero, they who were once poor and depressed, scorned, uneducated and despised, the slaves of tyranny, and used as beasts of burden, but who are now cultured, honored, free!—toilers for the redemption of souls from bondage.

First kneeling before their benefactor came the poor despised negroes, with hands uplifted in blessing, with lips mute from the excess of emotion, but with eyes eloquent with joy and gratitude. Not only those who had become free before the law while yet on earth, but also those who had died in chains and beneath the lash, came with benedictions for this man who had done so much for their race, and to receive a blessing from his soul, knowing it would impart to them strength, inspiration and courage.

Following these came hosts of others, men, women and children, of every race and color, those who had felt the hand of tyranny, injustice and oppression in any shape. Red and white, the North American Indian and the Russian serf, delicate women, who had suffered in homes made unhappy by intemperance or by the cruelty of tyrannical brutality;—all came to bless this good man as their benefactor and friend; and their presence brought a joy to his spirit no mortal can understand.

Turning earthward, we perceived great billows of golden light, waves of roseate beauty, clouds of azure and snowy brightness flowing out and ascending, until they enveloped our guest with their fragrant splendor, irradiating his whole being with a new brilliancy, a new loveliness of expression. Each wave of light ascending, from its peculiar hue and its own delicate aroma, expressed to us the emotion which it represented: the golden hue symbolized truth and earnestness, the roseate love and



sympathy, the azure fidelity and gratitude, and the white purity and peace. We perceived these auras mingling and blending together into beautiful harmony, and flowing out from hearts encased in mortal, who although saddened at the decease of Mr. Garrison, yet sent out after his ascended Spirit love, sympathy and blessings.

From the colored people assembled to pay their tribute of love and respect to his memory, from the hearts of earnest women, who speak in solemn sweetness of his helpfulness and cheer, from the souls of good men and women everywhere, who loved and honored him, from the soul of that silver-tongued friend and orator who dares to stand forth and pay honest, just and loving tribute as a fitting eulogy to his departed friend, from the pure and loving heart of that peaceful poet-soul who sings in rhymed sweetness the honor of his friend;—from all these ascend those emanations of light and beauty and fragrance, tinkling with the silvery sweetness borne from the souls of friends on earth, they bathe his Spirit in a fount of eternal joy and blessing.

What need of golden harps and streets of pearl? He treads the flowery paths of Spirit-life, not idle, not basking in dreamless rest. The energy of power, the moving force of aspiration, the impulse of desire are all his, and already his soul is marching on in the ranks of those lofty ones whose mission it is to toil on until man becomes uplifted into the sphere of universal Love, until all wrong shall flee, tyranny die, and liberty and knowledge dwell in the homes of all people.

Press on, noble soul! The victor's palm is thine, for thou hast witnessed the triumph of justice and right; the crown of glory is thine, for thy soul is crowned with the diadem of perfect Love.

Press on, white-robed soul! for the bright fruition that awaits thee!

JUNE 1st, 1879.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

#### LETTER FROM MONTANA.

GLENDALF, MONTANA, April 1, 1879.

D. C. DENSMORE:—*Dear Brother,*—Your warm-hearted and exceedingly welcome note of the 17th ult. came to hand this morning, as an angel with healing in its wings. You cannot imagine the pleasure I receive, not only from your note, but from the "Little Angels," as I always call our little paper. It seems to bear a magnetism that is a healing balm to the soul.

Oh, how I wish that every poor Spirit-

ualist—poor in Spirit as well as purse—could get our little paper regularly, and realize the sweet Spiritual blessings from it that I do!

I know that many of the messages are intellectually grand; but oh, how sweet are the messages from the "little Spirits"! The dear little chatterboxes!—how I wish I could talk with some of them for a little while!

Now, dear brother, I hope you will excuse me for having wandered so far from the subject. Regarding the book, I will send it by mail, registered package. I would send it tomorrow, but I want to look over it a little, also to copy some of the engravings. I made a mistake in calling them excellent wood engravings; the publisher calls them copper, and I think they are. I think an edition of the work published now might sell to good advantage. I'll take one copy to start with; but your guides will know more about such a speculation than I do.

Regarding the publication of my first letter, I am sorry to say it is badly written; but if you wish to use it, or others, you are certainly welcome to do so; and I earnestly hope it will prove a good assistance to the Tunic Fund; and when I know that some dear good kindred Spirits (in the form) have been blessed by the "Little Angel's" visits, through what little I have done, I will feel repaid a thousand fold.

Now, dear brother, I must draw to a close, hoping ere long you will have regained your former health and vigor, and live to a ripe old age, to bear the standard of progress through the coming struggle for the right.

H. W. BROWN.

[NOTE.—The book referred to in the foregoing letter is a very rare and perfect copy of "Drake's Voyages; or the Buccaneers of America," quarto edition, with numerous steel plates, printed more than two hundred years ago, which has been generously presented by Mr. Brown, to be sold for the benefit of the "Tunic Fund." This valuable book can be seen at the Publishing Office of the VOICE, North Weymouth, Mass. *Pub. Voice of Angels.*]

#### INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

#### ODE TO POETRY.

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

THOU much abused, angelic child of song,  
To thee I bring an offering of praise;  
I shun the tricksters who have done thee wrong  
In vain attempts to set the world ablaze.  
I would not drag thee from thy lofty height  
By any weak, unmeaning words of rhyme,  
But I would catch some glimmering of thy light,  
And strive to reach the holy and sublime.

He who would reach Parnassus' loftest height  
Must be content to toll through years of time,  
And passing by the fields of pleasure bright,  
Each rugged path must slowly, surely climb,  
With patience, toil and study by his side.  
If Genius sits enthroned upon his brow,  
His Spirit shall defy oppression's tide,  
And at the shrine of Poetry humbly bow.

Oh, Poetry! thou gifted child of Heaven!  
What jingling strings of words to thee are brought;  
Thy simplest laws are rudely, harshly given  
In words that strive to hide the dearth of thought.  
Sweet muse, who fill the earnest soul with love  
For all that's beautiful and good and blest,  
Who brings the heavenly kingdom from above,  
And plants it in the throbbing human breast,

To thee we bring our offering of praise,  
Our blessings for the perfect gift of sight,  
By which we recognize life's grandest ways  
And comprehend thy wondrous fields of light!  
We thank thee for all life, through boundless space,  
From unseen atoms unto broadest zone;  
We bless thee, prophet of the human race,  
Who bars no Spirit from the Father's throne.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

#### AN INVALID'S GREETING TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

BY ESTHER YATES BRIDGE.

Oh, ye grand old heights, with snowy diadems,  
Whose rugged profiles cleave the arching sky!  
A mighty wall ye seem, o'er-set with gems—  
No scene more dear could greet my eager eye;  
For thou, the Mecca of the faint and weak,  
Hidest in thy breast the one great boon I seek!

Do I indeed behold thy shining crests,  
Or am I dreaming, as I oft have done  
When clouds hung low upon the prairie's breast,  
Edge-silvered by the slowly sinking sun?  
I loved to dream those bright fringed clouds were ye,  
Longest I so much thy gleaming points to see.

May I again thy rocky ledges climb  
Up to those points that scorn the rule of night,  
When vapors, touched by morn's first kiss sublime,  
Envail their brows with rosy billowy light,  
And glance below, where lakes of emerald green  
Mirror the cloud's bright panoramic scene?

Thence, far below thee, may my arms embrace  
The darkling storm, where vivid lightnings flash,  
Where deep-voiced thunders startled echoes chase  
With threatening roar and terror-bellowing crash?  
This slowly throbbing pulse might quicken there,  
'Mid scenes like these, in thy pure upper air.

And should my feet those dizzy heights ne'er scale,  
May I enjoy the fragrance, wild and sweet,  
Of bloom within some fair Arcadian vale,  
That lies close nestled at thy rugged feet,  
Where snow-born streams, rock-lashed to feathery foam,  
Here calmed, reflect the sky's o'erarching dome?

Ah me! long years have their gleanings given  
Of good or ill the fading past to swell,  
Since when I saw ye, 'gainst the sunset heaven,  
And bade ye that long sorrowful farewell;  
The one so dear, that then stood by my side,  
Looked for the last on ye that evening tide.

Ye look to me so mutely eloquent!  
Have I thy pity when ye know no grief,  
And knowest not the bitter discontent  
That human hearts must know without relief?  
Ye cannot miss, as I must miss for aye,  
Those dear blue eyes that looked on ye that day.

No heart save mine can feel or understand  
How longed she to inhale thy magic breath,  
And view once more thy varied scenes so grand,  
Ere she grew faint within the grasp of death;  
And her wish to rest beneath thy shadows dim,  
Where thy tall pines could chant her requiem.

But far from thy pines, thy canons and thy dells,  
They have rounded a mound above her clay  
Where the small oaks dot the prairie's swells,  
And the wild birds carol their roundelay.  
Yet knowing this, I sometimes pause to hear  
My darling's voice—her presence seems no near.

But, dear old heights, I've talked full long to ye,  
For night's dark mantle hides thy rocks from sight;  
The new moon shows thy snowy crests to me,  
Yet over all there falls the hush of night;  
Tomorrow morn the sun on ye will shine—  
But when will health and hope again be mine?  
DENVER, Colorado.

THE eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us.—*Franklin.*

THE quality we call moral courage is necessary to finish success.



## VOICE OF ANGELS.

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

D. K. MINER Business Manager

D. C. DENSMORE, Amanuensis and Publisher.

NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS., JUNE 15, 1879.

## EDITORIAL.

## COMPULSORY VACCINATION

THE subject heading this article, and its attendant evils, has for a long time been agitating not only the minds of deep thinkers, but many of the brightest lights in the medical faculty, as well as some of the most learned and gifted scientists of the day, have given their profoundest thought to the matter. From all that we can gather from the above sources, looking at it in its most favorable light, it is an evil of great magnitude, and of more vital importance to the welfare of the human race than all others combined: and against its use the verdict of scientific minds on both sides of life has often been pronounced.

That the law compelling people to quietly submit to being vaccinated is one against which every thinking mind should utter its solemn protest, we have long been assured; and it is the bounden duty of every one at all interested in the welfare of the human race to raise such a clamor against its disastrous effects, that a mighty public sentiment may be created against it: so that it shall be considered by the whole thinking world a crime of the deepest die, meriting the most severe and condign punishment, for any one to even attempt to vaccinate a member of the human family.

Not having sufficient medical knowledge in such matters, to show how vaccine matter injected into the physical system of a healthy child affects it, we will confine our remarks to what men say who *do* understand it, in all its length and breadth. First, we will refer to a case in England, of recent date, that has become somewhat notorious, on account of a gentleman who, having suffered from the evil effects of vaccination from childhood, refused to have his children poisoned, according to law and gospel, and was apprehended and fined for trespassing upon the majesty of a law, which says, in spirit, if not in words, "Submit yourselves and children to being vaccinated according to law, or suffer its extremest penalty." Having an undoubted right to submit, or pay the penalty attached to it, rather than submit to the behests of such an outrageous, demoralizing imposition, he chose the latter; and, as above stated, has paid the government a fine many times for his temerity;

assuring the sticklers for the odious law that, as he considers it an incurable evil, when once the system has been impregnated with its loathsome presence, he will not, at any pecuniary loss, submit the health of his innocent, helpless children to its baneful and damaging influences.

We submit, that the action of the law, imposing these fines upon the gentleman referred to, for his praiseworthy endeavor to protect his family from the danger of disease and possible death, is an outrage upon the interests and welfare of the human race: and it is time that such laws as this one of compulsory vaccination—alike disastrous to the physical and moral health—be forever repealed.

That the introduction of vaccine, or any foreign matter into the human system, to prevent small pox is a failure, we have abundant testimony; and that the introduction of such matter into the system frequently debilitates, and often entails much suffering, pain and disease upon the body, is now well known, and acknowledged even by medical experts themselves.

We quote from authorities on the subject the following: Dr. J. W. Collins, for twenty years a vaccine physician in London and Edinburgh, says, "If I had the desire to describe *one-third* of the victims ruined by vaccination, the blood would stand still in your veins."

Other prominent and no less celebrated physicians assert unequivocally, that vaccination "is a curse, and hundreds and thousands of children have been *killed* by it." The *Medical Times and Gazette* says, "Consumption has widely spread since its introduction."

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In a letter to Mr. Tibb, the gentleman alluded to at the beginning of this article, —and who is still suffering from the operation of the unjust law—Prof. F. W. Newman says, "Nothing is clearer to any one who will open his eyes than that what is now called vaccination has no effect whatever in lessening small pox, and has frequent and terrible effect in doing mischief. The doctors who urge vaccination do not believe in it, for they advise *re-vaccination*. It aims to infuse disease, a thing which no legislation has a right to do. Whatever bold theories or falsehoods

medical fanatics may advance, to unprejudiced common sense the case is perfectly clear. Each man has to bear his own guilt in compulsory vaccination, as much as in burning heretics or in massacring Jews."

Much more might be said, as well as quoted, on this important subject, had we space. As it is, we watch the agitation in regard to it with the most intense interest, trusting and believing that the enlightened reason of the present day will not rest until the vaccination curse is removed from the land, and the public and private health becomes safe from its terrible effects. The car of progress moves, in spite of legislative bigots and medical fanatics.

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A FEW days since, we received two photographs, purporting to be the likeness of Billy the Bootblack, the Spirit-control of James A. Bliss of Philadelphia, Pa. One represents him as a boot-black in earth-life; the other, as he now appears in Spirit-life. Whether they are true likenesses of both conditions of life, we have no means of knowing, other than the testimony of Mr. Anderson, the artist who took them. Be that as it may, the ragged, torn shirt and cap, coupled with a rough and ready appearance, make him look every inch a veritable boot-black; and here I will say that I have been the recipient of many messages from him, through Mr. Bliss, in every one of which was a beautiful test. The wonderful, and I might say, remarkable manner, in which these pictures were taken, was as follows, which I copy from the back of those sent me: "The Spirit whose photographs are herewith given first communicated through Mr. James A. Bliss, in the summer of M. S. 29; since which time he has been a constant Spirit-attendant of the Medium. He never knew who his parents were. His first recollection is that he was living with an old vagrant woman, who, as the seasons permitted, begged her way between New York and Philadelphia; in one or other of which cities she took refuge through the cold weather of winter. As soon as Billy was old enough, he was set to begging for her benefit. This was very distasteful to him, and he was used very harshly for his reluctant performance of the odious task. She told Billy that his parents had given him to her when a babe, that he belonged to her, and that he was bound to do whatever she bade him.

"When Billy was seven or eight years old, he resolved to leave his cruel foster-mother, and provide for himself; and from that time he became a street-arab, without relatives, friends or home. For several years he supported himself by blacking boots, and was known to his companions as 'Billy the Boot-black.' One day he was run over by a passing wagon, and was



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#### SPIRIT MESSAGES,

GIVEN AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE,  
MAY 11TH, 1879,

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELHAMER.

INVOCATION, BY ROBERT ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN.

Oh, Thou who art the Infinite Source of all being! We unitedly approach thy presence, and would offer to thee the homage of our Spirits, worshipping thee as our Father, infinite in love, infinite in wisdom, infinite in power.

While we bless thee for all thy mercies in the past, we are no less certain of thy beneficence in the days to come. And although we may not comprehend life's mysteries, nor find its tangled end, may we still rest confident in thy love, and look to thee for that protecting care thou hast ever bestowed upon us.

We bless thy Angel-Messengers for the dissemination of truth throughout the world. Grant, oh, Father, that the knowledge of future life may be conveyed earnestly and truthfully to all unto whom it is sent.

We ask that the prayers of these Spirits, who come to send tidings of life to dear ones left behind, be answered; that their Spirits may find rest and happiness in the joy they convey to others.

Bless every herald of mercy to humanity. Bless the press, and especially the liberal press, of this land. May it become a mighty power, that shall sweep away all narrowing, soul-confining dogmas and creeds.

Bless every truthful Medium of the Spirit-world, and may all be successful in hastening that glorious day when thy revealments will be recognized in one mighty song of triumph and praise!

WILLIAM MONTGOMERY.

I HAVE been attracted here, sir, more by the mental desire of my son, than any-

thing else. I did not manifest before, as I found so many needing it more than myself.

I wish first to convey the deep spiritual love and sympathy of my dear companion and myself to my son William, and to again assure him of our approval of his course. We have directed and guided him, though he knew it not; and his very desire for the gift of mediumship has brought us into close connection with him. The problems of life, my boy, present themselves to your notice; and the very efforts you make to solve them, strengthen and develop your inner powers. Go on and learn all that is possible for you, and you will reap the benefit when you come to us. I have watched the events of your life since I passed on, noted your difficulties and struggles, approved your aspirations and desires. Earthly gain, you and I now know, is of but little benefit, unless accompanied by the gifts of the Spirit. Therefore, work on, in sunshine and shade, that the crop may ripen for the Spiritual harvest.

I want to say that I am interested in my grandson John; that Spirits are guiding him in his career, and will eventually lead him onward to success.

With the blessing of your father, William Montgomery. Please send it to Wm. Montgomery, Fort Seneca, Ohio. I thank you.

MARY DELAND

I wish to reach Leominster. My name is Mary Deland. I have been away a very long time, but the cord of love draws me back to those still on earth. I come to bring a blessing, a Spiritual blessing, that shall enrich the soul, and draw it upward nearer the life whither it is fast approaching; to say that many near and dear will ever watch at the gate, until all are gathered in to the Spirit-home.

Father, mother, and others very dear, wait to welcome you to the port where raging tempests are unknown, but where peace broods like a beautiful calm over the waters of life.

I thank you for allowing me, a stranger, to come.

J. EMORY

I COME from far; but knowing of no other place, beg the privilege of trespassing upon your kindness. [You are welcome.]

If sent in this way, my message will reach its destination. Please record me as J. Emory. I come to my children, who have seen much of sorrow and affliction. I come to bear them the undying sympathy of loving hearts; to assure them we are all safe and at peace. Their mother, too, blesses them with holy love, and guards

them as only a mother can. And to Ella let me say, Fear not; no storm will come but what you can safely meet; no tempest will overwhelm you; for the angels have their latch-string out, and you may enter into their love and protection at all times.

GEORGE CARLETON.

I'm going to come to my mother; she's so lonely, she'll read this, and it will make her glad. We can come pretty close to her, and comfort her; but she misses us all the time. Ever so many of us send her love. Grandfather and grandmother often come to help you, mother, and make you feel better. Grandmother says it will not be long before you will join us all in reunion in the Better Land. Whenever and wherever we can, we will come to aid and bless you.

All the bitter sorrows and trials you have had to bear, you will find turned into gems of beautiful love and sympathy, shining for you in the hearts of dear ones over here. We are learning new things very fast, and are advancing rapidly. You will be glad, for you will want your children to be smart.

My name is George Carleton.

EXPERIENCE WALKER.

Dost thee allow strangers to come, friend? [All are welcome.] The youth just here desires me to say he came from the "City of Angels." I come from the City of Brotherly Love. I have been away four years, and I come to reach the Friends, and to say just this: Yea, verily, Rebecca, it is with me as I hoped, peaceful and bright. I have found a happy home, and will meet thee and Jonathan with smiles and joy.

EXPERIENCE WALKER,  
of the Society of Friends.

MESSAGES GIVEN MAY 18TH, 1879.

NANCY KEELER.

I've come a good ways. I'm tired. I was tired when I went. I come to send my love to my children; to tell my daughter that I am well off and comfortable. I tried to say good-bye, and to tell them that I saw friends that I had lost long before. I'm weak and can't say much, but I'm happy. I think they have all done right, and I'm satisfied.

I am Nancy Keeler. I thank you; I thank you. I'm very much obliged.

AGGIE BROWN.

How do you do? I would like to send a message home with my best love, and to say I am often there, bringing strength and peace. Please say that the years are speed-



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We bless thy Angel-Messengers for the dissemination of truth throughout the world. Grant, oh, Father, that the knowledge of future life may be conveyed earnestly and truthfully to all unto whom it is sent.

We ask that the prayers of these Spirits, who come to send tidings of life to dear ones left behind, be answered; that their Spirits may find rest and happiness in the joy they convey to others.

Bless every herald of mercy to humanity. Bless the press, and especially the liberal press, of this land. May it become a mighty power, that shall sweep away all narrowing, soul-confining dogmas and creeds.

Bless every truthful Medium of the Spirit-world, and may all be successful in hastening that glorious day when thy revelations will be recognized in one mighty song of triumph and praise!

WILLIAM MONTGOMERY.

I HAVE been attracted here, sir, more by the mental desire of my son, than any-

thing else. I did not manifest before, as I found so many needing it more than myself.

I wish first to convey the deep spiritual love and sympathy of my dear companion and myself to my son William, and to again assure him of our approval of his course. We have directed and guided him, though he knew it not; and his very desire for the gift of mediumship has brought us into close connection with him. The problems of life, my boy, present themselves to your notice; and the very efforts you make to solve them, strengthen and develop your inner powers. Go on and learn all that is possible for you, and you will reap the benefit when you come to us. I have watched the events of your life since I passed on, noted your difficulties and struggles, approved your aspirations and desires. Earthly gain, you and I now know, is of but little benefit, unless accompanied by the gifts of the Spirit. Therefore, work on, in sunshine and shade, that the crop may ripen for the Spiritual harvest.

I want to say that I am interested in my grandson John; that Spirits are guiding him in his career, and will eventually lead him onward to success.

With the blessing of your father, William Montgomery. Please send it to Wm. Montgomery, Fort Seneca, Ohio. I thank you.

MARY DELAND

I WISH to reach Leominster. My name is Mary Deland. I have been away a very long time, but the cord of love draws me back to those still on earth. I come to bring a blessing, a Spiritual blessing, that shall enrich the soul, and draw it upward nearer the life whither it is fast approaching; to say that many near and dear will ever watch at the gate, until all are gathered in to the Spirit-home.

Father, mother, and others very dear, wait to welcome you to the port where raging tempests are unknown, but where peace broods like a beautiful calm over the waters of life.

I thank you for allowing me, a stranger, to come.

J. EMORY

I COME from far; but knowing of no other place, beg the privilege of trespassing upon your kindness. [You are welcome.]

If sent in this way, my message will reach its destination. Please record me as J. Emory. I come to my children, who have seen much of sorrow and affliction. I come to bear them the undying sympathy of loving hearts; to assure them we are all safe and at peace. Their mother, too, blesses them with holy love, and guards

them as only a mother can. And to Ella let me say, Fear not; no storm will come but what you can safely meet; no tempest will overwhelm you; for the angels have their latch-string out, and you may enter into their love and protection at all times.

GEORGE CARLETON.

I'm going to come to my mother; she's so lonely, she'll read this, and it will make her glad. We can come pretty close to her, and comfort her; but she misses us all the time. Ever so many of us send her love. Grandfather and grandmother often come to help you, mother, and make you feel better. Grandmother says it will not be long before you will join us all in reunion in the Better Land. Whenever and wherever we can, we will come to aid and bless you.

All the bitter sorrows and trials you have had to bear, you will find turned into gems of beautiful love and sympathy, shining for you in the hearts of dear ones over here. We are learning new things very fast, and are advancing rapidly. You will be glad, for you will want your children to be smart.

My name is George Carleton.

EXPERIENCE WALKER.

DOST thee allow strangers to come, friend? [All are welcome.] The youth just here desires me to say he came from the "City of Angels." I come from the City of Brotherly Love. I have been away four years, and I come to reach the Friends, and to say just this: Yea, verily, Rebecca, it is with me as I hoped, peaceful and bright. I have found a happy home, and will meet thee and Jonathan with smiles and joy.

EXPERIENCE WALKER,  
of the Society of Friends.

MESSAGES GIVEN MAY 18TH, 1879.

NANCY KEELER.

I've come a good ways. I'm tired. I was tired when I went. I come to send my love to my children; to tell my daughter that I am well off and comfortable. I tried to say good-bye, and to tell them that I saw friends that I had lost long before. I'm weak and can't say much, but I'm happy. I think they have all done right, and I'm satisfied.

I am Nancy Keeler. I thank you; I thank you. I'm very much obliged.

AGGIE BROWN.

How do you do? I would like to send a message home with my best love, and to say I am often there, bringing strength and peace. Please say that the years are speed-



ing away; but not only each year, but each month, each day, every hour is unfolding within my Spirit new capacities, new qualities, that I trust will enable me to learn and progress rapidly, and to gain more power to bless those I love so well at home. Spirit-teaching is wiser, broader, and freer than any here, and we soon learn our lessons.

I am Aggie Brown. Please say I brought Annie Talbot when she came, and now I come myself, to bless and comfort with my love, and to bring the love of all who are with me. Annie was attracted to me and I to her, in the beautiful Spirit-land; and so we came.

I thank you. My letter will go to Shelby, Missouri.

JOHN KINSEY.

I AM most pleased to be here. Although I have been an inhabitant of the Spirit-spheres a good life-time, yet it assists my understanding and rounds out the sphere of my individual existence to come within the bounds of material life, and learn new lessons there.

I come to waft a Spirit-greeting to those of our family still on earth, and to bear them rich treasures of spiritual love and sympathy from the many friends and kindred who wait them upon the sunny side of life.

To my brothers I send a cordial fraternal greeting, and say that although I passed out so long ago that my name is only a memory to them, from having heard of it from the lips of others, yet I am in close sympathy with them, and rejoice to find them ever desirous of walking the paths of rectitude and of honor.

The Spirit-world is grand and glorious, affording opportunities for the unfoldment of every noble attribute. Too much cannot be said in its praise. But I feel that an individual should rest content to remain in the mortal as long as possible, that he or she may attain knowledge of its laws, and become rich in experience.

I have learned there are no real accidents in life; but by a violation of the natural law of existence, I passed away from the result of what we term accident, when but a child, not yet in teens.

I am guided here by a beautiful maiden, whose earthly life was sweet, whose spiritual life is glorious.

JOHN KINSEY.

V. A. LAKE.

It is hardly a year since I passed on, and I have had no chance as yet to send a word home. I want to say I am at rest now in one sense, but I am anxious for those I left behind. I want to see them get

along well, to help them all I can, and I mean to do it.

They tell me, that every struggle develops strength and power, and makes one fit to battle with life. I suppose the strongest wins, and I mean always to be victor; and I shall always bring encouragement and cheer when I can.

All our friends send love, and want to come if they can. Sarah Taft says, "Do not fear, dear child; we will guide and keep you; we will raise up friends for you, who will be companions of cheer and kindness."

Say it is V. A. Lake, to Mrs. S. M. Lake, Buckton, Ill.

WILLIAM DU BOIS.

WM. Du Bois, sir, from Pennsylvania, who wishes to reach his friends and inform them of his whereabouts. I am safe in the Eternal World, and have no fault to find; I trust J. and others will bring a clean record, that we may meet them with joy. We have no fault to find; they are on the right road.

Send our love. I have been over some time.

[Selected by M. J. K.]

#### MY CREED.

I HOLD that Christian grace abounds  
When charity is seen; that when  
We climb to heaven, 'tis on the rounds  
Of love to men.

I hold all else named piety  
A selfish scheme, a vain pretence;  
Where centre is not, can there be  
Circumference?

This I moreover hold, and dare  
Affirm where'er my rhyme may go—  
Whatever things be sweet and fair,  
Love makes them so.

Whether it be the lullabies  
That charm to rest the nestling bird,  
Or that sweet confidence of sighs  
And blushes without word—

Whether the dazzling and the flush  
Of softly sumptuous garden bowers,  
Or by some cabin door a bush  
Of ragged flowers.

'Tis not the wide phylactery,  
Nor stubborn fast, nor staid prayers  
That make us saints; we judge the tree  
By what it bears.

And when a man can live apart  
From work, on theologic trust,  
I know the blood about his heart  
Is dry as dust.—[J. G. Whittier.]

DIFFERENCES OF OPINION.—Most of our differences of opinion, in respect to religious matters, are the result of ignorance. We are not mulish; we yield gracefully when convinced. Shed light enough upon the understanding, and we glide into harmony of thought in spite of ourselves. When the rays of the sun dissipate the floating clouds, nothing meets our gaze but the clear, deep blue. The light of truth, in love, scatters the mist of error, and hastens the period of Christian harmony and church unity, so ardently desired.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

#### AN INSPIRATIONAL MESSAGE.

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

LET us be thankful that the night is past and that the day is breaking. Let us not suppose humanity have arisen to their meridian height of glory in the face of all the achievements of modern times—and these stand without a parallel in the world's history; but let us rather contemplate them as gaining ground, pushing on from one discovery to another. With the speed of lightning or electricity to aid in developing their material resources, with telegraphic communication from ocean to ocean and from continent to continent, the islands of the sea may yet be brought out of their isolation and made to echo to the hum of busy life which is going on all around.

The earth is filled with elements that call out a demand for labor, both of brain and muscle; the hands cannot be idle nor the mind cease to act. All of life is unfoldment; from the primeval stages of existence God conceived the thought of man's existence here, and gave the law by which even man himself could rise higher and still more high. He holds the key that unlocks all the gates of holiness, and yet he cannot enter into perfect peace until he has conceived of that in his own life, until he has been born again and made Spiritually alive to his condition.

The material life of the body is a means of education and growth for the Spirit, and the more intelligence man is able to combine with it, the higher will be the result, and the more beneficial and salutary the effects on those capacitated or associated with him.

The principles involved in Nature's divine life suffer no loss if man taxes to the utmost his powers of discrimination in order to be able to understand and think clearly and intelligently, in order to appropriate to use whatever is gained.

Nature is an inexhaustible source of supply; every step taken in the advance line of thought opens the way for a broader, firmer step, and establishes its convictions clearer in the mind than ever before; every step in moral science opens new possibilities to the human Spirit, unveils new glories, unseen before, and gives the mind something more tangible to feel and feed on. The ideal becomes the real when we enter into that ideal in form and spirit. A great soul full of love and truth we sometimes picture as our ideal of manhood, because it approaches the nearest to Deity of anything we are able to conceive of.



and we hardly ascribe it to humanity, it seems so much like something beyond humanity; yet the possibility exists for every human spirit to grow to better conditions, to become more perfected in love and truth and all the noble qualifications of the mind.

The ideal man is the true man; true to his own convictions, he respects the rights and opinions of others, and in exalting the condition of others he is himself exalted. When the race shall have attained that condition, we shall have ideal men and ideal women in all the walks of life, who would not like to live unless surrounded by such associations and such sweet influences as they would bring together. Methinks the earth will blossom with a greener verdure, and the sunlit heavens smile with satisfaction and delight, when all these changes shall be brought about, when the present social, civil and religious dynasties that sway the rod of empire over us shall be blown in pieces by their own rottenness, and justice between man and man established with equality and fraternity; then may we sing a new song of honor and glory forever.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

### SPIRIT ECHOES.

NUMBER FIVE.

BY SPIRIT VIOLET.

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELHAMER.

ZENCOLLIA, "City of Light," the sight of your white walls gleaming in the distance recalls a vision of thy beautiful streets, so unlike the city streets that mortals know.

No jarring noise disturbs the serenity of thy places; and yet the ceaseless murmur, the ever-present appearance of active, energetic life throughout thy limits, proclaim that here is found sentient, individualized, conscious existence.

Thy edifices, so beautifully constructed of shining stone, so artistically adorned with carvings of exquisite grace and symmetry, do not crowd and elbow each other for want of space; but each building stands within its own enclosure, surrounded by garden-plats and banks of emerald green. Lofty trees, whose umbrageous foliage throws a cooling shade, are scattered here and there, giving an aspect of natural beauty to the scene. The very streets, although paved through their centres with polished stones, are fringed on either side with grassy leaves and nodding flowers, which no careless foot seeks to trample down.

And yet, it is a city—vast and magnificent—whose limits extend far and wide on

either side. Its massive buildings, its countless inhabitants, all mark the difference between it and the town or country.

At regular spaces, great plats, enclosing flowery beds of every variety of color and perfume; tiny lakes and gushing fountains; gleaming pavilions, furnished with rustic seats and tables; small groves of shade trees, tiny grottoes and fairy glens, where birds make music through all the sunny day—are kept under constant care and cultivation for the enjoyment of all who wander there; and it is no uncommon thing for groups of harmonious Spirits to gather together in one of these gardens, and spend an hour in that communion of soul expressed in the singing of hymns, the exhortations from inspired lips, or the encouraging word given from one to another, that lifts the Spirit still nearer the Infinite Light that pervades in some measure all space and permeates all life.

The dwellers in the city are calm, peaceful, happy souls, who having known the cares, the sorrows and the temptations of mortal life, have through their earnestness, through their aspirations, risen above all the annoyances of external things, and grown into harmony with the law of Love, which is the law of God; and now, associating together in bands of fraternal sympathy, spend their time in devising ways and means to alleviate the condition of those bowed down by woe and suffering, to enlighten the ignorant, comfort the distressed, and to free the imprisoned soul from error's bondage, whether it be encased in mortal flesh, or dwelling in darkness in Spirit.

The inhabitants of Zencollia have founded schools of learning, colleges, where eminent teachers in the various branches of knowledge preside, and give forth their wisdom to the seeking mind, drawing forth and developing all the deepest, fullest comprehension, awakening all the noblest faculties of the student.

Here investigation into the realms of Natural Law proceeds with minute exactness; here experiments which test conclusions as to the cause, utility and result of chemical and electrical forces are carried on; and these schools are constantly sending out graduates, whose duty it is to search earnestly among the children of earth, until they find minds capable to receive, brains enlarged by earnest thought and study, competent to grasp and elaborate the ideas the Spirits give, in order to convey to earth a practical demonstration of their experiments and investigations.

Such is Zencollia—happy, peaceful, industrious City of Light; and as I gaze

upon its glittering walls from my casement, I seem to feel a pulsating thrill, emanating as it were from its centre, of good will to man, coursing through my being, until I become one in sympathy with the divine mission of its dwellers, which is, Love towards God, manifested through love and helpfulness towards all creatures, all things.

This is but one of the many cities of that Spirit-Country, that no thought can measure, no being scan; dearest, because nearest to me; yielding light, instruction, soul-sustenance to myself and those I love. But there are countless other cities as glorious, peaceful and ennobling. Among them may I mention Spring Garden City, home of intellect, philosophy and truth; Harmonial City, scene of wisdom, purity and peace; Washingtonia, within whose walls lurk knowledge, justice and freedom; and many another that presents a beautiful record of noble lives and enduring deeds, that shall outlast all perishable evidence of grandeur?—for they are engraved in Spirit, that can never tarnish nor decay.

Oh, darling friends in mortal, from the boundaries of that sweet City of Light, we waft you Spirit-greeting, love that shall know no change, sympathy that outlives all outward separation, and only grows the sweeter; peace that the world can neither give nor take away, and which passeth all understanding.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

### WILL WE LOVE AS ONCE WE LOVED?

THROUGH MRS. J. M. PORTER.

WILL we love as once we loved?  
Let me frankly answer, No;  
No jealousy will enter in  
The love that then we'll know.

We'll be far happier then than now;  
We'll have less cause for fear  
That things will not go as we like  
Forever, when it's clear

We do not always know what's best,  
Nor can we surely tell  
The future, which we shape ourselves,  
If 'twould be always well

For us to always have our way  
In everything we like;  
For ills are sometimes blessings,  
Though clothed in this disguise.

Then let us ever learn to be  
Contented with our lot;  
Remembering we have blessings rare  
That many a one has not.

CLARA BARNHILL.

CHENANEE, Illinois.

GIVE all the time you can to the improvement of your mind. Waste no time in reading books or papers that will do you no good. They dissipate the mind and unfit it for study. You will be surprised to find how much you can learn by improving the odd moments. There are mechanics who have become eminent as learned men simply by taking time to read and study.



## PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

THROUGH L. JUDD PARDEE.

FROM LITTLE EDITH FREEMAN.

A LITTLE child comes to our Circle this morning, and says—"I forgive father; I forgive him for what he did to me."—LITTLE EDITH FREEMAN.

With her comes one who says—"Do not censure too harshly the poor misguided man who took the sweet young life of his child. Evil Spirits led him to do that which was made to appear to him as the direct will of God. When will people understand this power of Spirit, which is guiding us for good or evil every day of our lives? When will mankind seek to know good from evil, and so direct their thoughts and lives as to repel the evil and attract the good, pure, noble and true Spirits, who will ever guide them aright?"

This followed immediately after:

TO THE PARENTS OF LITTLE EDITH FREEMAN

Not on the third day did your darling appear,  
As your faith led you to believe;  
That beauteous form you held so dear  
Never more with you shall live.

But as an angel of light from yon shining shore  
Can she now return unto you,  
To cheer and to brighten many an hour  
With words of affection so true.

Look up for your darling, not down at her form,  
She lives a pure angel of light,  
In a beauteous clime, free from earth's rude storms,  
Where cometh no clouds and no night. S.

5 DWIGHT ST., Boston, May 7, 1879,

THROUGH MRS. A. BAILEY.

[To the members of the "Golden Circle" at Lottsville, Pa.]

FROM GENERAL SCOTT.

To undertake to narrate all the past experiences in our nation's history would prove a tedious affair. History bears their record, and any one that is acquainted with that history knows what those experiences were much better than we could relate, laboring under such disadvantages. The past is gone, and we can not call it back to our embrace, even though it held our most sanguine expectations and cherished our liveliest hopes.

Government has been administered according as the signs of the times indicated, but not always with that high respect that characterized its fundamental principles. Born of the integrity, wisdom and goodness of those who bore the cross of suffering, persecution and martyrdom, the American Republic is destined to stand through coming ages invincible; its principles and purposes are divine in their very essence, and in all that relates to humanity equitable and fair.

A republic should be a unit, so far as the common weal of all the united powers and factions goes, and it should be as fa-

vorable toward one region as another, and guarantee as fully the rights of all persons, whomsoever they may chance to be.

I have no affiliation whatever with any one that would attempt to seduce, break up or destroy the sacred ties that unite together the various parts of this great nation. I know no North, no South, no East, no West; but only my country's honor and happiness. I am not without a motive in this work, and my object is to labor for the universal good of mankind, and to help bring about those changes of politics and moral reform that will place our country upon a more substantial basis, where all may enjoy a greater degree of prosperity than they have hitherto been accustomed to.

A great portion of the population of this boasted free nation are to-day in bonds. To be sure, we have not that accursed system of human slavery that once held sway in this country, and shackled both soul and body; but we have enough that is the direct fruit of that to doom us until the nineteenth century ends. Not even then will the disgrace be wiped out, nor can it be while human souls suffer a stain upon the escutcheon of their character by its cause. Indirectly this has been the cause of much that is mischievous, and when the blow was struck that banished it forever, it gave liberty a new life in this nation, and a better and brighter future rose up for all before us.

Nothing is more apparent to us than is the lack of wisdom manifested in matters of national economy and jurisprudence. It betrays itself everywhere, from high officials down to those who have no idea of what constitutes citizenship; and right here we lay our claim that a great part of our population are in bonds and incapable of exercising that high order of intelligence that virtually belongs to them, and that should qualify all the acts and duties of life. On the intelligence of the people depends the perpetuation of this great republic. Wise counsel might be given freely, but people must know and act for themselves. A sense of injury makes us seek after a remedy. People must first perceive the necessity of intelligent action, and then they will proceed to become intelligent to make themselves acquainted with the history of things as they have actually transpired.

How much better it would be to be fortified beforehand, and able to meet any emergency, than to follow on after it has passed, and then endeavor to do what could have been done at the outset. Experience is a hard schoolmaster, and he

seldom deals out lessons but that we are wiser; but the great trouble is, we are too forgetful of what those experiences cost, and of the sacrifices that are made in order to make us understand the necessity of acting wisely and in a right direction.

WINFIELD SCOTT.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

SPIRIT-MESSAGE FROM MRS. S. M. STOWELL.

THROUGH MRS. HANNAH T. STEARNS,

[Trance Lecturer at the "Golden Circle," Lottsville, Pa.]

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

My dear friends, this morning I will open a text for you to preach from, and we will agree to hold it for mutual benefit. As the first preacher from this text today, I will open the first part of my discourse by stating that writing is of many kinds, and walls of many sorts; secondly, we both may like to choose the kinds of writings and the forms of walls we would use for the writings we would have for our private property; but the walls are given us at times, we cannot choose them, and again the writings are given us, we cannot make them. Is it not so? I ask this question from your own experience; let that answer. I think I have made a fair opening, but allow you to criticize, which criticism will be a sermon upon the text. This must be put in the private drawer, where the choice property given by the Spirit-world is kept sacred.

Look upon the varied writings of the one worker lately passed from the earthly form, (Mrs. Juliette Manly,) and see how they hang on the walls of memory, to be read and re-read, to be recalled and commented upon, by a thousand readers, and then think how the tens of thousands whom they may move are moved by the influence such writings have had upon them, and the mind gets a faint idea of the influence which is passing around from the invisible walls of the soul holding such scrolls. Soul-walls of thoughts are these messages, never to be blotted out.

Other writings from the soul-thoughts of the angels, given in pictures, in pictures of words, in speech, are painted upon the walls of our mind's habitations, and are reviewed nightly and daily, and we recur to them as such good and holy things; we cannot part from them, even though our very dearest friends think we should; they are the passing gifts of speech of passing Spirits and Mediums, and we hold them up to our souls every day as priceless treasures. We want no such walls burned down or buried from sight. The writing



stands before us in living electric light, and it keeps our eyes bright, our hearts warm, our souls full.

Yes, dear brother and sister, the handwriting on the wall is a text full of suggestions, full of true Spiritualism, and that means full of all the variety which brings into communication all living, mortal and immortal.

I will help all I can, and bring others to help in this work. A little goes far when you are on the road in the right direction, and I wish you would make a beginning soon. I am out of power now for longer writing, but will come again. Thanks for the music.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

### MATERIALIZATION OF "LITTLE SPIRITS."

No. 1506 NORTH SEVENTH STREET, Philadelphia.

FRIEND DENSMORE,—Some time ago, I promised to furnish you with an account of the manifestations in materialized form of little Helen.

You will please bear in mind that the manifestations were in the third-story room of a private dwelling, fitted out with dolls, vases, cups, pictures, cards, and numerous other little things, that make up a pleasant and pretty "baby-house" for little girls.

Here was improvised a cabinet out of a closet, in front of which the black or dark curtain, the necessary appendage to the make-up for such scenes, was placed, with an opening in front and two apertures above and two below—the latter designed for the use of little Spirits.

Here, for more than twenty evenings, a Circle composed of males and females was entertained with presentations of the most satisfactory character. The appearances were in some instances strangers, but mostly recognized as relatives or friends by one or more of those present. Bear in mind that these scenes of materialization were promised our Circle many times, and finally the control proposed that we should secure the presence of a Medium developed into that phase of mediumship, and suggested, or I may rather say, directed us to obtain Mr. William S. Roberts. How strange that the Spirits should direct us to a man who like Peter denied his Master; or, like Judas, openly betrayed him. Yet so it was, and notwithstanding the dark cloud that hung over the Medium, the manifestations were so plain, palpable and certain, that not one of those present would hesitate to affirm by affidavit what they saw and heard from time to time.

Helen's first appearance was recognized by two Mediums outside, who had seen

her clairvoyantly several times before, and they, with the entire company, hailed her appearance with expressions of delight. She looked angelic, robed in white, with a tiara brilliantly set off, upon her head a veil, which fell considerably adown her dress, darker than it, being an ash or slate color.

Every subsequent appearance she had on her head a crown, brilliantly gemmed, and she carried the veil upon her right arm.

The head attire and the veil she seemed most anxious to have noticed, judging from the manner in which she presented both to view. It is not necessary, for the mere purpose of establishing the fact of these particular form-manifestations, that I should give you in detail all the appearances and manner of them. Suffice it, that Helen was present, a veritable Spirit, in apparent flesh and blood, and behaved so cleverly on each occasion as to endear her to every one present.

She kissed me twice, and as many times put her hand upon my face and neck. She put a doll (of which there were several in the room) into my hands, as she stood in the opening of the curtain, and also into the hand of Mrs. Hoffman.

She gave plants, including two lilies, to me and others of the Circle, and on one occasion she filled my double hands, (which I was directed by the Control to prepare for,) with cut flowers, with instructions from the Control, to make nose-gays for those present, especially for the (her) Medium.

All this was plainly seen by the entire company. Helen was out once upon the floor, and danced with another little Spirit, (Lewey,) to the great delight of all.

Let it be understood that three little Spirits were seen at one time: and at another, Helen and two large ones; and on one occasion, Lewey filled my lap with dolls, and had but finished this playful role, when Helen came, and taking them one by one, laid them away in their places. I might, but will not, occupy more of your valuable paper than simply to say, that long since materialization was a foregone conclusion of mine, and if there was anything wanting to make assurance doubly sure, these twenty or twenty-one scenic representations would have fixed me.

Proof sufficient against all the charges of simulation and fraud is not wanting. As I am interested in little Helen, let me say to you, she is not to be deterred from an active Spirit-life.

Mr. Roberts, during this time, was for a few days at New Hope, and at one of

the seances a little girl and boy put in an appearance together. There was no one there to identify them, but subsequently one of the ladies was present at a Roberts' seance in this city, and the little Spirits came as before, when they were recognized as Helen and Lewey.

A gentleman attending a public Circle insists upon it that Mr. Roberts, upon his knees, represents little Helen, and a lady asserts that she saw nothing but a large doll. How people are deceived, or rather deceive themselves! These two individuals attended each one of the Roberts' seances, and thus they have testified and are self-satisfied against the testing of a dozen equally intelligent persons, who for two nights in a week, for nine or ten weeks, had the evidences of their eyes and sense of feeling that such things are veritable.

I may add that one of the female sitters met her daughter several times during the series, and held quite audible conversations with her.

There are two things noticeable in this series of seances—that little Spirits are enabled to materialize and manifest themselves without question of identity, and that, although a Medium may deny the divine gift of mediumship, and belie its truth, there will be with him or her the undeniable evidence of Spirit-control, Spirit-manifestations, notwithstanding.—Hard to credit, truly; but what are we to say in the presence of the evidence of our senses?

J. W.

THE dear ones who are worthiest of our love  
Below, are also worthiest above;  
Too lofty is his place in glory now  
For hands like ours to reach and wreath his brow.  
A few poor flowers we plant upon his tomb,  
Watered with tears to make them breathe and bloom;  
The gentle soul that was so long thy ward  
Now hovers over thee, thy Angel-guard;  
And as thou mourn'st above his dust so dear,  
Thy happy Comforter draws smiling near.  
Look up, dear friend, our doves of earth but rise,  
Transfigured into Birds of Paradise.—[Gerald Massey.]

ONE of the most terrible sights ever presented in our courts, is to see young boys of from eight to a dozen or fifteen years, in the prisoners' dock for offences of a trivial nature, to be disgraced and broken down, dragged from their homes and sent away to some penal institution, the influence of which will blight all their coming life. It is as shameful, and as much a disgrace to our civilization, as was the trying of such children for witchcraft two hundred years ago. The most respectable citizens of fifty years ago would have had county-house branded on them if the policy of today had prevailed in their childhood.—*Merrimac Journal*.

WHEN our cup runs over, we let others drink the drops that fall, but not a drop within the rim, and call it charity; when the crumbs are swept from our table, we think it generous to let the dogs eat them, as if that were charity which permits others to have what we cannot keep; which says to Ruth, "Glean after the young men." Let fall also some of the handfuls on purpose for beg.



