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LITERARY.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

OUR DEAR SISTER, JULIETTE MANLEY, ARISEN.

THROUGH TRYPHENA O. PARDEE.

[THE writer formed an introductory acquaintance of but a moment with our (now) arisen sister, in the Fall of 1870; but corresponded with her occasionally, receiving, in return for impressionable poems, beautiful communications from the unseen world, for whose tender beneficence, tears now trickle down my cheeks. I never saw her but once to converse with face to face—an agreeable interview, never to be forgotten—at a Spiritualist picnic at Lily Dale Grove, on the Cassadaga Lake, Chautauque, N. Y. When about to part, she said to me, "Write oftener; I take a great interest in you, and enjoy this correspondence greatly." Said I, "Will Sister Manley write to me first, sometimes?" She laid her hand upon her heart, saying, "From here—I'll be guided here." This was about three years ago. Never have I heard from her since, till I saw the notice in the Voice that she had left the earthly form. In the first Spirit-communication that I received through her hand, we were pronounced twin sisters.]

How the Summer-land voices ring fulness of joy,
With welcome to one of its faithful souls come,
Whose heart bore the blossoms sent down from above
To cheer the poor mourner in death's bitter gloom!

Never wavering in duty, she labored for love—
The love so bevelled by the monster's cold breath;
Caused rainbows to brighten the dim mist above
The grave, and its mystical language of faith,

How the sunbeams of glory slid through her soft hands,
And lighted the path of the doubter's drear way,
And opened the bars to the Beautiful Land—
For skeptics a glimpse of eternity's day.

How she spread the light wings of her outflowing thought,
And folded them never till heaven she'd gained,
And found the loved Spirit some grieving friend sought,
And treasured the solacing message obtained!

Molten jewels of grace ever decked her brow,
All her life was a diamond of waters most rare;
Her words like the stars will the brighter now glow,
Since darkness of silence their value declare.

Angels called our dear sister away to the skies,
Entwined her with roses as white as the snow,

And half-opened budlets, for tenderest sighs
Of sympathy breathed, for all hearts touched with woe.

Dearest sister, we miss thee, and weep for thy loss—
Yet know thou wilt think of us in thy new home;
From the sweet trellised bowers thou'll gather and toss
Rich gems of soul-worth, for earth's pilgrims that roam.

While the drunken old world is still sipping blood-wine,
Handwritings of thine on humanity's walls
Shall be read and re-read, till fond Life's lifted shrine
Impaired with great price, truest worshippers call.

From the depths of thy Spirit's intensified love
Shall sift down to mortals rich blessings untold;
Holy missions will laden God's carrier dove,
Whose golden-tipped pinions will safely enfold.

And deliver, with pictures of all thy new bliss,
Scarce hidden from sight by the veil thou hast torn.
Till our tears cease to flow, and we wait for the kiss
Of greeting from thee, when immortal we're born.

With thy hand on thy heart, I now still see thee stand,
As last when we parted, thy voice low and clear;
How reviving!—"From here"—from thy love-lending land
I'll look for a message, my lone heart to cheer.

ELLINGTON, N. Y., June 15, 1879.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

MESSAGE FROM ROBERT HARE TO DR. FAHNESTOCK.

[THROUGH DR. O., CONTINUED.]

DEAR DOCTOR,—We have seen the surroundings of an undeveloped Spirit, while receiving its first lesson in progression. We will now trace it in its progress. Let it be observed that the surroundings of a Spirit are in exact accordance with his condition of progression, changing with its changing states, and being always the true exponent of his mental culture. An effort is put forth by an undeveloped Spirit (situated as we have described) to amend; he is instantly put in motion in an upward direction—it may be slowly; gradually the landscape becomes brighter—the scenery changes, fountains take the place of stagnant ponds, and harmless insects that of venomous reptiles—hope drives out remorse, and a sweet, confiding reliance takes possession of his entire being.

His first lesson has now been learned, and its consequences made apparent by his altered circumstances. His journey has in some respects resembled that of a caravan from the midst of Sahara's sandy desert to the sunny and fertile valleys of Italy.

He now finds himself surrounded by a condition of things closely resembling what you

would call an earthly paradise, where his next lesson must be mastered before a further advance can take place.

This lesson embraces a knowledge of his duties to his fellows, and may be summed up in the heaven-inspired axiom, "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you." This great principle must be livingly realized before the Spirit can enter societies where self constitutes discord.

You are not to suppose that the Spirit is left all this time alone. On the contrary, all the help that loving, anxious friends can give, are his; and in a word, all the advantages of which his condition is susceptible are showered around his ascending pathway.

ROBERT HARE.

CIVILIZATION:

MESSAGE NUMBER TWENTY-THREE.

SPOKEN AT ATLANTA, GA., MARCH 30, 1879. BY CONFUCIUS, THROUGH MON-A-KE-TO-LA, THROUGH J. MADISON ALLEN.

IN PRESENCE OF SARA S. ALLEN AND A. C. LADD.

(Silent letters rejected, but otherwise the spelling is mostly after the common fashion.)

So long as mortals keep within hering distance of their immortal gods, they are usually safe; particularly those who have been accustomed to listen to the voice that beckons them on, and who can interpret aright its meaning.

There are many things to be considered at this time, in the prosecution of our work. We are inclined to be very lenient to circumstances, and observant of the proprieties as between man and man; or rather, to be as kind as possible to those that need kindness, [and who does not?] and to give way and yield a point, when necessary and best, in order to satisfy all parties and to lay conditions free from after demands.

We wish the people of the South, so termed, to have the benefits and advantages of open Spirit-union; for they, in common with all others, need this, and in some respects are more approachable to Spirit-influence than many or most others; and it therefore becomes highly important that they should learn how to attract to themselves that which is pure and elevating, rather than to keep up connection with that which is low and debas-

ing. We think, however, that the demands have been sufficiently met, so far as we are concerned, and our chosen instruments here, for the present, without longer continuance of these public and private ministrations, as during the month or more now just past we have been very busy holding interviews frequently with prominent influential minds in the Spirit-world, that are especially connected with this portion of America, and have outlined to them our plans for future action, which will embrace first, the setting up and maintenance of an independent press in the heart and core of the South, as an organ for the Spirit-world, for messages direct, and various important teachings suited to the capacity of the people to receive; and secondly, for the development here and there of various forms of mediumship among the people, more particularly the phases of materialization, so-called, and levitation. These two agencies will in due time agitate the whole community, and prepare the way for a better appetite among the people for the radical humanitarian philosophy which pertains to the higher department of the Spiritual movement.

We mention have our work laid out for another section, and are obliged to hasten the departure, somewhat, of these workers from this vicinity, in order to reach certain representative minds, mortal and immortal, that are to be found in and near and above the so-called Indian Territory. The American Indian has his rites, which we are "bound to respect," and among these is the rite to a *natural religion* and a *true civilization*. The white race above, and the white race below, have been co-operating largely for some time past. The Spiritual movement now requires more active work among, by and for, other races, more especially the red, for various to-us obvious reasons which need not here be enumerated.

We trust that the friends of the Southern people, who have been partly instrumental in bringing about this visit of these Mediums in this section, will be content to allow the experiment to be tried which we have in view, and which requires the turning of these faces westward and by gradual approaches [which should not consume too much time,] by way of other portions of the South, reach the places and parties aimed at.

Others will be raised up in your midst, from time to time, who will do the work laid out for them and help to prepare the way for the advent of the true Christianity, the true civilization, the true system of life, the Spiritual system of living, in this fair sunny Southland. Mention, let us through these lips, here and now, extend our very hearty thanks to the good friends [in Spirit-life] who promised to be with these workers, and to soften the hearts of the Southern people around them towards them, for the very faithful performance, thus far, of the contract; and to thank the mortal friends, more especially yourself, brother, for standing between our agents and the antagonistic public. Spirit-Mediumship is a pearl of great price. It is not to be lightly treated or valued. The people everywhere must be led and taught, and caused to appreciate and understand this blessing, this second coming of Christ; and though at present the masses are unable to discriminate between this pearl and a pebble beneath their feet, and are consequently neither able nor disposed to properly appreciate

and treat mediumship and Mediums, and indeed would if they could trample them under their feet, the time must and will come when all shall be enlightened, and be freed from their blindness.

Be of good cheer therefore, brother; your heart is large, your soul is sad, your hand is open, your eyes are upturned; you are weary;—but *you shall not be forsaken*.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

SPIRIT ECHOES.

NUMBER SIX.

BY SPIRIT VIOLET.

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELHAMER.

JUNE roses, how they blossom and bloom, filling all the Summer air with their rich fragrance; how they bend their regal heads beneath their weight of sweetness—red and white, pink and yellow—globes of beauty, complete in themselves—as they nestle amid their leaves of emerald green, they shed an atmosphere of delicious joy upon all around.

I have told you of the beautiful city of light, so near my Spirit-home; let me now speak of the natural surroundings upon which I may gaze in an eternal ecstasy of delight from my western portico, or where I may roam at will, filled with the bliss of knowing the truth of existence, and its enjoyment among the beautiful works of Nature, that kind mother of us all, who brings her sweet offerings of waters, woods and flowers, birds and insects, mountains and hills, for the gratification and pleasure of humanity.

Close beside the home I inhabit, a sweet vale lies, decked with its fertile meadows and sunny glades, watered by glistening streams and rippling brooks, shaded by magnificent oaks and elms, and gemmed with starry flowers of every hue and of delicious fragrance.

Thickets of roses blooming in rich profusion dot the landscape here and there—roses independent of limited days and weeks, but which blossom on from day to day, one bud bursting into beauty after another, and no one is left to bloom alone.

A grove of giant pines make music through this leafy vale, as the breezes sweep through their rustling branches; the carol of birds, the hum of insects, the rippling of waters, and the murmuring breezes, all combine to make up a sweet harmony of sound, blending with the pure harmony of beautiful scenery, that brings rest and peace to the souls of all who linger here.

Sweet Spirit-vale! dear Auburndale! for such I love to call you; here, in sweet communion with God and Nature, the soul becomes purged of all material impurities clinging to it, and grows into closer har-

mony with the sacred laws of being—Love, Sympathy and Purity.

Away in the distance rises that majestic pile which to me is Mount Lookout, and as the sunlight rests upon it in gorgeous splendor, I know that upon my earthly home the sun is slowly sinking, in lines of rose and purple glory, behind the western skies.

Who could dream of pain and sadness, amid the sunny sweetness of this enchanting vale? And yet, even here sometimes comes the far-off sound of distress and anguish, brought plainly to our Spirit-ears by the waves of sympathy that surge within our souls; and we hear the wails of pain welling up from earth-life, and mark the signs of devastation and distress bearing down upon the friends in mortal.

But why is this? Because from the depths of human suffering, pain and death, that we see around us, a heavenly sympathy is born within our souls, and we become desirous of helping those in need. A sympathizing pity, prompting us to extend the cord of love, we hold until it encircles and draws upward, into realms of ineffable peace, the storm-tossed Spirits in pain.

Disasters come to earth—conflagrations, misfortune—and from them often results suffering and death; but, glory to Him who rules! from the midst of these scenes of sorrow arise pure streams of helpfulness, strength and succor for the distressed, that not only enriches the receiver, but also overflows with sympathy and blesses the soul of the bestower.

Up from the surging billows of distress, out of the fiery furnace of affliction, arises the pure Spirit of Love, cleansed by its contact with water, or refined by its passage through fire—noble, enduring, true—growing stronger and better from its upward flight, seeking as it goes the sympathy of angels, who, looking downward from the upper heights, send forth the sustaining cord of affection to draw the Spirit's aspirations ever onward, singing as it goes this grand refrain—

"Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee;
E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me."

HOLIDAYS.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE holiest of all holidays are those
Kept by ourselves in silence and apart—
The secret anniversaries of the heart,
When the full river of feeling overflows;
Those happy days unclouded to their close,
Those sudden joys that out of darkness start,
As flowers from naught, swift dawns to light,
Like singing swallows, down each wind that blows.

White as a gleam of a receding sail,
White as a cloud that floats and flits in air,
White as the whitest lily on a stream,
Those tender memories are a fairy tale
Of some enchanted land; we know not where,
But beautiful as a dream within a dream.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

A SPIRIT COMMUNICATION.

THROUGH WEST INGLE.

[To SOLOMON W. JEWETT, from Shepherd Home, Vermont, this Message is given by a Spirit calling herself FIDELIA.]

SHE comes as bright and beautiful in Spirit-light as she was on her wedding-day. I called her name twice before she answered, and now I can hear her speak: "My ever dear husband, I find it pleasant to come to you, at this time, through this Medium—'West Ingle'—and will give you all revealments that I am permitted to give you. You readily understand that we in Spirit-spheres are governed by higher laws than influence human beings; and we can neither make nor break them. What power I do possess I cheerfully and lovingly use for you and our dear children, who need a mother's ministration more now than when they were little children, playing around your knees.

I have found all our dear friends here—yours and mine; and I have found them happy and progressive. It is joyfully true, dear Solomon, that earth-life is but the first season of life; and a soul passing out of the body in early infancy goes on to maturity developing under the fostering care of angels, till it reaches its full estate.

Our dear son, Thomas, is now a noble man, full-grown in form, and grand in the power and Spiritual forces which emanate from him. He is your loving and faithful guide, and through his magnetism you have performed wonderful cures, where the hands of disease are laid heavily upon the human family. Intellectually he is like you, my husband, or as you will be when you become disembodied and take your place in the Heavenly World.

You have not at all times used your gifts to their highest and best extent; and thousands are suffering now for the touch of your hands laid upon them—the sublime power of healing. I did not know your powers until I entered Spirit-life.

Solomon, your nature used to mystify me; and you know it, or have you forgotten? This fact used to grieve me. Now, I know all your power, and can promise you one of the brightest welcomes when you come to this beautiful home, where love and rest is the glorious reward given to those who do the work prepared for them.

You are closing your work, my husband, and the future will be more happy and prosperous than the past. You will recover all you have lost, and live to see our dear children surrounded by all life can afford on the earth.

L— will not be as happy as she might

be; and you know why. She will be fortunate in her life, as far as natural things of the earth are concerned. So will be S— and P—.

There is a noble work for P—, and if it should be necessary, you will go back to them, to California, and let them know what their labor in life must be. They will heed you now, and what was a cross to them in the past will prove a crown in the future. Pride will not hold our children from duty.

You are in bondage, Solomon. I know what it means, and know the nature of the cross you bear. You must make efforts to cast off human shackles, and a soul like yours can never rest under such influences. You, to do your work, must be free as a mountain eagle. You know what I mean. Love-elements are needed in your life. Truth and Love must surround you, if you would make yourself useful, honored and beloved, as a great physician to the afflicted ones of humanity.

Oh, my husband, heed me now! Think not that I speak too plainly. I know what your powers are, and the noble, gifted hand that cheerfully guides you on in your God-appointed work. They desire to give you a wider and more thorough knowledge of the human organism, hereditary, physical and Spiritual deficiencies—and show you in what manner to treat entailed diseases. And, my dear husband, I hope to be able to give all needed aid in your present relations of life. Further on, you will find the right companionship and social happiness you so much need in your work of love and mercy.

The home to which I have attained is one of beauty and rest. You know how I suffered; and though not always patient, I am now progressing rapidly in all that makes heavenly virtues in the inner and superior life. All that I craved of beauty, music, love and harmony, I have gathered around me, and am at rest Spiritually.

You may imagine my surprise, when I found that still-born infants, after life has commenced to germinate, developed on to perfection of Spirituality and loveliness. They are called "Star-Spirits" here; for they never tasted of bitterness, or suffered the miseries which are the natural results of birth in earth-life. We have "Star-Spirits" of great power in the hands of ministering Spirits, which continually aid you in your work.

You were royally endowed with Spiritual gifts from your birth. Maria has some power; will she ever use it? Later in life, she will. Tell her so for me. Give our dear ones my tenderest love. There is nothing more sacred than a mother's,

blessing. They will know this in coming years. You will live to see your children, honored in the land; I shall share in your joy.

Other friends are waiting. My husband, you are mine still. The tie is deeper and stronger and more harmonious now—here where hearts speak love's holiest language, and souls never misunderstand each other. We shall clasp hands again in a happier, because holier, and a more perfect union.

This will be one of the best years you have known, Solomon—one of the very best. Hopes long since withered will bud and bloom. Bonds of iron will be broken, and happiness will come to you, where desolation seems the only outlook. Be faithful to your work, and ask not so much for worldly gifts as for heavenly peace, in your inner consciousness.

I reach out my hands to you, and from this haven will lead you on to avenues of higher and better prosperity. Sorrow will soon be over.

I am now and ever your true and loving friend, guide and wife, though I have been in Spirit-life so long.

FIDELIA."

[Selected by M. T. S.]

TODAY AND TOMORROW.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

HIGH hopes that burned like stars sublime
Go down! 't' the heavens of freedom;
And true hearts perish in the time
We bitterliest need 'em.
But never sit we down and say
There's nothing left but sorrow;
We walk the wilderness today—
The promised land tomorrow!

Our birds of song are silent now,
There are no flowers blooming;
Yet life holds in the frozen bough,
And freedom's spring is coming;
And freedom's tide comes up alway,
Though we may strand in sorrow,
And our good bark, aground today,
Shall float again tomorrow.

Through all the long, long night of years
The people's cry ascendeth,
And earth is wet with blood and tears—
But our meek suffering endeth!
The few shall not forever sway—
The many morn in sorrow;
The powers of hell are strong today,
But Christ shall rise tomorrow!

Though hearts brood o'er the past, our eyes
With smiling futures glisten;
For lo! our day bursts up the skies—
Lean out your souls and listen!
The world rolls freedom's radiant way,
And ripens with her sorrow;
Keep heart! who bear the Cross today
Shall wear the Crown tomorrow!

Oh, youth! flame earnest, still aspire
With energies immortal!
To many a heavenly desire
Our yearning opens a portal;
And though age wearies by the way,
And hearts break in the furrow—
We'll sow the golden grain today,
The harvest reap tomorrow!

Build up heroic lives, and all
Be like a sheathed sabre,
Ready to flash out at God's call—
Oh, chivalry of labor!
Triumph and toil are twins; and aye
Joy suns the cloud of sorrow,
And 'tis the martyrdom today
Brings victory tomorrow.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE FINANCIAL QUESTION.

JUNIATA, Neb., Feb. 2, 1879.

BROTHER DENSMORE,—In the VOICE OF ANGELS for Feb. 1st, I see a communication purporting to come from Webster and others upon the financial question. These Spirits want the Government to issue four hundred millions of dollars or more of paper currency, and therefor deposit with the Government that amount of silver for security. Now, I would like to ask those Spirits if it would not be far easier and more practical to leave the silver in the mines for safe deposit, (if that is all they want with it,) and only assay the ore to fix the value of all the silver mines? Then they will see that they will have a far larger basis upon which to issue paper currency. It would not require the expense and labor of transporting this vast amount of silver to the treasury of the United States; but, as all mineral land belongs to the Government, there is ample security for the issue of any amount of paper currency, as it is well known that this country furnishes nearly three-fourths of all the silver of the world.

But silver and gold were made for a far different purpose, by a wise Creator, than to make a money medium out of them. God has not given us these beautiful metals in order to debase them to a universal selfish purpose; but he has given them to us to use in the beautiful arts and sciences, like all other metals, and not to waste them by making a useless money medium out of them, which is the first expression of man's selfishness. If we must have a money medium, let it be made out of the most valueless material in existence.

My Spirit-friends tell me: Demonetize both gold and silver; and if you must have something for money, take paper. We produce billions upon billions of value every year in the shape of wheat, corn, and thousands of other productions. (I will also include the value of the gold and silver mined.) Here we have a basis so vast and secure, upon which to issue a paper currency, that the silver and gold of the world combined will not offset one-hundredth part of its value.

Money originated from an idea of man, which is the spiritual part; the metal represents the material part. Man's first ideas about money were good. He intended to distribute thereby all the productions justly and equally; but his selfish nature led him astray, and he has used this money from time to time only for selfish purposes. Mankind is yet too ignorant to see that if each and every one

would only work for the interest of another, somebody would work for his own interest. Thus we would work harmoniously together. But there comes in a conflict of interests, just as soon as everybody only work for their own profit. In this conflict the strongest will carry the day, and the weakest must perish. Thus our present money medium has, through selfish legislation, become the power of the world: which is equivalent to injustice controlling the affairs of the world, instead of justice. That is my opinion—the prince of the world, or the prince of darkness, otherwise called the devil.

When this unjust system shall be abolished, then justice shall reign supreme, and the prince of darkness shall be bound, and the millennium will be fully inaugurated.

Yours,

ERNEST QUAST.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE MANSIONS PREPARED FOR US.

THROUGH MRS. J. M. PORTER.

Christ, when about to leave his disciples, told them, "In my Father's house are many mansions," thus proving the fact of Spirits' inhabiting houses, and living in them, much as mortals do; also having household cares, though not the labors of earth. Each one has his duties appointed to him, and his especial work, in conducing to the comfort of those about him; for we have our comforts and enjoyments, much the same as you; only of course after the Spiritual plan, and far more pleasurable. We eat, we drink, and rest when we are weary; though we have no night especially prepared for us, as you have on the earth; neither do we tire as easily as you do, but take our rest more as a recreation than anything else. Then our labors are not as yours, requiring physical strength, but only relating to the mind, and not giving the anxiety which naturally attends such labors on earth. Nor do we require food as you do, to sustain our bodies, but only as a pleasure; and it consists mostly of fruits, such as earth cannot afford, and the higher the sphere, the finer are the varieties.

Then, also, we furnish our houses according to our tastes; as wealth is abundant, we can have what we want; and we are not at the trouble of making or having made any article we may chance to wish; we have but to will it, and it is ours.

Flowers are ours in profusion; beautiful pictures adorn our walls, and music lends enchantment to the scene. Birds of every hue sing in our trees, and rivulets flow past our doors.

Now, are there not some attractions in such a home?—think you, O mortal, you who labor so hard, for the gold that perishes with the using.

Think on these things, and let my words sink deep into your heart. It will avail you nothing, when death claims you, whether earthly wealth be yours or not. But a well-spent life will usher you in where there are pleasures for evermore, and tears are wiped from all eyes.

JOHN C. WILSON.

CHEBASKA, Illinois.

A CURE FOR SLANDER.

THE following homely but singularly instructive lesson is by Philip Neri. A lady presented herself to him one day, accusing herself of being given to slander. "Do you frequently fall into this fault?" inquired Neri. "Yes, father, very often," replied the penitent. "My dear child," said Neri, "your fault is great, but the mercy of God is still greater; for your penance do as follows: go to the nearest market, purchase a chicken just killed and still covered with feathers; you will then walk to a certain distance, plucking the bird as you go along; your walk finished, you will return to me." Great was the astonishment of the lady on receiving so strange a penance; but silencing all human reasoning, she replied: "I will obey, father; I will obey." Accordingly, she repaired to the market, bought the fowl, and set out on her journey, plucking it as she went along, as she had been ordered. In a short time, she returned, anxious to tell of her exactness in accomplishing her penance, and desirous to receive some explanation of one so singular. "Ah," said Neri, "you have been very faithful to the first part of my orders; now to the second part, and you will be cured. Retrace your steps; pass through all the places you have traversed, and gather up, one by one, all the feathers you have scattered." "But, father," exclaimed the poor woman, "that is impossible. I cast the feathers carelessly on every side; the wind carried them in different directions. How can I now recover them?" "Well, my child," replied Neri, "so it is with your words of slander—like the feathers, which the wind has scattered, they have been wasted in many directions. Call them back now if you can. Go and sin no more." History does not tell if the lady was converted; but we have the lesson, and all should profit by it.—*Shaker Manifesto* for June, 1879.

RIDICULE.—It is commonly said, and more particularly by Lord Shaftesbury, that ridicule is the best test for truth; for that it will not stick where it is not just; I deny it. A truth learned in a certain light, and attacked in certain words, by men of wit and humor, may, and often doth, become ridiculous, at least so far that the truth is only remembered and repeated for the sake of the ridicule.—*Chesterfield*.

THE reception one meets with from the women of a family generally determines the tenor of one's whole entertainment.—*De Quincey*.

BRIEF NEWS ITEMS.

AN effort to rigidly enforce the sectarian doctrines of Methodism regarding the control of that institution, has caused the resignation of the entire faculty of Willamette University, Portland, Ore.

Two or three years ago, the man who had predicted that in 1879 an ocean steamer a day would arrive at and sail from this port, would have been deemed a crack-brained enthusiast. Yet this number has been nearly reached the present week, five ocean steamers leaving and six arriving here.—*Boston Transcript, June 14th.*

The human devil is actively at work in New York City. June 12th, a wealthy lady named Hull was robbed and brutally murdered by a colored man, who has since been arrested in Boston. On the same day, a man and his wife were chloroformed and robbed in their chamber at Rutherford Park. Also great crimes in other cities are reported.

During a thunder-storm in Philadelphia, June 11, lightning struck the pump-house of the Atlantic Refining Company at Point Breeze, in the southern section of the city, causing a disastrous conflagration. The oil-refinery was burned, together with a large amount of shipping and the neighboring wharves and buildings. Loss nearly a million of dollars.

Judge Hallett of the U. S. District Court, Colorado, Justice Miller of the U. S. Supreme Court sitting with him and concurring, has ordered the Denver and Rio Grande R. R. to be restored to the Atchison & Topeka R. R., the rightful lessees and operators of the same. This is the railroad which was forcibly taken possession of by an armed mob in the employ of the D. & R. G. R. R., attended by bloodshed and loss of life.

The Spiritualists of Philadelphia will hold a Camp Meeting at Neshaminy Falls Grove, 18 miles from Philadelphia, commencing July 18th and continuing four weeks.

Sunflowers will keep off malaria.

The time is evidently near at hand when the large cities of the United States will be obliged to have mounted police and flying-artillery ready to move at a moment's notice, as criminals from Europe are daily landing on our shores. We are no alarmists, but the horoscope of the times indicates the most terrible evil aspect. Our courts are corrupt, laws loosely made and more loosely administered, and great wrongs are done in the name of law by the imprisonment and fine of respectable individuals without the slightest regard to justice.—*Banner.*

It is a singular fact that, notwithstanding the prevalence of violence in Texas, the sale of liquor is strictly prohibited in many counties of that State.

A firm and unflinching Spiritualist, writing from the West, says, "Dr. J. Rhodes Buchanan and Mr. Epes Sargent are considered all through our ranks as the deepest and most philosophical thinkers we have."

Mrs. Cary C. Van Duzee, of Philadelphia, has so far recovered from her two years' illness that she is about to visit her parental home in St. Lawrence Co., New York, and those in that vicinity wishing to engage her services as a trance speaker can do so by addressing her at Gouverneur, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.

A REMARKABLE DREAM.—Henry G. Atkinson, F. G. S., writes to the London *Spiritualist* from Boulogne, France, May 24th, 1879, as follows: "Mr. John de la Montaigne, late American Consul here at Boulogne, told me yesterday that on the 3d and 4th of this month he had a fearful dream, which was repeated, that a friend in New York was in great trouble; that he was pursued by a man (a judge) with the determination to kill him; and that he received a letter, dated the 22d of May, from his friend, relating his anxiety and other circumstances, precisely as in his dream."

Dr. Sarah E. Homerby writes: "The Conference at Republican Hall, New York, will be kept up through the summer; there is a large attendance, and they were never more interesting than now. Spiritual experiences and mediumistic developments form the principal topics of consideration."

Black is never used at funerals in Russia, nor worn by mourners. It is only in England and America that people look as horrible as they can in order to advertise the death of a relative.

Mr. William Eglington has returned to London from Cape Town, South Africa. He is to pass an examination for registration as a Surgeon-Dentist. He will probably hold several sances, privately, before his return.—*Banner.*

INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE HAPPY HOUR.

BY M. THEOPHRA SHELLHAMER.

Of all the hours of night or day,
Of all the hours of work or play,
To me the happiest hour of all
Is when the shades of evening fall,
When sounds of toil and revel cease,
And earth is wrapped in holy peace.

The happy hour when loved ones meet
And hold communion low and sweet,
When songs of harmony arise,
And prayers ascend to Paradise;
When words of love and blessings blend,
And sweetly pass from friend to friend.

Let others seek the festive dance,
The courtier's bow, the siren's glance;
Let others shout with joy and glee,
And spend their hours in revelry;
But we the hours of care beguile
With Love's sweet voice and Friendship's smile.

The sacred hour when hearts unite
In pouring forth their treasures bright
Of sympathy and love and truth
To bless the hearts of age and youth;
When holy angels gather near
With blessings from the heavenly sphere.

When sorrow comes, and home is low
Beneath the weight of grief and woe,
When hearts are crushed and bosoms bleed,
And spirits faith and courage need—
Ah, then, the sacred evening hour
Returns with wondrous strength and power.

For dear ones whisper in our ear
Sweet words of comfort, hope and cheer;
Then Love looks forth with tender mien,
And Sympathy and Pence are seen;
Then Friendship clasps us by the hand,
And points us to the Better Land.

Eternal Source of life and will!
Eternal Fount of good or ill!
We thank thee for each loving friend;
May on them every good descend.
We praise thee for the holy hour
That brings such matchless strength and power.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

TUNIE'S WELCOME.

DEDICATED TO D. C. DENSMORE.

"Tunie" comes when twilight shades begin to fall,
And the hours of night are swiftly flying o'er us;
She comes with words of cheer and joy for all,
With her bright and heavenly Angel-chorus.

Alice* too with words of love, falling from lips supernal,
Gathered from many an Eden bower above,
Flowing out from many an Elysian field eternal,
Showing that they know us yet, by their fadeless love.

When you and I are safely landed "Over There,"
And all our earth-work we shall duly finish,
We shall find a recompense for every care,
By lifting the burden of some weary one, our joy will diminish.

Our joys will be increased a thousand-fold,
By helping every child of sin and sorrow;
Better than riches, praise, or finest gold,
Is the recompense we are sure to get tomorrow.

JOSEPH H. RODGERS.

* Alice Cary.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

A FRAGMENT.

BY DR. D. ANDREW DAVIS.

Who boasts of love in rhythmic song,
Will not remain a lover long;
Who calls life's men in pompous state,
Will find the landing desolate.

Whoever lives that life of worth,
That needs to be forgiven,
Will surely find that frowns of earth
Will all be smiles in heaven.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

THROUGH M. T. SHELLHAMER.

St. Paul, June 2, 1879.

BRO. DENSMORE,—In the VOICE OF ANGELS for June 1st is a message through M. T. Shellhamer, from my father, James Beard, which is strictly correct and true in every particular, even to a letter. I was very much surprised, delighted and pleased to see and read a communication from my own father—it being so accurate as not to admit of a shadow of doubt as to its authenticity.

Please accept my warmest thanks for your kindness in publishing this message. May the good angels ever continue to be with you, and aid and sustain you in your good and noble work. The Medium being an entire stranger to me, I am at a loss how to express my gratitude.

Hoping my father may come again, I am
Respectfully yours,

WM. W. BEARD,
290 East Ninth St., St. Paul, Minn.

ANOTHER VERIFICATION.

THROUGH M. T. SHELLHAMER.

STRATHAM, N. H., June 16, 1879.

MR. D. C. DENSMORE:—*Dear Sir,*—In the VOICE OF ANGELS of May 15th is a message from J. B. Severance, through M. T. Shellhamer, which was read with heartfelt thanks, as we are perfectly satisfied that it came from him.

Enclosed please find subscription for the rest of this year and for three copies of May 15th.

Respectfully yours,
MRS. J. B. SEVERANCE.

[Selected by M. J. K.]

SONNET.

EACH joy we cherish slowly fades away;
The sweet spring-blossoms perish, one by one,
The roses scarcely glow 'neath the Summer's sun,
Ere Autumn, with her skies of chilling gray,
Shows their bright petals dulled on sodden clay,
While her own royal robes grow sore and dan,
As she shrinks back, grim Winter's clutch to shun,
Where from his frozen lair he marks his prey.
Yet, as we bury our dead darlings deep
Beneath the kindly turf and flower of time,
We may not linger by their rest to weep;
Before us lies the pass we needs must climb;
Smile in grave duty's face—and hand in hand,
With work and love, make for the Better Land.

[All the Year Round.]

VOICE OF ANGELS.

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NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS., JULY 1, 1879.

EDITORIAL.

WORDS SPOKEN IN LOVE.

IN looking abroad over the Spiritualistic fields, and taking note of the busy toilers therein employed, it is with a feeling of joy that we are enabled to mark the amount of work already performed by those who have succeeded in breaking up the fallow ground, and sowing the seeds of truth, of knowledge and reform in social and religious life, which are already springing up in our midst, green and luxuriant, promising an abundant harvest. And it is with a sense of acknowledgment, of recognition, and bringing a benison of good, a benediction of love, from the higher life, that the Spirits of the upper spheres approach these pioneers in the new world of philosophy and thought, filling their souls with that peace and rest that only the angels can bestow.

And while it is with thanksgiving for the good accomplished, with rejoicing for the light that has dawned through the darkness of theologic night, and with blessings for those tried and faithful ones who have rendered well their Father's work, it is with sadness that we witness from our home above the actions of those who, having been lifted far above their natural sphere of mentality, raised from their lowly condition, educated and blessed by the angels, and brought before the world as lights of uncommon brilliancy—it is with sadness, we say, that we contemplate these living evidences of Spirit-ministration denying the power that has quickened them into life and activity, turning false witnesses against their Saviour, and claiming their own efforts to be the source of their present fame and prosperity.

All honor to the tried and true, who, bearing the brunt, the heat and toil of the battle, still bear their battle-scars proudly in evidence of the army to which they belong! Shame upon those who, coming after the turmoil of the day has ceased, reaping the honors, the glory, and bearing the badges of bravery glittering upon their breasts, turn round and deny the Cause that has loaded them with benefits and fame!

But it is with no harsh motive that we speak; it is only to inform our workers everywhere that the Spirit-world keeps watch and ward over their motives, and

judges of their actions accordingly. Not for public acclaim, not for popularity, not for worldly fame and honor, do the chosen work; but for the enlightenment of the race, the lifting of the imprisoned out of bondage, the striking off of chains from every slave, the good of humanity at large, and the approval of the Angel-world.

There is another matter of which we desire briefly to speak; not in the spirit of criticism or of condemnation, but in the spirit of charity, of good-will unto all people; please to consider them, as they are given, "Words spoken in love."

We notice, (and it is with a feeling akin to pain,) that *our* speakers, *our* writers, have not larger toleration, larger spiritual charity; that many of our public writers and speakers frequently go out of their way to fling a passing dart—which seemeth muchly like malice—at the Christian ministers and churches, (so-called.) We find much, too much is said of the teaching and preaching of "gospel preachers;" not so much of the preaching itself, as of the fact that they do preach their peculiar creed, in place of coming out from the church, free and independent. Now, it is very possible that certain popular "Christian" ministers are fitted peculiarly to the place they at present occupy; that theirs are the Spirits that are to introduce a more liberalizing element, a broader charity, a larger comprehension of Divine and Universal Love, and a freer toleration into the churches; that they are the ones chosen by the Higher Powers, to lead the followers of old theology into greener fields and newer pastures, where they may drink freely of the waters of life; and it matters not where the Spirit of Truth is manifest, whether in the chancel or the pulpit, whether in the public hall or the vestry; there the work goes on, and whether known as Spiritualism or Christianity, it matters not; for the soul working within is of all importance, and it may be that these popular Christian teachers are more truly living their life of usefulness, doing their work and performing their mission in the Church, than they would were they out battling the waves of arrogance and intolerance, too often to be met with in our own ranks; else, the church-going multitude would be entirely abandoned to the old ruts of superstition and ignorance, with no guide to point them to a better way.

In regard to those preachers of old mysteries, who cling to past customs, old-time creeds and dogmas, who will not listen to the voice of Reason—the time is coming when they will be obliged to either open

their eyes and ears, and let the truth stream in upon their souls, or to step down and out. Then wait, work, hope on: for all humanity shall yet be free.

NOTICE.

A FEW days since, we received a letter from "West Ingle," in which she says that for the past three months she has been confined to her room with inflammatory rheumatism, in its most virulent form, by which she has lost the use of one foot, and partially one hand, which is the reason of her neglect in responding to the letters of her friends and patrons, who have sent fees for communications from their Spirit-friends; ninety-one of which letters have been returned to the senders, unopened. On account of her inability to attend to business, she wants no more business letters sent her; the few she has on hand, she says, will soon be answered.

Pub. Voice of Angels.

SPIRIT MESSAGES,

GIVEN AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE,
MAY 25TH, 1879,

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELLHAMER.

INVOCATION, BY ROBERT ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN.

Oh, thou Infinite One whose praises fill eternity! Thou whom we delight to contemplate in the endearing relation of our Father! Thou who art even worthy to be addressed by that name! We approach Thee to ask thy benediction upon this occasion. We bless thee for these places where thy angels meet with earthly friends, to fulfill thy purposes concerning humanity.

We thank thee for the evidences spread abroad of the advancement of thy truth, that the dark places of life are becoming illuminated with the light of knowledge, and that the fear of death is fast disappearing before the demonstrations of immortal existence.

Oh, Heavenly Father, Giver of every good and perfect gift, continue to bless the efforts made for the enlightenment of humanity concerning thy love. Let the winged messengers from the higher life speed onward in their mission, which is the bearing of peace and comfort to the weary and sad.

Grant thy benediction to these sad souls who come here to seek for light; may the lesson sink deep into their heart, that Thou art the comforter, the sustainer, and the interpreter of all things.

NEILLIE BRONSON.

I UNDERSTAND more of the Spiritual life than I do of the mortal, but I wish to come, bearing the rich fruitage of Spirit-love to those who wait for a glimpse of the glory of the spheres. I come because the gates are ajar, and Spirits can glide

through with heavenly blessings for their loved ones on earth.

With daisies and violets, emblems of modesty and innocence, I come to bear the lamp of Truth to the wandering feet, saying, Sorrow or darkness is but the natural shading of material life; but through the bounteousness of God's love, all tears shall be washed away, and the smile of peace shall illumine the yearning heart.

I have been away quite a while; I don't know much of earth, but I am at home in the Spirit-world. My message will go where I wish it to. They call me Nellie Bronson.

FLORA PARTRIDGE.

Good evening, sir. I have been in Spirit-life many months. I passed away at Boston Highlands. My name is Flora Partridge. I come to make those at home feel glad; to give them a word that they may feel doubly assured of my presence and my love. Tell them the flowers were emblems of immortal life and eternal affection, and very fitting. Say I am happy, and bring my joy that they may partake of its blessed influence. We are all together in a lovely home and safe from earth's snares.

You have many Spirit-flowers here; I wish you could all see them, they are so beautiful. The little children are distributing the flowers, and I think each gift has a significance, as they select particular blossoms for each one. The sweet Spirit who was just here received a knot of daisies and violets; the little girl gave me a half-blown rose.

I think my message will reach home; if it does not, may I come again? [Yes, indeed.]

WILLIE HASTINGS.

HALLO, mister! [How do you do?] Oh, first rate, I guess. I want to say I'm growing; I've got too long for the box, and I don't stay in it. My folks don't believe this, you know; and so they never think what I'm up to. I have to go to school here, just as much as I used to; but it's ever so much jollier, because everything's made interesting.

I've been gone ever so long, and I want mother to know I bring her a great lot of love; and I guess I'm a good boy.

I lived in Boston; my father's name is William Hastings; so's mine—Willie Hastings.

BARTHOLOMEW KIMBALL.

I wish to send forth a word upon the wave of truth, hoping it will reach the soul of Bart, and find responses there. It is with difficulty that I again take up the thread of earthly being individually,

having been accustomed to transmit my words in other ways. It is more than half a century since I passed home from the sunny South, then comparatively young in what on our side constitutes age—knowledge and experience; and earthly matters have somewhat faded away from me; for I have desired to advance in Spirit-life, and not to be fettered to earth.

I wish to say to my son, that the higher life contains a store-house of inexhaustible knowledge, which is open to every earnest seeker; and if he continues to strive to place himself in a receptive condition, that is, to live harmoniously, and sincerely desire to receive light and instruction—if he will sit quietly alone, and keep the gates of his soul open to the higher intelligences, we will come in and do all in our power to develope and unfold his interior gifts.

I am the bearer of great love and many blessings from all gone before.

I desire this to go to B. W. Kimball, P. O. Point Coupee Parish, Louisiana. I thank you.

FATHER CLEVELAND.

Good evening, Mr. Chairman and friends. It is with pleasure I greet you at this time. I am here to say a word, not for myself, but for two wayfarers whom I found by the wayside and brought here to gain strength for themselves. We cannot induce them to speak, but feel if I do so for them, it may relieve them of a part of their burden. One of these Spirits is a young man about twenty-four, a native of New York City, but who passed away in Texas, not long since. He calls himself "Jack Granger;" he was killed in a melee concerning some timber-land. He seems desirous to amend his past life, and we heartily second his efforts.

The other Spirit is one long versed in the mysteries of wrong-doing, and passed away at the age of sixty, at New Orleans, some time since; was a professional gambler, a decoy, or, as he terms it, "a roper-in." He calls himself "Tom Dowling." He also at last desires to become better, and we hope to assist him by showing that there is something higher than the mere living for *self*; and the way to grow better is to make others better. There is none so low but that he may be of use to others. Blessed are the ways of the Lord, for through his mighty love every soul shall find its own integrity and peace.

To all my friends I send a blessing, especially to those in Norwich and Boston.

Charles Cleveland, better known as

FATHER CLEVELAND.

MESSAGES GIVEN JUNE 2ND, 1879.

JOHN SMITH.

THERE seems to be a delegation of Spirits from the sunny land of gold here, Mr. Chairman, coming I presume to waft their words of cheer homeward.

I come to Boston, sir, to send a token of love to my beloved companion, to say, I bear to you the olive-branch, emblem of your own life, token of that peace which your Angel-guides ever bring to you. Sweet Spirit, whose notes of song echo in the Higher Life, to you I bring a garland of blossoms, to crown your soul, and to assure you we are all ever with you, to guide, comfort, and sustain; and when your feet shall cross the silver sea, I will receive the new-born treasure:

"Clasp you closely to my breast,
And on wings of love will waft you
To the mansions of the blest."

I come also representing the band who guide and control your faithful friends. With that earnest reformer, staunch patriot and noble soul, Thomas Paine, at their head, they waft her, their pupil, a blessing of light, a grateful love, and a promise of continued guidance.

I have been gone, sir, some years. You may simply call me John Smith. Please ask the publisher to mark my message, and direct it in care of Mrs. Amelia Colby, St. Louis, Mo.

MARY A. NICHOLS.

My sister reads your paper, and wants me to come. She is in the far West, away from my childhood's home. I shall give my maiden name, that she may be better pleased—Mary A. Nichols. So many of our loved ones are with me, and we all assure her that we do love and care for her and hers.

My Spirit-home is sweet. I knew something what it would be; but I did not realize all. My mind is at rest, my Spirit seeks for good, and all is peace.

I have tried to manifest away from here before. All, all send love and a blessing.

SARAH E. DRYNES.

I DIDN'T know I should feel like this; I have just died. There is a good deal of sadness at home, and it depresses me. The angels brought me here, that I might feel better, they said. Oh, it is so beautiful to be free from pain; so sweet to feel well and strong and free.

My life on earth was brief, but it is good to think I shall live forever now; and best of all, I can love and can return to help those I do love. I have learned already that peace comes to the weary soul through pain, and it is sweeter for having

been earned. I saw the blessed angels, and heard their sweet music just before I died. I was not unconscious.

I thank you. My name is Sarah E. Brynes. I come from Saxonville, Mass.

CATHERINE SMITH.

AN old lady from my neighborhood brought me, and I do want to speak to my children, to tell them their mother watches them yet, and is anxious through love for their welfare. I want my daughter to look well before she makes a change, to consider the case carefully, and if she is satisfied that it will be for her happiness, I shall be contented. She has done her best, and I bless her. I foresee that she will be happier and more restful in future.

It seems strange for me to be here. Earth-scenes are new to me again; but I do want to reach home.

I come from Decorah, Iowa. My name is Mrs. Catherine Smith.

TUNIE.

I HAVE a few words to say. I can see some people think the paper isn't flourishing; but they must make allowances for some things some Mediums say about the paper, and believe this, that the VOICE OF ANGELS was never in better condition, and is on a sound basis. We are in good working order, and doing well. And to all those who are anxious for messages, I want to say, we will give all we can. Every Spirit is welcome, and we assist each one to come; but there are some Spirits who cannot make use of the Medium, because they cannot assimilate with her; all who can, shall have a hearing.

I want to thank everybody for their good wishes and other kindness, and to ask all who can to extend our circulation by adding one or more new subscribers to our list. The Spirits will do all their part, and promise to give an interesting, instructive paper; and we want all on this side to do their part by strengthening our hands in this way, through increasing our circulation.

You see, dear friends, I am growing to be a woman of business; but never in a mercenary way, only to extend the influence and usefulness of our loved sheet.

A Spirit, whose name is Solomon Potter, sometimes called "Sol," wants me to send word to his friends and neighbors that he is lively enough, and ready to do anything for them he can. He says Joel Beard sends his remembrances and good will; and they are not in heaven, nor in the hot place, but are comfortable in a world where all life is natural and pleasant.

A dear little girl, calling herself "Coonie,"

and who is developing beautifully in the Summer-land, comes with a gentleman whose name I think is George. She wishes me to send her love to Sallie E. Milliken, and to say, she loves them all. She often comes home to brighten the dear old place, and to twine her arms around all those who miss her. I give these words—"Constancy is an attribute of the Spirit which knows no change. The dear ones are waiting at the beautiful gate, to welcome the loved ones home." "Accept the dew-drop, until the shower comes." She will try to come better some time.

Mrs. Adelia Rotner sends her love to her daughter, and wishes her to deliver the message of Mrs. Smith to the one addressed; says she has perfect rest now, for there are no hard times there for her; says some day she trusts that Nellie will have ample evidence, and sends a blessing.

With love for every one, I am their friend.

TUNIE.

AN INSPIRATIONAL MESSAGE.

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

THE duties of life are manifold, and amidst its anxieties, perplexities and cares, we half forget that we are mortal, travelers toward that Great Unseen. We live in an age of infidelity, of doubt, of strong persuasive argumentation to draw the mind away from the real and true principles that are divinely fixed in Nature. It is an age of heterodoxy, a time when men, not being of sound mind, prefer to believe a lie, and suffer the condemnation that it brings, rather than to worship *truth* for its own sake.

Let us draw the mantle of charity kindly upon all, and be lenient to others' faults, forgetting to hate and despise men because they are poor and mean.

The law of progression teaches that there is growth for all classes and conditions of society. The humblest child of nature has an immortal mind to cultivate, to fit and prepare for higher attractions than this world of ours presents. Besotted in sin and ignorance it cannot always be, for Nature has decreed that all shall rise toward the light, that the mental and Spiritual faculties of all shall be illumined from within and without.

Man need be no longer a slave to holy writ; we have better teachers these days. Modern Spiritualism is a great way ahead of the Spiritualism of ancient times, and it is wondrously strange how so many good people reject the former, but receive the latter, simply because it is in the Bible, not from any evidence possible for them to obtain.

What the theology of the world wants is a thorough sifting, that will enable mankind to get down at the bottom of Spiritual Truth, and then they will grow to the high possibilities of man-and-womanhood. It is needless to pray, confessing our sins; we ought to be ashamed of such folly. But let us get to work, and do something that will work out a salvation that is really glorious for ourselves. No one can do this for us; we must all be workers together in the vineyard of Spiritual Truth, each culling and receiving to himself the things most needful to satisfy the demands of his existence, each willing to appropriate from his accumulated resources to relieve the necessity of others.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE.

SWIFT RIVER, MASS., JUNE 2, 1879.

BRO. DENSMORE,—Once more, for the third time, your blessed little paper has reached me with tidings of great joy. In your issue of June 1st, I find another communication from my daughter, Lucy Alcott, through the mediumship of Miss M. T. Shelhamer. Casual readers of your paper would find but little to arrest their attention in the message from my daughter; but to me, who knew her every aspiration of soul, it speaks volumes: it is just like her. The message contains several strong tests, that Miss Shelhamer cannot possibly know anything about.

I was fully cognizant of her presence with me on the 10th of April. She came so close to my heart all that day, that it felt like the gate of heaven. In our home circle in the evening, her mother and sisters felt her presence in a peculiar manner; also at our Circle on the 20th, (the evening she controlled Miss Shelhamer,) we found her present with us in wondrous power. We always sing, in every Circle, the song she loved so well, "There are angels hovering round," and it always brings her consciously close to us.

She says truly, that trials and disasters cannot shake my trusting spirit. During the past two years, fire and flood have destroyed my little all, and left me poor and almost destitute beyond recovery; but the waves of trouble have washed me up on to higher Spiritual ground, brought me into closer, sweeter, more loving communion with the dear friends that come so near to help and comfort me. No, my trust and confidence in Spirit-love and Spirit-communion cannot be shaken.

We had an intimation in our Circle on the 20th of April that Lucy had been with Miss Shelhamer, and we expected to find this message in the Voice. There must

be something strongly attractive in the affinity betwixt your Medium and my Spirit-daughter. In earth-life, she was somewhat chary in forming friendships.

Forgive me for making my verification so long; but this message has made me so happy I must give vent to my feelings somehow.

Accept, Brother Densmore, my heartfelt thanks for your multiplied kindnesses to me in my stricken and sorrowing hour of adversity. My heart's desire is that you and Miss Shelhamer may all through your earth pilgrimage feel that angels are hovering round.

Yours, in loving fraternity,
WM. ALCOTT.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

A PLEASANT REUNION.

The members of the VOICE OF ANGELS Circle met at the home of their Medium, Miss M. T. Shelhamer, Tuesday evening, June 10th, to celebrate with appropriate exercises the anniversary of the birth of their Chairman, Mr. Robert Anderson, and also to listen to a Spiritual dedication of their new Circle Room.

The occasion was one of great enjoyment and blessing to those whose privilege it was to be present. The Spirits were present in great numbers, and manifested themselves in a variety of ways through the organism of their Medium. Words filled with Spiritual love and blessing fell like dew upon the hearts of those assembled—from the cultured and refined poet-soul to the tiny prattling child of tender years; from the erudite and brilliant soul of Theodore Parker to the simple untutored Spirits of the red race;—all gathered together to take part in the exercises, and to crown the meeting with the Spirits of Love and Peace.

We have not space for a detailed account of this pleasant reunion; but below we give a report of the poetical greetings extended to Mr. Anderson, through the lips of Miss Shelhamer—one from Spirit Red Wing, Mr. A.'s Indian guide; the other from his old-time friend and associate, Spirit John Critchley Prince.

RED-WING'S GREETING.

From the home of the Good Spirit,
From the hunting-grounds above,
Where the red-man roams in freedom,
Guarded by Manitou's love,
Where the forest spreads its branches,
And the waters leap in glee,
Where all nature sweetly whispers,
"Life is sacred, life is free!"—

Where the mountains rise in grandeur,
And the sunlight shines on all,
Where the children of the forest
Listen to the wild bird's call,
Where the red-deer fears no hunter,
And the red-man dreads no foe,
As he roams in boundless freedom
Whereas'er he wills to go;—

From this home of peace and plenty,
Red-Wing turned to earth again,
Bearing sadness in his bosom
For his brothers on the plain,
Who were robbed or slain or scattered
From the homes they loved so well,
And his heart was sore within him,
More than human tongue can tell;—

Till he found beneath a white face
One heart filled with bitter shame
For the silence of his country
At this blot on Freedom's name,
And he claimed him as a brother,
Named him "True-Heart," kind and brave,
Which the red-man calls "Owheeta,"
In the land beyond the wave.

Now, across Death's mighty waters,
From the sunlit land above,
Red-Wing comes to greet Owheeta
With an Indian's deathless love—
Comes to fill his soul with gladness,
Comes with words that never die;
He will guide you through all sadness,
To the Hunting-Grounds on High.

JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE'S GREETING.

Fill high the beaker of immortal song
With Love's divinest strain,
And let each heart the melody prolong
Till earth resounds again;
And as we drain the nectarine of love,
Our souls shall grandly swell
In waves of thankfulness to Him above,
"Who doeth all things well."

No sordid gift of gold we bring,
This anniversary night;
But as the angels sweetly sing,
The place is filled with light.
We bring no crown of earthly gems;
But richer far than those,
We bring the royal diadema
That only heaven knows.

The gems of Friendship, Truth and Love,
We place upon thy brow—
Fit offering from Heaven above,
To crown thy Spirit now;
The olive-branch of Peace we bear,
The laurel-wreath of Fame—
For angels recognize and wear
Thy well-beloved name.

From every season of thy life
We cull some fragrant flower,
To weave in crowns with sweetness rife,
And beautify this hour;
From every year thy life has known
We gather something bright,
To place at Sympathy's white throne
This anniversary night.

Fill high the beaker of eternal song
With Love's immortal wine,
And let each soul in melody prolong
This sentiment divine!
May Heaven bless the noble friend
Whose years we count tonight,
And may his powers forever blend
With God's eternal light!

CONGRATULATORY.

BROTHER DENSMORE,—I am glad to say to you that your occasional correspondent, Mrs. ANNA M. CARVER, of this city, was married yesterday, (Thursday,) at ten o'clock, A. M., to Mr. GEORGE RALL, formerly of Dayton, Ohio, now of Cincinnati. Mrs. Carver, as a trance and clairvoyant Medium, and a lecturer, has done much for the cause of the Spirits and Spiritualism, for so these many years, and now in her widowhood, she is married to a nice old gentleman who will sustain her in her age and Mediumship, as he is well-to-do in this world. We cordially congratulate the wedded couple, and wish them all the happiness this world affords, and sincerely

hope and trust that the remainder of their lives will be under the care of the angels especially—for they are both good and wholesome Spiritualists, and willing to do any good service for the cause.

Yours truly,

A. G. W. C.

CINCINNATI, June 15, 1879.

PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.
THROUGH MRS. HANNAH T. STEARNS.
[Trance Lecturer at the "Golden Circle," Lotts-ville, Pa.]

JOHN BARNSDALL TO HIS BROTHER WILLIAM,
OF TITUSVILLE, PA.

BILLY, the tides of life ebb and flow to-day as in our boyhood. We, through manhood's eyes, see more of the moving power, more of the accessories of motion, and thereby say we know more, and gaining power. Let us look back and cognize the stages of our growing periods; for we can find the planting time of each one of them, the harvesting of each. Our parents' gifts gave us for our constant need the spirit of investigation, and it, in use, forced us to hunt God. So, in our first years of such hunting, we found him in the revivalist meeting, not in canonical robes; and we evolved a faith and creed, which in works would give man all opportunities for heavenly gains, in golden streets and pearly gates. This faith in its growing brought forth fruits of works of earnest thought and loving hopes for our fellow-man.

As hopes enlarged and multiplied, we found it too narrow to hold all our cravings for humanity. Wesleyism might be a gain over Calvinism, but it could not hold the growing form of our tree of hopes; its branches gave shelter to all forms of the air and shade to all living kind. Universal life demanded from its weakness universal sympathies, as well as universal judgments; and we evolved, from the first God found in an orthodox creed, a new Father, a universalist Father, in the God of creation: and the hopes of our manhood for man found free expectancies of enjoyment by God's plan of universal salvation. Jesus the friend was to reconcile man to God; God was at oneness with man.

So we rested in our joy, Billy, over having obtained such a knowledge of a Heavenly Father in the great God of the universal life. But time went on, Billy, with you, and thoughts did not stop, neither works: and working for the universal man, you built a house to be used in the name of the Universal God, for all men to pray and preach in, to give and take offerings in; and it was well with you, Billy, and the work was blessed.

But the moving of Spirit-power was abroad in the land, and revelations, divinations, raps, writings, tippings and movings were cried out, as of such power; and thy Spirit moved thee to seek counsel for the sick and the well, and ye were made astonished, and greatly hungered for more light; and lo, it came, day by day, at home and abroad, from old and young; and the old-time revelations were new clothed and made clean and whole, and the daily coming revelations were made sacred and recorded as a continuance of the moving of the same Spirit doing the *will* of *law* of the universal life of soul passed from mortal sight; and before ye knew it, Billy, ye had passed through another revolution, a reforming process, which had constructed out of miracles, accomplishing facts, ever recurring under human agency, as from its spiritual life, it, by the law of sympathy, acted upon and with humanity, in its unfoldments, in all human directions.

A law of natural inspiration came to thy soul's keeping, which became the Royal Arch in the temple of wisdom thy soul had erected. A third step had been taken, which raised thy soul to exalted states of satisfaction; for all souls that were in human guise were coming through the natural laws of being to learn of the Master Architect by their own birth-rights. They were face to face with the great Cause of life, and from an ever-flowing fountain were ever being filled. Death was being swallowed up in victory; its sting was lost, if children and parents, old and young, could impart to earth-friends, as well as Jesus to his friends and contemporaries, the fact of his growing life, the knowledge of his immortal body. Paul had taught the natural body, and the Spiritual, by the analogy of the grain of growing wheat. Here, in raps, tips, writings, seeings, was the spiritual body revealed, and the natural body had ceased to be. Our friends were around us, living, moving, growing.

So from the Universalist church, to the broad church of humanity, which gives all creeds through its Spiritualism, ancient and modern, its Spirit-facts, as miracles, as the works of angels or Spirits, or just men made perfect, you went, Billy, having evolved a form of living, growing faith in a constant revealing power in the law of unfolding human nature, from lesser to greater powers of action, by the change of death. Hast stopped here, Billy? Not so; another period hath been born within thy soul, of growing goodness and controlling thought. As with thee, so with many another life. It is but the brief summary

of thy life-experience in things spiritual; and we in this retrospection but prepare the way to expound thy present outlook, and to give thee and others passing glimpses of that light and shade of thought which encompasseth earth today, and which envelopes you as a garment.

The law of inspiration is but dimly understood; but used by all, it is a counterpart of that law of supply, which, from all kingdoms of nature, gives food and raiment; which never fails, but which, by the law of necessity, is sought, unsought, unknown, as means to end; for earth-needs, life-ends in the body; and so, if that supply of thought, of fact, from the Celestial is unknown, unheeded, unwatched, death of hopes, death of loves, death of aspiration ensues, and man's dwarfed nature sees no continuity, no growing manhood, no unfolding measures of power. He vegetates and dies with closed eyes to those realities of the heavenly which are oils and wines to the daily routine of toil, care, and the continual friction of physical existence.

So let us contemplate the law of ascension, as unfolded by the law of inspiration; let us see in its manifestations, holding man in its keeping for constant supplies to itself, as for himself, and thereby catch a glimpse of nature's divine economy, her circling plan of use, which holds all in its embracings. Let us know how the mantles of the prophets fall upon the prophets; let us look for order, method, comeliness; let us see evolution through revolution, or revolution's evolutions, through such combined processes as join all varied labors, as unites, massing for the centuries, through the units of its results, in aggregations, that sum total; which gives a period of forming thought, and formed thought, as a wave of inspiration, to mould coming generations in all directions temporal; thus opening the way, by their unfolded life, to a better class of outgoing life, through death, to the life of Spirit.

As we best take care of earthly duties, do we best prepare for heavenly? If so, our charge is not to take care of heaven, but earth; so doing, heaven cares for itself.

JOHN BARNSDALL.

THROUGH C. E. WINANS.

HOWELL HISE.

My name is Howell Hise. I wish to converse here; for I am told that if I should manage to get in and speak, it would strengthen me. I went away somewhere about the middle of November; I fell down, and when I opened my eyes

again, I found I had made a change; and I tell you I hadn't time to make any arrangements, because the All-wise Being sent the messenger of death for me unawares.

I had been subject to the heart-disease, so the Spirits tell me; although I felt well, and seemed to be in good health. I am surprised at myself; I am fully aware I don't understand Spirit-life as I expected to; I will simply say, my home in the Spiritual realm is beautiful, much better than I had any idea of.

I was quite along in years and most of life's scenes were past and gone, most of life's joys. I feel now as though I had grown younger every moment. I saw the struggle of life; I realized its power. I knew it; I felt the foreboding; I understood the impression; but not fully. I am thankful now that all is over and that I am safe on the Other Side.

I am from Salem, Ohio, and I would like very much to come here again. Good day, sir.

COLIN MCKINNEY, ESQ.

Good morning, sir; my name is Colin McKinney, Esq. I wish to open the way, so that I may converse with my children and wife, who are in earth-life. It has been a long time, it seems, since I departed this life; it was some time in December, 1850, I believe. It is with pleasure, as well as happiness to me, that I have this privilege to come.

I am happy to announce myself as a returned Spirit. I would say to Jane, Let reason have its way; I know it is hard to listen to a different belief than that which we have been educated to; but since I have been in Spirit-life, I have learnt different there. There is a life beyond, and Spirits do return and converse with their friends. Why, it seems to me that the very thought that we are surrounded by one's Angel-friends is enough to make every man and every woman lead a true, pure and good life. True, like attracts like. Some can't see this, and won't take the trouble to find out. The winding steps of that life beyond the grave I have found. It did not weigh heavily upon my mind to give up the earth-life; for when the messenger came, I said, Thou knowest thy work, do it; I thy servant will be pleased.

Now to Colin, my son: Don't grow weary in well-doing; banish all thoughts that cause you sorrow. Why borrow trouble? Let the small ray of light shine upon you, for light is ahead.

To Colin M.: Listen to your grand-pa, although you never have seen me; but Jane, your ma, has often spoken of me in

your presence; do, my dear grand-child. You are now of the right age to investigate all sides, and then form your opinion, and that which looks reasonable, accept. I am often with you all, and I can myself administer unto all your wants, and others too, without the exercise of labor.

I feel so much stronger and better every way, and rest assured I will come often and communicate with all of those I love so well. I will return from whence I came. Blessing to all. Good bye.

ESQUIRE McK.

HON GARRISON.

I AM Bob Garrison. My surname is Robert. I am an infidel, dyed in the wool; and, sir, I died an infidel; to convert me unto Orthodoxy was impossible; and I had a right to my belief, as Christians had to theirs; and I can say this, the devil missed me when he went on his round for infidels. I tell you I feel as though my tongue was loose at both ends. You, my friends, will have to choose your own pathway. From your own flower-garden you gather your flowers, and reap a blessing by doing right and living right. There are some that want the bitter woods of selfishness. Let them have them.

I want to say to John, belief is not going to save a person; but a person can save himself by living and doing right. But, my son, keep on the even tenor of your way. You can't take or bring anything here, only your soul.

I am well off over here in knowledge, and I can learn more, I want to learn more of this coming back.

Boys, investigate all sides, and be sure of truths. Good day. Love to all.

KANSAS, Bartholomew Co., Ind.

[From the New Bedford Signal.]

PEOPLE WILL TALK.

You may go through the world, but 'twill be very slow,
If you listen to all that's said as you go;
You'll be worried, and fretted, and kept in a stew,
For meddling tongues will have something to do,
For people will talk.

If quiet and modest, you'll have it presumed
That your humble position is only assumed;
You're a wolf in sheep's clothing, or else you're a fool,
But don't get excited, keep perfectly cool,
For people will talk.

If generous and noble, they'll vent out their spleen,
You'll hear loud hints that you're selfish and mean.
If upright and honest, and fair as the day,
They'll call you a rogue, in a sly, meaning way,
For people will talk.

And then, if you show the least boldness of heart,
Or a slight inclination to take your own part,
They will call you an upstart, conceited and vain;
But keep straight ahead, don't stop to explain,
For people will talk.

If thrifty and thrice your dress, or old-fashioned your hat,
Some one will surely take notice of that,
And hint rather strong you can't pay your way;
But don't get excited, whatever they say,
For people will talk.

If you dress in the fashion, don't think to escape,
For they criticize then in a different shape;
You're ahead of your friends, or your tailor's unpaid,
But mind your own business, there's naught to be made,
For people will talk.

Now the best way to do, is to do as you please;
For your mind, if you have one, will then be at ease;
Of course you will meet with all sorts of abuse,
But don't think to stop them, it ain't any use,
For people will talk.

ALL SORTS.

There never was found in any age of the world, either religion or law, that did so highly exalt the public good as the Bible.—*Bacon*.

"How dare you say 'damn' before me?" severely inquired a clergyman of a loafer. "How did I know that you wanted to say 'damn' first?" retorted the bad man.

At a California funeral the other day, the officiating clergyman had got along so far in his discourse as to say, "We shall miss his presence in his usual haunts," when the corpse rose and shouted, "And so will his sisters and his cousins and his aunts," and the funeral broke up in confusion.

The greater the difficulty, the more glory in surmounting it. Skillful pilots gain their reputation from storms and tempests.

The Oil City Derrick is looking for a woman who will do a thousand washings in a thousand quarter hours.

That was neat, the remark of a young man this morning. A friend accosted him: "John, I wish you would change this twenty-dollar bill for me." The blushing, but pleased fellow lifted his hat and replied, "My good boy, you flatter me, you flatter me!"

The lottery of honest labor, drawn by time, is the only one whose prizes are worth taking up and carrying home.—*Theodore Parker*.

A man mayn't have a cent in his pocket, or a place to rest his bald head; but if he can procure a couple of toothpicks and stand on the street corner talking weather, there's hardly any danger of the country going to the bow-wows.—*New York Express*.

The noblest thing in high art, girls, is to paint your brother's clay pipe a delicate sky-blue, with a cluster of hills-of-the-valley on the bowl. If you have'n't got a brother's clay pipe, some other girl's brother's clay pipe will do as well, or perhaps better.—*New Haven Register*.

The best way to represent to life the manifold uses of friendship is to cast and see how many things there are which a man cannot do for himself.

It is suggested that after all it might be better to disband the army and let Congressmen go out against the Indians and talk them to death.

Uprightness does not always prove goodness. There are upright pianos that are only fit for kindling wood.—*Cambridge Press*.

He who combats his own evil passions and desires, enters into the severest battle of life; and if he combats successfully, obtains the greatest victory.

They grow some rather tall women beyond the Mississippi. An occidental poet writes that he "kissed the clouds from her sweet, fair face." It seems almost incredible that he could, just by standing upon her face, kiss the clouds; but truth and poetry are inseparable, and we are bound to believe.

This is being passed around at West Springfield. A citizen went home from the caucus one night, and asked his wife, "Did you commit an error or do anything out of character before we were married?" "Why, no; what makes you ask such a question?" "Oh, I didn't think you had; but I was nominated for a town office tonight, and I knew if you had it would all be out tomorrow."

Be not a coward, who leaves the near duty, that

is as cruel to grasp as a nettle, and flee to gather the far-off duty, that will haunt in men's eyes like a sunflower.

In Norway a horse can help himself to water as he does to hay, from a trough kept full of it, and accordingly drinks like a human being at meals—a sip, then some hay, and so on. Broken-winded horses are almost unknown in Norway.

If there is a time in a young man's life when he feels green, it is when his best girl's mother steps into the parlor, just to "see if the gas isn't turned on too high, and finds it turned on altogether too low; a five-cent counter couldn't look any cheaper than he does, as he picks up his hat and glides out.

We are always clever with those who imagine we think as they do. To be shallow you must differ with people; to be profound you must agree with them.—*Rudner*.

God made two different languages for spirits;
In sounds articulate one flows through air,
'Mong men this bounded language is acquired,
It for our present exile wants suffices,
And following the inconstant fates of mortals
Changes with climates, or with time passes.
The other, sublime, eternal, universal, boundless,
Is the innate language of all intellect;
Not a dead sound diffused along the air:
It is a living language heard in bosoms,
Is heard, explained, and spoken with the soul.
This speech, when felt, doth touch, illumine, inflame,
Burns interpreters of what soul feels;
It has but sighs, deep warmth, ejaculations;
It is the heavenly language used by prayer,
And solely known on earth to tender love.—*Lamartine*.

A man coming out of a Texas newspaper office, with one eye gouged out, his nose spread all over his face, and one of his ears chewed off, replied to a policeman who interviewed him: "I didn't like an article that 'peared in the paper last week, an' I went in ter see the man who writ it, an' he wor there!"

It is very dangerous to make up your judgment concerning a young lady's weight by measuring her sighs.

"It iz the little bits ov things that fret and worry us," says Josh Billings; "we kan dodge a elephant, but we kan't a fly."

A certain Washington citizen called on a friend and asked him for the loan of a dollar. "My wife has left me," he said, "and I wish to advertise that I am not responsible for her debts."

Before marriage a man is generally greeted by his sweetheart with: "My darling, is it you?" But after marriage she generally rushes to the door and shouts, "Hugh Henry, wipe your boots."

A father said to an old acquaintance who came to condole with him on the unmanagableness of his two sons, who had committed a burglary in the next town, and had been sent to prison: "It is pretty rough on me to have them both go at once; but there is one thing to it—when it comes night now, you know where them boys be."

A few days since a party of men were together. One man, a joker, stepped up to a member of the party and holding a long hair before his eyes, said, "See here, old fellow, this looks suspicious. Where did this long hair come from?" "Why, that's from my wife's head!" "Are you sure of it?" "Sure of it? Of course I am. You don't suppose you would find any other woman's hair about me, do you?" "No, probably not; but I am sorry you are so sure it is your wife's hair, for I just picked it off the coat of this gentleman," pointing to a friend near by.

An hostler who was asked if a deceased friend of his, who had been a cabman, was kind to his horses, answered, "Kind! Was Billy kind to 'is 'osses? Vy, bless you, the doctors say he died of *hostilication* of the 'cart."

An old bachelor, who particularly hated literary women, asked an authoress if she could throw any light upon kissing. I could," said she, looking archly at him, "but I think it's better in the dark."

ABSORPTIVE POWER OF PLANTS.—Recent researches and experiments upon plants, both in this country and in Europe, would seem to prove that the functions of leaves, or the aerial parts of plants, have not been clearly understood by vegetable physiologists. M. Adolf Mayer, of Wiesbaden, has lately been making a series of experiments on plants, which were grown in such a manner that access of ammonia through the roots was prevented, while the leaves were subjected to the influence of this substance in either a gaseous or dissolved condition. He found that a variety of plants subjected to these conditions all had the power of absorbing carbonate of ammonia by their aerial parts, both in the gaseous and the dissolved state, and of employing it in the building up of their tissues. The plants, however, did not appear to thrive when all access of ammonia through the roots was prevented. The experiments did not indicate that plants belonging to the order Leguminosae have any special aptitude for absorbing ammonia through their aerial organs, nor for assimilating the combined nitrogen of the atmosphere.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

SELF-RELIANCE.—The success of individuals in life is greatly owing to their early learning to depend upon their own resources. Money, or the expectation of it by inheritance, has ruined more men than the want of it ever did. Teach young men to rely on their own efforts, to be frugal and industrious, and you have furnished them with a productive capital which no man can ever wrest from them.

WOOLLENS.—Why is woollen cloth advantageous? Because of the readiness with which it allows the perspiration to escape through its texture, its power of preserving warmth to the skin under all circumstances, the difficulty of making it wet through, the slowness with which it conducts heat, and the softness, lightness and pliancy of its texture.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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Emma C. Winchell; Helen Mayo; George Burns; John Samson; Charles Allen; Frank H. Faxon, of Quincy, Mass.; Little Helen; Mrs. Annie Wood; Allie Taylor; Mrs. Lenora J. Sullivan; Madison Hurd; Jonathan Walker; George W. Winslow; Frank; R. P. Colton; Emma J. Wallace; Hattie Damon.

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THROUGH "WEST INGLE."

Polly Bettis; Polly Winchell; Willie Adams; Ellen Buel; Caleb Hutchins.

"TUNIE" FUND.

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

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

Martha Preissler, Louisville, Ky.,	\$0.35
"A Friend to Humanity,"	1.00
Mrs. Hattie I. Woodard, Wheatland, Cal.,	0.35
Joseph Kinsey, Cincinnati, Ohio,	1.00

SPIRITUALISTS' CAMP-MEETING.

THE SPIRITUALISTS OF PHILADELPHIA will hold a CAMP-MEETING, commencing July 18, and continuing four successive weeks, at NESHAMINY FALLS GROVE, Willet's Station, eighteen miles from Philadelphia, and about seventy miles from New York.

Arrangements have been made with the Reading Railroad Company to stop all trains at Willet's Station, distant from the camp grounds about fifty yards, at the low fare of fifty cents for the round trip from Philadelphia; children over five years and under twelve at half rates. Also, special rates of fare have been agreed upon from all stations on the various railroads controlled by the Reading Railroad Company.

We hope to complete arrangements with all the railroads leading to Philadelphia at special rates, so that our friends and truth-seekers generally may be able to attend our meeting at a low rate of transportation.

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There is a large pavilion erected, sixty-four by forty feet; also, an ice-house full of ice, and other improvements already upon the grounds. Other additional improvements are being made, together with tents, so that sojourners shall be properly cared for, at a low rate of board.

Persons wanting tents must make immediate application to the Executive Committee, and persons who propose to furnish their own tents will please make known that fact to said Committee.

Speakers will occupy the rostrum daily, mornings, afternoons and evenings. Mediums for different phases of manifestations will be present, who will furnish evidence of Spirit-control.

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