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LITERARY.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

RESPONSE TO MY DEAR ANGEL-HUSBAND, R. P. COLTON,

[Received in the VOICE OF ANGELS, through the mediumship of Miss M. T. Shelhamer.]

EVER DEAR BROTHER DENSMORE,—No words in mortal language can half express my gratitude for the blessing those few lines bore to my fainting soul. God bless you and Sister Shelhamer for these countless cheers, not only to me, but to the world of humanity, from the Invisible Shores of Life! Long wave the VOICE OF ANGELS!

TO MY ANGEL-HUSBAND.

"UNDYING LOVE!"—Re-utterance of thy youthful vow!
How sweet to hear from the Immortal shore,
Where thy faithful Spirit knows just now
The breakers I am drifting o'er!

Oh, dark, dark days! Oh, dismal nights, when the hidden stars

I look for, glide beyond my longing gaze,
And my awailing ship, with broken spars,
Lies helpless on the wrathful seas!

Thou'rt watching me, and seeing the hand of wisdom guide,
Send forth thy cheer to still the wailing waves:
"To the golden shore thou'lt safely ride—
Omnipotence thy wrecked bark saves."

The silver lining glowing 'neath slow-breaking clouds
Sheds tender gleams to bless more lives than mine;
And the fog that my poor heart enshrouds
Now wastes before Life's light divine.

Oh, Blunnon! dearest lover of my wrung lonely soul!
Though countless loves might guide me on earth's way,
Thou wilt yet be mine while ages roll,
The same as on our wedding-day.

The very light that blinds me to thy kind, miseling heart
Hath taught me gratefully all love to prize;
And the tribute my poor thoughts impart
Shall link me closer to thy skies.

Oh, thou would'st give us hope for better prospects hence,
And sing with us of the near rising dawn;
How it charms us from all woes intense,
As towards thy home we journey on.

Thy sky-born home, bloom-set in the happy Summer-land,
Where angels bless thee with their constant love,
Thou hast left to write with thine own hand
Assurance of our friend above.

Oh, Life Eternal! Thou knowest all my thankful heart,
Which mortal words faint feebly would express.
For the joys this message doth impart,
So full of Love's warm tenderness.

Arise, bent souls! Rare sweets now mix with our bitter gloom;
We know God's mystic hand will well dispense;
And this Angel-voice from o'er the tomb
All earthly pains doth recompense.

My long-lost one! these trials, with their all-crushing weight,
This death-bound path, of earthly hopes so shorn,
Hold our anchored love on strands of fate—
Our un-spoiled bliss—re-union's morn!

And now I know thou'rt walking by my weak, fainting side,
To comfort me the twilight valley through,
Where such darkness and black clouds betide—
Wroth seas behind, bright heaven in view.

Undying Love!

TRYPHENA COLTON PARDEE.

ELLINGTON, N. Y., July 17, 1879.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

MESSAGE FROM ROBERT HARE TO DR. FAHNESTOCK.

[THROUGH DR. O., CONTINUED.]

QUESTION.—Is whatever is, right?

ANSWER.—Dear Doctor, you have a watch constructed. Its design is to mark with accuracy the degrees your earth has passed through in making a revolution around its own axis, divided into seconds, minutes and hours. Now, in proportion to its faithful agreement with this standard, it is said to be right. When it disagrees, it is said to be wrong. Suppose the sun to be at the meridian, and your watch to indicate nine o'clock, you would of necessity pronounce it wrong. Because according to the standard with which it is designed to agree, it should have indicated twelve.

Nor would this wrong in itself ever be righted; for however accurate it might subsequently become, a dependence upon it at noon deceived you, and for all practical purposes you might as well have carried in your pocket a potato. What is true of your watch, is equally true of man. In his creation he was designed as the exponent of Deity. Hence, he is said to have been created in the likeness of his Creator. Now, just in proportion to the accuracy of his

actions with the standard is he doing right, and when he fails, he is wrong. Nor can any series of wrong actions ever subsequently become right; because while they were being performed, man was misrepresenting instead of representing the character of Deity.

Suppose your watch kept time only on one day of the week, and on any other day it was wrong, and even the particular day was a matter of uncertainty; would it be of any practical utility?

From these comparative standards, you are requested to work out the problem of "What ever is, is right." ROBT HARE.

LANCASTER, PENN., Oct. 20, 1860.

SINGULAR that the minds of men should be more taken up with the things of earth than those which relate to their future condition. What anxiety pervades the nation in relation to the threatened secession of a few States! Every one is anxious, fearful. Yet the momentous question of their own progression is to the most a matter of no moment. Why is this? Is it because man's energies have been misdirected? He has been taught that "it was all of life to live"; and thus it will ever be until the glorious truths of Spirit-communion are fully embraced and recognized.

A word in relation to your all-absorbing question. The Spirits of the Revolutionary heroes declare the fact that the Union is yet safe. Not being a politician myself, I have no opinion to give. Good night.

ROBT HARE.

December 19th, 1860.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

HOW TO CURE A WHITE SWELLING ON THE KNEE.

CAUSE.

A WHITE SWELLING on the knee is generally the effect of two causes. The first is, the blood and system generally contains much effete or humorous matter, and the second is an injury of the membrane that covers the bone or joint. The membrane being thin and flexible, when

injured, it becomes slightly swollen, which prevents the free circulation of the blood and becomes a lodging-place for humors or effete matter, and that causes slight feverishness, and from the core exudes a thin, glutinous fluid that combines with the effete or humorous matter lodged there, producing what is called a white swelling. That glutinous fluid will not exude from the bone unless there is a little feverishness.

TREATMENT.

Bathe the swelling morning, noon and night, by pouring water from a tea-pot, as warm as can be comfortably borne, letting it fall a foot or two, till the tea-pot is empty. Then rub it down a minute or two. Then re-fill the tea-pot and turn it on as before. Then give it another rubbing, and turn on the warm water, and keep on rubbing and pouring on warm water until at least half a dozen tea-pots full of water have been used. That will reduce the fever, soften the skin and swelling, and carry the effete matter down below the knee. Then apply a poultice of salt and soft-soap. The soap will soften and the salt will scatter and cool. A dozen thicknesses of cloth folded so as to just cover the swelling should be placed on it, so that the bandage will press that sort of a bolster as tight against the swelling as it can comfortably be borne. This tight bandaging tends to prevent an increase of the swelling, and assists in dislodging the effete matter that produced it.

Make a sore on the back of the leg just above the ankle-joint, say as large as the top of a large tea-cup. That can be done with blistering-plaster, or by applying cloths wet with lie as warm as can be comfortably borne, covered with flannel to retain the warmth, and re-wet every ten or fifteen minutes, say till an irritation is produced sufficient to make a sore, which may take from one to three hours. Then sweat the irritated spot with green leaves that have been warmed and pressed in the hand till they become quite moist, and a sore can be made in that way that will discharge the effete matter as it is carried down from the knee. If this sore refuses to heal, after the white swelling is removed, apply a little dry sulphur, letting it remain on the sore about ten minutes, and then rinse it off with warm water, or apply a small stream of cold water as long as can be borne, without using the sulphur. Either of the above methods will cause what is called a "dead sore," to heal. It should be repeated twice or three times in twenty-four hours. The sulphur is an alterative and a stimulant, and cold water is a stimulant, and when it falls in a small stream upon a local spot, it drives the blood from that spot while it is falling, and when the falling ceases, the blood rushes there with increased force, which is called the "reaction."

By following the above directions, a white swelling on the knee can be cured without resorting to amputation, if the treatment is resorted to in the first stages, before the swelling becomes hard and solid. Those of long standing, that cannot be made to yield to any softening or scattering application, cannot be cured.

As the above is the only method that has been discovered and made known to cure a

white swelling in its first stages, without amputation, patients will do well to preserve this.

JACOB A. SPEAR.

THE MEDICINAL PROPERTIES OF ONIONS.

If one is Spartan enough to eat from twenty to thirty onions a day, for five or six months, it will surely effect a cure for catarrh, but as the medical properties of the onion lie principally in the juice or oil, and as one table-spoonful of this extract is equal to a dozen or more of the whole onions, the advantage of procuring the juice will readily be seen. This can be done by crushing and pressing them. Most any ingenious person can rig up some kind of a press that will answer. (I used an old cider press for the purpose, which is excellent.) The manner of using this extract, in treating for catarrh, is to take a large-mouthed bottle, fill it about full, then place it to the nostrils, putting the nose as far into the bottle as possible. Repeat this treatment, the oftener the better. In addition to this take a dose of a tablespoonful twice or three times a day; a week's treatment will convince the most skeptical of its curative properties. Taken internally it purifies the blood, driving out all poisonous and unsecreted matter, allaying inflammations, and invigorating the system to a degree that is wonderful. While the patient is undergoing this treatment, it is almost impossible to catch cold. In all diseases originating from a want of secretion, I think I am safe in saying the extract of onion is an absolute and infallible remedy.—*Health and Home.*

RECUPERATING THE BRAIN.

THE best possible thing for a man to do when he feels too weak to carry anything through, is to go to bed and sleep as long as he can. This is the only recuperation of the brain power, the only actual recuperation of brain force; because during sleep the brain is in a state of rest—in a condition to receive appropriate particles of nutriment from the blood, which take the place of those which have been consumed by previous labor, since the very act of thinking burns up solid particles, as every turn of the wheel or screw of the steamer is the result of consumption by fire of the fuel in the furnace. The supply of consumed brain substance can only be had from nutritive particles of the blood, which were obtained from the food eaten previously, and the brain is so constituted that it can best receive and appropriate to itself those nutritive particles during the state of rest, of quiet and stillness of sleep. Mere stimulants supply nothing in themselves; they gorge the brain, and force it to a greater consumption of its substance, until it is so exhausted that there is not power enough left to receive a supply.—*Manufacturer and Builder.*

WE MUST HAVE SLEEP.—I would keep "better hours," if I were a boy again; that is, I would go to bed earlier than most boys do. Nothing gives more mental and bodily vigor than sound rest, when properly applied. Sleep is our great replenisher, and if we neglect to

take it regularly in childhood, all the worse for us when we grow up. If we sit up late, we decay; and sooner or later we contract a disease called insomnia, allowing it to be permanently fixed upon us, and then we begin to decay, even in youth. Late hours are shadows from the grave.—*J. T. Fields.*

[Selected by M. T. S.]

THE LITTLE HALF-WORN SHOE.

BY WILLIAM AITKEN.

THERE is a sacred, secret place,
Baptized by tears and sighs,
Where little half-worn shoes are kept
From cold, unfeeling eyes.

They have no mourning save to her
Whose darling's foot have strayed
Far from the sacred fold of love,
Where late in joy they played.

The impress of a little foot,
How can it be so dear?
How can a little half-worn shoe
Call forth a sigh or tear?

'Tis more than dear—'tis eloquent
Of grace and beauty fled;
It wakes the sound of little feet—
Sweet sound, forever fled.

It whispers to the mother's ear
A tale of fondest love;
It tells her that the little feet
Now tread the fields above.

Oft has she bathed it with her tears,
Oft kissed it o'er and o'er;
If it were filled with costly gems
She could not love it more.

OBITUARY.

PASSED to Spirit-life at DeRuyter, Madison County, N. Y., July 21st, in the fifty-third year of her earth-life, GERTRUDE E., wife of JULIUS HILL. She was a firm believer in the Spiritual Philosophy, and enjoyed the communion of her Spirit-friends. She had been a sufferer from consumption for nearly two years, and most of the time confined to a sick couch. She was extremely patient, and as we conversed with her often she seemed ready to go and join that band of friends which was waiting to add one more to their number. She used to say that she was going to join her friends, of whom she had more over there than she should leave here, and truer than earthly friends could be.

She passed at seven o'clock, A. M., very quietly, without a struggle, like a person going to sleep.

She was a woman of many good qualities, and while we have consigned the material form to mother earth, we feel that the Spiritual is still with us.

The funeral took place on the 23d ult.

Warren Woolson, of North Bay, Oneida Co., addressed a large and appreciative audience on the occasion.

Friend Denamore, as we have long been readers of your paper, we would be pleased to have you insert the above, and shall ever feel very thankful. Yours, truly,

JULIUS HILL.

P. S.—May it be our good fortune to hear from her soon through your excellent paper, or some other way, as the good Spirits may direct.

J. H.

WEIRD WONDERS.

EXPERIENCE OF POWERS, THE SCULPTOR,
WITH SPIRITUAL VISITANTS.

Dr. Bellows contributes to *Appleton's Journal* a paper entitled "Sittings with Powers, the Sculptor." In course of a conversation Mr. Powers relates the following spiritualistic experiences:

These spiritualistic phenomena have always interested me, although I have never been in the least carried away by them. I recollect we had many "seances" at my house and others, when Home was here. I certainly saw, under circumstances where fraud or collusion, or prearrangement of machinery, was impossible, in my own house and among friends incapable of lending themselves to imposture, many very curious things. That

HAND FLOATING IN THE AIR,

of which all the world has heard, I have seen. There was nothing but moonlight in the room, it is true, and there is every presumption against such phenomena under such circumstances. But what you see, you see, and must believe, however difficult to account for it. I recollect that Mr. Home sat on my right hand, and, beside him, there were six others round one half of a circular table, the empty half toward the window and the moonlight.

IT USES A FAN.

All our fourteen hands were on the table, when a hand, delicate and shadowy, yet defined, appeared, dancing slowly just the other side of the table, and gradually creeping up higher, until, above what would have been the elbow, it terminated in a mist. This hand slowly came nearer to Mrs. —, at the right side of the table, and seemed to pat her face. "Could it take a fan?" cried her husband. Three raps responded "yes," and the lady put a fan near it, which it seemed trying to take. "Give it the handle," said the husband. The wife obeyed, and it commenced slowly fanning her with much grace. "Could it fan the rest of the company?" some one exclaimed, when three raps signified assent, and the hand, passing round, fanned each of the company, and then slowly was lost to view.

A CHILD-GHOST'S HAND.

I felt, on another occasion, a little hand—it was pronounced that of a lost child—patting my cheek and arm. I took hold of it. It was warm, and evidently a child's hand. I did not loosen my hold, but it seemed to melt out of my clutch. Many other similar experiences I have had. It is interesting to know that the effect is not to create supernatural terrors or morbid feelings. My children, who knew all about it, and were present, never showed any signs of trepidation, such as ghost stories excite in sensitive and young brains.

THEORY ABOUT A SPIRITUAL BODY.

I have always thought that there was something yet inexplicable about the nervous organization, which might eventually show us to be living much nearer to spiritual forms than most believe, and that a not impossible opening of our inner senses might even here enable us

to perceive these forms. When we see a man in his flesh and blood, we see his outward robes. If his nervous system alone were delicately separated out from his body, it would have the precise form of his body, for the nerves fill not only each tissue of the body, but extend even to the enamel of the teeth and the fibres of the hair. There is no part of the human frame that is not full of these invisible ramifications. Show us a man's nervous system, and filmy as it might be in parts, his form would be perfectly retained, even to his eyes. Now this is one great step toward his spiritual body. A little further refinement might bring us to what is beneath the nervous system, the spiritual body, and it might still have the precise form of the man. I believe it possible for this body to appear, and, under certain states, to be seen. I do not often mention a waking vision I enjoyed more than twenty years ago, but I will tell it to you. It happened five-and-twenty years ago.

A REMARKABLE WAKING VISION.

I had retired at the usual hour, and, as I blew out the candle and got into bed, I looked upon our infant child, sleeping calmly on the other side of its mother, who also was sound asleep. As I lay broad awake, thinking on many things, I became suddenly conscious of a strong light in the room, and thought I must have forgotten to blow out the candle. I looked at the candle, but the candle was out. Still, the light increased, and I began to fear something was on fire in the room, and I looked over toward my wife's side to see if it were so. There was no sign of fire, but, as I cast my eye upward, and as it were to the back of the bed, I saw a green hillside, on which two bright figures, a young man and a young woman, their arms across each other's shoulders, were standing and looking down, with countenances full of love and grace, upon our sleeping infant.

A LOOK INTO THE SPIRIT LAND.

A glorious brightness seemed to clothe them and to shine in upon the room. Thinking it possible that I was dreaming, and merely fancying myself awake, (for the vision vanished in about the time I have been telling you the story and left me wondering,) I felt my pulse to see whether I had any fever. My pulse was as calm as a clock. I never was broader awake in my life, and I said to myself, "Thank God, what I have been longing for years to enjoy has at length been granted me, a direct look into the Spirit-land!" I was so moved by the reflections excited by this experience, that I could not restrain myself from awakening my wife and telling her what had happened. She instantly folded her child to her bosom, weeping, and said: "And is our darling, then, so soon to be taken from us?" I pacified her by telling her that there was no evil omen in the vision I had seen; that the countenances of the heavenly visitants expressed only peace and joy, and that there was nothing to dread of harm to our child. And so we found it. I have longed much since to have any similar experience, but I never had it.

POWERS A SPIRITUALIST.

Mr. Powers being asked whether he really

believed in the pretensions of modern Spiritualists, said: "I do not believe in the revelations of Spirits, as made known through Mediums or otherwise, for most corrupt and unworthy communications are often made; and, with many Mediums, there is a great deal of trickery, while there are some so-called Mediums who are nothing else than charlatans. But I do believe in the fact of Spiritual manifestations, animal magnetism, and the moving of solid bodies, by means yet unexplained by purely scientific men. I believe we are now at the threshold of a new era of discoveries, very unlike the past."

[From the Olive Branch.]

CONVICTIONS CONCERNING THE COM-
ING TIME.

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE CONVENTION OF SPIRITUALISTS AND FREE THINKERS, AT WEST WINFIELD, N. Y., MAY 24, 1879, BY MRS. M. W. MOORE, M. D., NEW BERLIN, N. Y.

[CONCLUDED.]

How have injustice and want and suffering stalked up and down the earth! "And the tenderest hearts have been the saddest hearts." How, as organic matter refined and ignorance prevailed, have we grown "weaker and wiser," as it is said, weaker surely and more sensitive to suffering, so that the refining of spirit has kept pace with the refining of matter. Surely there is method in suffering, and it hath the refiner's touch, else why this furnace of affliction? And if we have eyes to see, and hearts to feel, we may well ask, "How long, O Lord, how long," and yet more earnestly inquire what our practical work may be in the matter.

Shall we be passively waiting to be brought into the kingdom on the gradual ebb and flow tide of existence? Have we not long enough been beaten and buffeted by the winds and waves, and bruised and weary, is not the hardness gone out of our hearts enough that we may stand upon our feet and quit us like children of the New Dispensation? It is already at our doors. The surges are beating the golden sands. It has been the far away land and the far away friends. It is the near land and the near friends. It is possible to enter at once into their companionship and into the possession of our heritage. Spiritualism is proven—Spirit-existence, Spirit-communion and Spirit-power are realities. We are asked to prove it to the world. Let us live it to the world. Alas, the poor world is busy with shadows, and blind to realities. Could they but see the real world, "which lies around them like a cloud," and all unconsciously to their outer senses leadeth them where it listeth. Owing to the refinement and sensitiveness of our organic bodies and surroundings, the whole people are becoming a band of Mediums, acting and being acted upon by others, both in the body and out of it. Especially amongst invalids is this painfully apparent, and it is almost a world of invalids hastening on to the close of the dispensation. How shall we live it to the world? It is the old story, with a new face, "judge not." How should one judge not knowing the case or the cause? "Resist not evil." Now, if ever, with the new

day breaking over us, should we begin to understand the meaning of these words. Resistance has been the watchword of the passing dispensation, and it is grinding it to powder. What disposition is to be made of the giant evils which abound? What of religious bigotry, intolerance and persecution? What of the tyrant fashion—custom, which enters every department of earth-life? What of the great social evils and wrongs? And what of the terrible unjust and unmerciful money power, which perhaps more than any other is grinding out the winepress of human woe and misery and helping to make redemption possible? How can men devote their whole energies in this direction? How can they, when millions are crying for bread and for work, heap up their accursed millions, which shall burn their souls like unquenchable fire? Suppose we had a little world which we could suspend with our hand, and it was peopled with little creatures, and there was a sufficiency of food and clothing and comfort for all, and a few should appropriate it, could they, do you think, establish their claim, and what would you say to them? Just what is being said now, in thunder tones, "Let there be equality!" Are we to help resist and tear down these giant wrongs? Nay; rather let us "stand from under," for they *are falling!* Thanks to the powers that be, we have no judging or tearing down to do. Let us help with our might, *m-i-g-h-t*—might to give love which is light, and truth which is knowledge, to the struggling millions.

We are accused of dealing in dreams and shadows. What are these towering institutions which oppress and appall men? To the spiritually minded, they are the shadows grim and tall, they are ropes of sand, which may be walked through, and walked out of. What do we need of this earth? Simply its air to breathe, its water to drink, food and clothing, warmth and shelter; and the more simple and fitting these the better. Surely, under proper direction, there is tact and ability enough amongst us to evolve these from the wreck of systems and the crash of institutions. It needs only co-operation to do it. The moving of a hand in the right direction would arrange the scattered molecules in harmonic relations. It is already being done theoretically and practically. I know more than a score of people, as undoubtedly each one of you do, who are ripened for the kingdom, caring only for the necessities of this life, ready to renounce its pomp and vanities and enter at once into realities. The conditions only are wanting, and these will surely be indicated by the iron finger of circumstance—the law which brings the adaptation of means to ends. These people are poor, in this world's values, but rich in real substance. What to such are the attractions of title-deeds to great possessions, costly equipage and gay attire? What the praise or the censure of the little or the great?

They have quit-claims to the beauties of earth, and through opening vistas into beauties beyond. They have the clothing of a meek and quiet spirit, and the companionship of the blessed. Love, the dearest and the best boon to

mortals given, is all about them. There are no dead. The cherished friend, the brother, sister, father, mother, the darling children lost to earth, are with them, full of love, appreciation and understanding of their conditions to cheer, to help, to bless; and that other love, which is so much nearer and dearer, and tenderer than all these, is not wanting from those who went before. What to these are the glamour of learning and the pretence of worship? They have access to the fullness of knowledge since the foundations of the earth. They have within them, springing up, fountains of divinest reverence, for every kindly deed and earnest endeavor, adoration and homage to those intelligences of love and wisdom who bend downward with their ineffable brightness and glory, and bear upward the holiest worship of human hearts to the Great Spirit, the Father, who is all in all and over all, blessed forever.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

CINCINNATI, July 28, 1879.

MR. D. C. DENSMORE:—*Dear Sir.*—I received a copy of your paper, containing a message from Leonora J. Sullivan, through M. T. Shelhamer, which I acknowledge to be correct in every respect. She lived and died a Spiritualist, and left evidences to her many friends that her faith was well founded. I hope that she may be able to write many messages for your paper.

Enclosed please find two dollars, for which send your paper, as I feel like encouraging you in the good work.

Direct to Covington, Ky.

Yours, truly,

M. V. SULLIVAN.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

SPIRIT ECHOES.

NUMBER NINE.

BY SPIRIT VIOLET.

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELHAMER.

A PIC-NIC in the Summer-Land! I remember when the idea of such a thing filled me with surprise. Now, it has become familiar enough to me; for I have since that time attended and participated in many such pleasant gatherings of friends and kindred, upon the banks of some beautiful stream, or in the depths of some fragrant wood.

Not long since, dear sweet Spirit May came to me in my boudoir, her beautiful face all aglow with anticipation, and said, "Darling, we are talking of having a picnic now, right off. Ever so many of us are going, and we want you. We are going to the most beautiful spot you ever saw—'Fairy Isle,' we call it. You will be enchanted with it. Do come, now, right away."

Nothing loth, I started up to accompany my fair companion; for I knew that a Spirit pic-nic is but a synonym for all that is pleasant, beautiful and good.

Soon, a large company of friendly, congenial souls gathered upon the white shores of a magnificent stream of water, which swept majestically along, through wood and valley, between undulating hills of brilliant green, whose velvety crests were reflected back from its azure depths.

Here we embarked in tiny shallops and floats, which the balmy, flower-scented breeze of morning soon bore to the banks of "Fairy Isle."

I set out to describe this island to you, as a specimen of the beautiful landscape and water scenery that adorn the realms of Spirit-life; but I falter before the task; for mortal language is inadequate to paint the glowing tints and colors, the matchless shapes that make up the perfect harmony of a Spirit-scene in the Celestial Spheres.

When I tell you that "Fairy Isle" rests like a brilliant gem in its setting of sparkling, shimmering water, each rolling wave of which is capped with a crest of snowy foam, and which is so clear that we can peer down, down into the beautiful blue depths and descry the crystal whiteness of its sandy floor—when I tell you that this brilliant gem glows like a living picture, as the rosy light streams down upon its emerald groves and mossy, flower-starred banks, lighting up the whole with a beauty indescribable—when I say, never did blossoms bloom more fair, birds sing more sweetly, breezes blow more gently, or waters flow more tinklingly sweet than upon this Spirit-Island—I can still repeat; "The half was never told."

Yet so it is. A beautiful island, yes, countless many like this, exist in the Soul-World, where Spirits gather to gain strength, magnetism, and sympathetic encouragement, from the fresh, fair scenery, and from each other.

In the centre of this particular island, a tiny lake of crystal water, the surface of which is nearly covered with creamy, star-eyed lilies, resting upon their great, green, cushion-like leaves, gives added light and beauty to the scene.

Across the stream that bore us hither, a lofty mountain pile arises, the whole mighty boulder presenting the appearance of a mass of golden, richly wrought metal, as the rays of the brilliant sun stream down upon it.

Life, animation, beauty, these are the glories spread out before us, whispering to the thinking mind of an Infinite Master Soul, Designer and Creator of all this won-

derful display of grandeur and harmony. Hark, what sounds of celestial sweetness rise upon the balmy breeze! It is one united song of praise, rising simultaneously from the souls of this pic-nic party—a song of appreciation and gratitude to Him who "Holdeth the winds in the hollow of His hand," and whose wondrous works speak His name in unmistakable tones of praise.

There, every soul recognizes and pays loving tribute to the tender Father, whose love rests over all, whose life permeates all things.

And now, you would know how we pass our time at a Spirit pic-nic? Very much as you do on earth. We sing songs, or listen to the strains of celestial melody evoked by a skilful soul from the musical instruments. We converse in loving sympathy of our experiences, aspirations and hopes. We listen to words of counsel, wisdom and instruction, uttered by the inspired and the wise. We commune in silent sympathy through the beautiful works of Nature with God, whose presence is felt through the gentle breeze or the scented flower. In fine, we absorb from our surroundings, and the company of each other, so much vigor, happiness, and even beauty, that we return to our homes or our duties refreshed, encouraged, and ready to press onward towards that goal for which each one strives—Perfection.

I know dear ones on earth, who cannot realize anything so material after death as shady groves and lofty mountains, who cannot comprehend houses and temples for the Spirit's use, who do not realize that souls ever need to draw strength and encouragement from any source, and who do not understand why they who were pure in heart on earth do not reach the heights of perfectibility in heaven without further striving; and yet it is all true, and we rejoice that it is; for every effort made, every obstacle surmounted, brings an exquisite sense of "well done" to the Spirit, that would otherwise be missed.

To us it seems that everything in life—every act, every purpose, every struggle and endeavor, every defeat, every victory—has been divinely planned, to bring through experience undying strength and peace to the soul.

CORROBORATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE

SANTA BARBARA, Cal., July 14, 1879.

Editor Voice of Angels:

My attention has been called to a communication in your paper, through M. T. Shelhamer, from Job Taylor and Bill Young, of Taylorsville, Cal. I know both the men well, and also the parties

they mentioned in their messages. The communications are characteristic of the men. Mr. Taylor was a marked man—clear-sighted and honest in all his dealings. The messages lead me to conclude that death makes no hasty changes in mortals.

JAMES A. BLOOD.

INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

A POEM.

[Given at Crown Point, Indiana, June 8th, 1877.]

BY JULIA A. HUGHES, IRVING PARK, ILL.

THE mansion that bore the old ancestral name
Has sold its birthright, and strangers now cluster around
The family board, which was once graced by a fair a dame
As ever presided at the courtly banquet of foreign renown;
But the roof-trees are the same as of yore,
Branching and sheltering the pleasant south-door;
The orchard too is arrayed in pink and white bloom,
Scattering its leaves and lading the air with rich perfume.

And just below, upon the sloping eastern hillside,
Where the marble and granite, with its dark evergreen
shade,
Catches the first beams of sunlight, like the waves of the tide,
As it moves onward, flooding with rare beauty the orchard
glade—
Those marble and granite headstones mark where the forms
were laid
Of the old and the young, which beneath those roof-trees
played.
But careless feet tread the almost hidden pathway now,
Where love often led the mother and courtly dame to bow.

And the meadows are no longer dotted o'er with sheep,
And the crib and barn are going to ruin and decay,
And the house lacks the hospitable spirit, which makes me
weep,
As I look back to the past and see it in its earlier day.
But the well, with its clear crystal waters, cool and bright,
Welcomes me, as it sparkles like a rare gem in the sunlight;
As I look around, I see no change, but the impress is in me
still,
Although nearly obliterated, it bears the mark of an indom-
itable will.

CADENCE OR SYMPHONY.

The wind sighs a requiem as it plays around
The eaves of the house, sometimes like a lullaby sound;
At times it rises shrieking, then sinks to a low moan,
Until the house seems like a living person to manhood grown.
The sun rises, bathing it in mellow light, like childhood's
dawn;
It sets, casting its golden glory upon memories scattered
along
The pathway of those who were sheltered beneath its broad
roof,
Proving the way to success is gained by harmony, love and
truth;
Showing the wisdom of that father, who that bundle of sticks
together bound,
As he taught his children that unity was strength, girdling
them around;
That each separate stick could easily be broken, thus weaken-
ing the whole,
Proving the universal motto, "United we stand, divided we
fall."
Although no poet, I claim the sentiment all the same;
Blending in harmony with this for a purpose, I am
AUNT JANE.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

TO THE ANGELS.

BY M. THERESA SHELHAMER.

My soul leaps up to your heavenly heights,
To meet you on the soil where Spirits thrive, oh, friends,
Whose thought is quickened, energies alive,
And sympathy with action sweetly blends.
I welcome you with gladness to the haunts
Where all the sweetness of my being dwells.
Where all its harmony in rapture swells,
And only Angel-vision sees its wants.
I do not bow my knee in lowly prayer,
But all my spirit is a shrine of praise
To you and to the author of our days,
For life and love and liberty and care.
Be with me, oh, ye gentle Angel-band,
Till I shall join you in the Heavenly Land!

[For the Voice of Angels.]

STANZAS.

BY ESTHER VATER BRIDGE.

[THE following was received next morning after sitting in a Circle with a Medium who was controlled by a Spirit that, when in the physical form, had a terrible fear of death.]

DEATH is no grim and vengeful gnome
That steals our breath and gives us woe;
Death is the friend who guides us home
From prisons, where we've pined below.

Omniscient Spirit, hear our prayer,
And free thy suffering children here
From shrinking dread and dark despair,
And every shade of doubt and fear.

Dispel, oh, Father, every cloud
That ignorance and wrong combine
To overspread, benight, enshroud
Heirs of thy light and love divine.

To thee we look for light and love,
And wisdom to discern thy will;
Send Angels bright from realms above,
With love from Thee, our hearts to fill.

Oh, give them charge to help us higher
Upon the plane of progress wide,
And every soul with hope inspire
Of life, sweet life, beyond death's tide.

DENVER, Colorado.

A FRAGMENT.

Oft come to me gleams
Of golden beams
That steal from the homeland o'er,
To light my way,
As day by day
I near the Evergreen Shore.

E. T. D.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE.

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

DEAR BROTHER DENSMORE,—The communication from Madison Hurd to Luseba Hurd, through M. T. Shelhamer, is correct in every sense. I have had an interview with him since. He wanted me to send for a number of the papers that had the message in, for distribution. I think it will be the means of awakening a desire to investigate, as it is the first message ever received in Willoughby.

I send you one dollar, to do as you please with. LUSEBA HURD,
Willoughby, Ohio.

ANOTHER VERIFICATION.

HYDE PARK, July 22, 1879.

DEAR BRO. DENSMORE,—In the VOICE OF ANGELS for July 15th I find another message for me, through the God-blessed lady, Miss M. T. Shelhamer, from my husband Charles; and it is just like him in every particular; and I thought I could do no less than proclaim it publicly, for the benefit not only of the Medium thro' whom it came, but also for the cause you are serving so well. May God and his angels bless you, is the prayer of your friend. MRS. CLARA V. ALLEN.

THE man who never alters his opinion is like standing water, and breeds reptiles of the mind.

If you would know, and not be known, live in a city.—Colton.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION:

FAIR VIEW HOUSE, NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS.

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

" D. K. MINER Business Manager

D. C. DENSMORE, amanuensis and Publisher.

NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS., AUG. 15, 1879.

EDITORIAL.

TUNIE.

MY DEAR FATHER,—I come at this time, partly to congratulate you upon your recovery from the dangerous and almost fatal illness you have just passed through, and partly to ask you to grant me another favor. First, then, on account of the good being done through you, your nearest and dearest relations and friends on our side of life feared at one time that the awful malady that so suddenly and unexpectedly attacked you would end your earthly career, excepting grandfather D., who said, when you were in the greatest apparent danger, "His earthly labor is not done; he has many years yet to work for the cause he is so interested in, and he knows it." This somewhat relieved our anxieties, but not wholly so; for grandmother, with all her wonted faith in an overruling Providence doing all things well, could not divest her anxious mind of the fear that you would soon be with us, until you had nearly recovered from the sudden and dangerous onslaught. But thanks to a constitution naturally strong and vigorous, you are once more yourself again, and we all tender you our most sincere and happy congratulations upon the happy conclusion of what at one time threatened to be fatal.

[After speaking the above, seeing she hesitated, and thinking by the working of the facial muscles of her sweet countenance that something connected with the "favor" she intended to ask was the cause, I said jocosely, "Well, my darling, what is the character of the favor you was going to ask? Out with it, my pet; for you know time is precious with me now, after a fortnight's vacation on a bed of sickness."]

Well, she said, (her face lighting up with an earnestness no words can portray,) you know that long, long ago, when asking you to be as careful in sending off papers to the poor as to the more opulent, you said, "Well, Tute, I am going to ask a favor of you now: I wish you would take it upon yourself and see to it that justice is done to those on the free-list, and relieve me of so much responsibility. What say you? Do you accept?" Do you remember this conversation, father?

[I assured her that I did, and what was

more, I intended to hold her to the bargain now; and if there was or might be any blunders in that direction, it would be no fault of mine.]

After assuring me there had been no omissions on my part thus far, she said: You know, father, that the poor are more sensitive in asking favors than the rich, and the poorer they are, the more they are so. Now, what I want is, that you will put a notice in our paper, in some conspicuous place, where it will catch the eyes of all, to the effect that there is a small fund left in the publishing house of the VOICE OF ANGELS, credited to the free-list, and it is the desire of those in whose keeping it is, that those unable to pay for the VOICE, and who would like to become familiar with its contents, should send in their names and address, with just the same freedom they would draw money from a bank where there was a balance in their favor.

After writing the above, she again relapsed into silence. Thinking she might be waiting for some remark from me, in relation to it, I said, "Don't you think, Tute, you are overshooting the mark in your generosity? Are you not afraid that some one will take advantage of it?" In answer to which she said, "No, father; for the poor as a rule are too honest to even think of such a dastardly act, much less to do it. Such disloyalty to truth belongs to another class. There may be, it is true, and no doubt are, a few among the indigent poor who would take advantage of our good will; but they are few compared with the many. Then, again, supposing a dozen, more or less, out of a hundred, do impose upon us, and call it smart, what is that compared to the ninety who are benefited. Hence, we can richly afford a little imposition, when our efforts are resulting in so much good generally. Why, only think of it, father, if one can be assured that he has been the direct means of making even one poor soul happy, relieved one anxious mother, struggling with a large family in sickness and poverty, of harrowing doubts and fears as to her present and future welfare, what a source of ineffable pleasure and satisfaction it must be! And even if we don't do as much good as we would like to, the reflection that all our thoughts run in that direction makes us feel that our efforts are appreciated by Highest Wisdom, just the same."

After the above was written, she remained silent a short time, when she made the inquiry, What do you say, father, in regard to my request?

After assuring her I would not forget it—the only thing she apprehended—she ceased speaking for the time being, but seemed engaged in deep thought. After waiting a few moments, her countenance brightened, as if some pleasing thought or reminiscence occupied her mind, when she said: I was just thinking, father, of a beautiful incident that I witnessed about two years ago, in connection with our work; and before I proceed further, for fear I shall forget it, I will relate it now: In a Western State, in a neighborhood of poor farmers, all with large families, one of the farmer's wives happened to get a copy of our paper. After reading it, she liked it so well she sent it to all her neighbors for their perusal, who were as well pleased with it as she was, and every one of them would have subscribed for it then, but for their extreme poverty. How could they raise the means to get it? There was the difficulty. Finally, after talking it over for a week or so, seven of them determined to club together and raise the necessary means to get a copy for one year. I will not weary you by detailing how they proceeded to get it, nor the subterfuges they resorted to, to make their humble enterprise a success. Suffice it to say, that at the end of three weeks, they got together enough and ten cents over. It was understood at the beginning that each should contribute all they could, and that all should have an equal interest in it. They did so. Two, being very poor, only put in seventeen cents—one seven, the other ten. In due time, the paper came, but instead of one they got three. I'll tell you how it came about: When you were about putting the paper in a wrapper, Jennie Sprague said, "Let us see if we can't influence your father to send more than one, without his knowing it; for now he can neither see nor hear us talk." We made the attempt and succeeded. So that was the way they got three papers. If you could witness the anxiety of some of the poor ones of earth to obtain spiritual food, as we can, you would not wonder that we take so much pains to help them to it.

In order to understand what follows, it is necessary to digress a little. At the time Tunie came into my office, I was cogitating in my mind what answer I ought to make to some questions contained in a letter I had just received, in which the writer asked, "What confidence ought to be placed in communications coming through what are called good, reliable Mediums?" and then, lamenting in piteous tones, "the sad state mankind were in.

mentally, morally, and spiritually," expressing serious doubts lest "our glorious Philosophy," as he called Spiritualism, "could not withstand the terrible missiles hurled against it by its enemies, superstition and ignorance," and that "the old ship of Zion, deeply laden with Spiritual truths, would founder in the ocean of discontent, lashed into fury by the contending elements."

Perceiving intuitively what was going on in my mind—for I had not mentioned the letter or its contents—she said, Let me answer the questions that trouble you, father. Gladly giving my consent, she spoke as follows: First, then, as to "how much confidence ought to be placed in communications coming through what are called good, reliable Mediums," when it is taken into account that what are called such may be and often are imposed upon by artful, designing, selfish Spirits—for it must not be lost sight of that entering the Spirit-World does not change a person's general characteristics a single iota—it is extremely difficult to determine whether what comes is true or false, unless a person is clairvoyant, or the communicating Spirit gives undoubted proofs of its identity. Unless either or both of the above conditions obtain, there is no absolute reliance to be placed on what is given. In such case, one must depend entirely upon his or her own judgment. Because a Spirit says so and so, amounts to nothing, as before stated, unless it gives proofs of its identity.

I could cite hundreds of cases in my own experience in proof of this. I will refer to one among the many of like import. A good Medium, so called, in the city of Philadelphia, sent quite a lengthy message to my father, among other things making me say that the VOICE OF ANGELS would soon be removed to the City of Brotherly Love, when in fact I knew nothing about it; for at the time the communication was given, I with others was with father, who was suffering with pneumonia, trying to remove the difficulty. The moment father saw it, he said, "That's a fraud. Tute never wrote that." But, instead of its going into the waste-basket, as he intended it should, by mistake it unfortunately got into the paper. Hence, as I have stated, our questioner, if he is wise, will be extremely careful how he gives credence to what a Spirit says, simply because it is from a Spirit. If he is sure it comes from a person who, when in the form, was honorable and truthful in his dealings, he can put just as much confidence in what he says as a Spirit, as he

would before he entered the Spirit-world, and not a whit more.

Second, as to our friend's lamentations at the "bad state of mankind, mentally, morally and spiritually," and his fears for the "old ship of Zion," etc., I can only express my surprise that there could be found, in this enlightened age, one to entertain the idea for a moment, that our Heavenly Father, with all his love and wisdom, the acknowledged Author, Architect, Builder and Finisher of all things in heaven and earth, cannot take care of himself, or control and manage the works of his own hand, much less, allow the "old ship of Zion," loaded with precious freight, commanded by himself, officered and manned by angels and archangels, to sink forever out of sight in the sea of discontent, engulfing himself and angel-crew beneath its turbulent waters! The thought to a reflective mind must be unreasonable and highly preposterous. Why, father, the admission of such a thought is equivalent to saying that darkness can extinguish light, error and superstition override truth, purity and goodness succumb to impurity and wickedness; finally causing God and angels to flee pell-mell before infuriated hordes of demons, whose only intents and purposes are to frustrate and annihilate every effort to inaugurate goodness, purity and harmony on the earth or in the Summer-land. If "our glorious Philosophy," is what he claims for it, namely, a God-given blessing, emanating directly from Deity—thus making it part and parcel with himself—what, in the name of all that is sacred and divine, has he to fear?

To sum it all up in a few words, it is evident from his doleful lamentations that he has not a particle of confidence in any power capable of taking care of itself, except ignorance, superstition and error. If he had, he would not be prating all the time about "the cause" being hurt by anything, much less by darkened minds, constantly prowling round, seeking for opportunities to gratify their uncurbed appetites. In other words, if he *really believed* that "our glorious Philosophy" is as potent for good as we are led to infer he sometimes does, he would *know*, without a single misgiving, that all the powers of darkness, in all phases of existence, combined and working in unison and harmony, could not prevent the ponderous wheels of eternal, universal progress from revolving.

After writing the above, she ceased speaking altogether, and I thought she had finished. But after a few moments, she commenced again as follows: I perceive

that your anxious, misguided friend desires you to hold up to public scorn through our paper some of what he calls the "rascally acts" of public Mediums, that "the world may see them as they are." I ask, is that the spirit of meekness? In other words, is that the teachings of Spiritualism? If it is, the sooner "our glorious Philosophy" is abandoned, the better. Spiritualism, as I understand it, is charitable, long suffering, and always exceptionally lenient to the erring. In other words, it is Christ-like. Is it Christ-like to hunt up all the errors, bad sayings and doings of a man, and publicly flaunt them to the world, saying, "Look at the miserable wretch, and see for yourselves his double-dealing, duplicity and meanness"? Is this in accord with the spirit of Spiritualism? On the other hand, wouldn't it be more in harmony with the Gospel of Truth, instead of publishing to the world his errors, if ever so bad—which at best would only tend to draw out all his bad qualities, instead of the good—to try and redeem him with loving acts of kindness? It certainly seems so to me.

To convince the world of his sincerity, our friend says that great and highly unfolded Spirits, such as Washington, Franklin, and other equally renowned celebrities, have counselled such a course. He may think in his infatuation they do; but he is as much mistaken as to the minds he speaks of favoring such a wild scheme, as is his estimate of the powers of darkness being able to squelch and forever obscure the soul-refining, soul-inspiring rays of eternal truth.

We clipped the following from the *Cincinnati Commercial* of Wednesday, July 30th:

VOICE OF ANGELS.

The VOICE OF ANGELS is a semi-monthly journal published in the interest of Spiritualism, at North Weymouth, Mass., and claims to be edited and managed by Spirits. We have before us the copy of the issue of July 15, 1879. Everybody in Covington recollects the late lamentable death of Mrs. Lenora J. Sullivan, the accomplished wife of Mr. M. V. Sullivan, a prominent tobacco merchant of Front street and a prominent member of the School Board of Covington. Before she died, she wrote a most pathetic letter as to her belief in Spiritualism, which was published in full in the *Commercial*. The following alleged Spiritual communication is claimed to have been received from her recently, through the organism of Miss M. T. Shellhamer, and which we must say accords very closely with the ante-mortem declaration of the very estimable lady. Mr Sullivan himself knew nothing of the fact until he received the paper sent to him by a friend in the East.

"How beautiful it is, sir, that the gates are ajar, and these little ones can come gliding through, to send their sweet tokens of immortal love to sorrowing hearts.

"I have long desired to return publicly and reaffirm, through the instrumentality of the press, my continued interest in and love for Spiritualism, and, through the kindness of a sweet young lady Spirit, who comes from the city where I resided, I am permitted to come to this place.

"This truth was a solace to me in many an hour of affliction, opposition and persecution from others, and only confirmed my faith in its teachings, and the comfort which it gave to me was great. It was the only religion revealed to humanity, and as such it was all-important to me. In my hours of mental sorrow, in my hours of physical pain, it brought me sweet relief, whispering voices, soothing caresses from angels; brought me a balm of healing naught else could supply, and I come praying that those dear to me on earth will accept my public affirmation, and will endeavor to seek the light of truth for themselves.

"Social position and distinction grow dim in the light of an heavenly presence. They who walk with angels need no badge of honor, no patent of nobility, for these are manifest in the company they keep.

"I thank you, sir, I have been in Spirit-life many months. I am *Lenora J. Sullivan, the wife of Mr. M. V. Sullivan*, well known in Cincinnati, to whom I wish my letter addressed, and through whom I hope to reach my well-loved friends."

OBITUARY.

PASSED TO THE HIGHER LIFE, from South Boston, Mass., July 21st, EDWIN H., only son of George A. and Henrietta Wheeler, aged 8 months, 17 days.

SWEET child of promise, called from earth away,
To dwell in realms of sunnier light above,
Thy Spirit caught no tint from earthly clay,
But only grew in purity and love.

Our God, who gave thee for a little while,
To brighten human hearts with richer grace,
Now calls thee back to bloom beneath his smile,
And blossom in the glory of his face.

The Angels guard thee now with tender care,
And soothe thee with divinest lullabys;
They hold thee safe from every hurtful snare,
And clothe thy Spirit with immortal guise.

And they who loved thee on the lowly earth
Still love thee, that thou'at joined the Angel-band,
And they who blessed thee at thy mortal birth
Send forth their blessings to the Heavenly Land,

Where thou shalt blossom like some perfect star
That shines in splendor in the deeps above,
To light thy dear ones from the earth afar
To where thou dwellest in everlasting love.

We will not call thee back, nor bid thee stay;
Speed on, sweet Spirit, in thy heavenly flight,
Till they who journey o'er earth's weary way
Shall join thee in the realms of endless light.

M. T. S.

SPIRIT MESSAGES,

GIVEN AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE,
JULY 20TH, 1870,
THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELHAMER.

INVOCATION, BY ROBERT ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN.

OH, Thou who art Infinite, who art past finding out, but whose presence and power is manifested everywhere before us! The blooming flowers, the soft sighing of the breeze, the very atmosphere we breathe, all speak of Thee; and we ask that the solemnity of this hour may be impressed on every Spirit; that this lesson be implanted in each heart, that thy loving care

transcends all else in life, and permeates every form of existence; until all unite in praise of Thee our Father God!

We ask thy benediction to rest on every soul: and while we pray that every want, whether earthly or spiritual, may be supplied, we would remember the blessings that are already ours, and send forth to Thee our gratitude and praise.

We bless thee that hearts encased in mortal clay can ring forth that glorious anthem. "My God, nearer, oh, nearer to Thee."

We thank Thee that we may sing in anticipation of that glorious home, where thy landscapes are broad and fair and free to all; and may this knowledge of life lift each waiting Spirit still nearer the heavenly heights.

Bless the means instituted for the dissemination of Truth! Bless the Angel-ministers who go out to carry forth tidings of the better life! Bless this human instrument of the Angels! Sustain and guide her aright in the path of duty and usefulness, and we ask thy benediction to rest on every Medium of earth, that Thou wilt aid them to spread the Truth, until earth shall re-echo the strain, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will to man!"

[The following question, has been forwarded from California:

"Whence the Spirit? Is it the offspring of the earth? Please reply through the VOICE OF ANGELS."

ANSWER.—From the teachings we have received in Spirit-life we learn that the first primal force, permeating all life, is SPIRIT; that the central source of all existence is SPIRIT; that from this Great Intelligent Fount of Life all intelligences have sprung; that they have existed as such in the invisible World of Spirit for an unlimited period of time; but that they do not attain the full consciousness of individualized life and power until they have experienced contact with matter, through birth, either upon this or some other planet.

Spirit is assuredly the offspring of that Invisible World of Life, whence flows every manifestation of power; it is the Great First Cause of all material things, all planetary systems. Individualized Spirits are germs from this Central Force; passing through the experiences of mortal existence, they at last return to God, who sent them forth.]

SADIE WARREN.

I'm Sadie Warren. I want to come to mamma. I lives in Long Island, New York. Mamma's name is Sarah Warren.

["Does your mamma know about this!" The Spirit not seeming to understand, the Chairman repeated, "Does she know where you are?" I guess not; she thinks I'm way off, gone dead. I wants to tell about the pretty wed beads mamma put on me in the box—coral. I've got something prettier than them now. Oh, how they shine, for mamma, so she can find her way to me. I brings lots of love to mamma, and grandpa too.

I wants to see my kitty; she's big now—an old cat. She was so little; (measuring with her hands;) she's all gray, only but one white ear. I never did sees you afore. [No, dear; how old were you?] Most five; an I'se away mos' two years. Good bye; I'll bring you pretty flowers.

ANNIE BRADFIELD.

So long since I passed away from earthly scenes, and yet, I here feel the old physical weakness and distress. I would like to send a few words to a dear friend, to tell him I have developed and grown into mature womanhood in the Higher Life, and while so striving to advance in knowledge and purity, that I may prove only a blessing to all who are dear, each golden memory of school-days on earth, each link of affection and sympathy, has brightened into celestial radiance; and by-and-bye we shall meet, the same dear friends as of yore.

Dear Robbie, I have guarded and guided you from my Spirit-home; I have impressed you, for good, and I shall continue to do so through all time.

Annie Bradfield, sir. My message will reach its destination. I thank you.

MARKEY DODD.

THAT was my Spirit-teacher that came. I love her dearly. She's beautiful. I'm a little girl, most eleven. I want to send my love home to every one. I've got lots at home—folks, I mean; and I love them all. I want them to know I come all the time, and bring flowers and pretty things; and I look after the children and help them to be good. I've got two grandmas, on pa's side, here; anyway, I call 'em both grandma. They're real good, and grandpa is too; and they all send love to father.

I've got a real nice auntie, who loves me, and loves ma, too; and her ma's here with love. We're all so happy; and I think you're real nice to let us come.

Markey Dodd's my name, and I want this to go to Mr. Robert J. Dodd, Crawfordsville, Montgomery Co., Indiana.

JOSH. BARTLEY.

I LIVED in St. Louis. I have folks here. I want to send word that it's all right too.

and that I'm well off now, and I've found mother and father and Mary, and many others, and all send love to them. But I come particularly to my brother Bill. We were great cronies. Tell him, as sure as he's born, I did see mother at the hospital, and she helped me over; and as sure as he's not dead—and I'm not, either—I did come and sit on the back-steps, after the folks moved, and I wanted him to come and have his quiet smoke there too.

I don't know much about this, and my head's bad; but if Bill will just go to one of the folks—Mediums—and give me a chance, I'll come and give him something that he'll know it's me. Tell him I'm a watchman still; and I'm watching to help folks, not to punish them. I'd like to talk to my wife in regard to certain affairs, and if I can, some time, I will.

Well, good luck, Bill, and God bless you, and John too; and I hope he'll have strength given him to do well.

Say it's Josh to his brother William Bartley, of the Police Force, St. Louis, Mo.

WALTER DEMING.

HALLO, Mister. [How do you do?] Oh, first rate. My name's Walter Deming. That man who was just here was sunstruck; his head was awful, and I feel it—pressing the Medium's temples. I want to say we are all alive over here, and doing well. [Who do you want to come to?] My sister. [Where is she?] In Philadelphia; she's married, and her name's Maggie Foley. [Where are your parents?] Over here with me. [How old are you?] Ten years. [Have you any one else here?] No, only my sister; and mother wants her to know it's all right, and the good man she knows will do as he said he would; but she must wait till winter. [Does your sister know about this?] Are you a lawyer? [No, I'm not a lawyer.] You ask so many questions, I thought you was. No, she don't know; but she will. I was never here before; but I'm coming again to ask you questions.

MESSAGES GIVEN JULY 27TH, 1879.

CHARLES W. MILLER.

My name is Charles W. Miller. I was drowned. I know nothing of this, but wish to try and send a gleam of light across the dark waters home to father and mother, that they may know life is continuous—natural life, beyond the grave.

I come from Queenstown, in the Dominion. Father is Charles W. Miller, also. I have no brothers, but one sister. I do not know how long I have been gone, but it seems not long. I was twenty-two.

Say that I live, and we shall all meet. My body was found, and was buried.

MARY F. JONES.

[THE Spirit seemed to labor for breath.] I come laden with love for the darling friends who remain on earth. Dear, sweet Spirits gave me welcome. I did not miss the family circle, for I am with them often.

I come home to pour out love and gratitude to darling mother, father, sisters and husband. Tell them, as I have impressed and given them, I am happy, at rest. Words fail, language is too weak, breath too short, to allow me to give all I would wish, to describe the glories of freedom, the beauties of Spirit-existence; but I can give rich, deep love, which I do. All my married life I was weak and feeble; for years I knew not the presence of good health. Now, in Spirit I am strong and well, and I come to bless the loved ones here.

Tell father, "the faithful watchman is always at his post." Tell him, I come to share each vigil, and bless him with Spirit-help.

My name is Mary F. Jones. I passed away from 46 Russell street, Charlestown District. Please send my letter to my father, Mr. Ephraim Tarbox, 46 Russell street, Charlestown District, Mass. Thank you.

JULIA A. SANBORN.

JULIA A. Sanborn, to her companion, St. John Sanborn: How strange, yet how beautiful, the mysteries of individual life! I feel that I passed home under the pressure of duty; that I fell by the wayside, because my physical frame was incapable of giving forth all that was crowding in upon it from the Higher Life. Like a harp that vibrates beneath the touch of the player's hand, so my organism vibrated beneath the touch of unseen workers. Yet the brain could not withstand the electric forces playing upon it, and I was called home to carry forward my work from above. Now I am strong, and possess a magnetic power to aid and assist the suffering. Now I can study as never before, and become perfected in the course I have chosen. I assist, strengthen and influence my companion. He feels my presence, and he knows that I will go with him to the end.

I send love to friends at Centreville. I passed home from Utica.

NELLIE COX.

I GUESS I've just died. I want to tell 'em I'm all right now. It's awful. The angels took me; they did give me pretty flowers, and I hear the music so pretty. I don't keep seeing dogs all the time. My

head's all right now. Oh, it was awful. Tell mamma not to cry. Say I'm real nice now, and by'm by I'll come; and I love 'em too, and some time they'll come to heaven and be angels, and we'll always see each other.

Tell papa I loves him too, and every one. I'm Nellie Cox. I guess they don't know I can come.

[The Controlling Intelligence says this child was brought here, not only to send her little message of love to sorrowing hearts, but also to throw off the conditions of the brain—her death having been caused by the bite of a dog—and that the message is to be sent to Mr. C. M. Cox, Chester, Penn.]

TUNIE.

I HAVE a few words to give in behalf of Spirits, who as yet cannot speak for themselves. First, let me send love to everybody, and say I am working to help them all I can. We remember the needs of all, and will do all in our power to bring them cheer from Spirit-life.

A little boy, calling himself Bertie Church, comes from Wisconsin. He is smart, active, free from all deformities of body or Spirit, as he appears here. He comes because he and others are anxious to send tidings of their presence to his father in particular. He thinks I can help him to control some time. He was a great pet; he was not lost, but is safe in Spirit-life with his uncle; he passed away young.

A beautiful young lady, very gentle and kind, very delicate, appears, but cannot yet manifest. But she is very anxious to send her love. She brings a large bouquet of beautiful flowers, calls herself Ruthie Willford, and passed away in Arkansas. She is most anxious to give a private message, and hopes her friends, her best friend, will be able to find a Medium that can be visited in person.

John P. Mithver, a young man, don't wish to control, as he cannot give all that he would like to, and he is one who will attempt to do nothing half way. He thinks he can do better through Mr. J. V. Mansfield, of New York, and give information concerning matters that his father is very anxious about.

Hiram Sholbenberger, another young man, (fully matured, however,) sends this message to Sigourney, Iowa—"In regard to the departure of the family, you had better do nothing; remain as you are for the present. You will see light working through the darkness, for we are planning for you. Your present state of health prevents you from acting as we would otherwise advise. Keep calm, and you will find relief.

"In this way, I cannot advise you as to finances, but I can so shape affairs that you will find means to get what you need, and feel you have a right to expect; and I will do so. I have not deserted you through death, but am looking out for your interest always. Fear not."

Charlie Hunt, a very pleasant Spirit, says he is with his mother, guiding, guarding and leading her and "father" on towards home; says he is striving to grow in knowledge, and to be an active worker for the good of others. He is safe, and waiting over there for his darling mother and all the others. He likes the farm better every day.

[From the Trenton True American.]

INDIANA.

EXTERMINATE the mercy-seed!
Stern Justice cries aloud;
I am the God of earth today,
Though cold, severe and proud.
The mercy-seed is cast away—
Its Guardian crucified—
And despotism holds full sway,
As downward sweeps the tide.

Exterminate the red-hued yolk!
The egg's white part exclaims;
I am the clearer, hotter part
Of what the shell contains.
The yolk is treated with disdain,
As though it were a drag;
But when the hatching season comes,
Behold!—an addled egg!

Exterminate the Indians!
Conceded Avarice cries;
I am the foremost of the race,
The fittest to survive.
But on the Indian Orum's fate
The race may now depend
For its advance in Christian grace,
Or—ignominious end.

* From a universal standpoint of view, I perceive the two continents to be sexes—the Eastern being masculine and the Western feminine—the American Indians constituting the ovule element in Nature's race-propagative processes; and this the critical period of race-conception.

ROBERT SINICKSON, Author.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

LETTER FROM MRS. ANNIE C. RALL.

CINCINNATI, July 16, 1879.

DEAR BROTHER DENSMORE,—It is now several months since I have written you; not that you have been forgotten, or your precious VOICE OF ANGELS, that comes to bless and encourage us earthly children.

Occasionally, we find messages from dear friends, who have entered the golden portal, and have left us lingering on the earth a while longer.

In the last number, we read with pleasure the beautiful message from "Spirit Violet." It was my privilege to be acquainted with that dear Spirit, while clothed in her earthly form, and sometimes to be subject to her influence since she became a Spirit and a dweller in the Land of the Beautiful; and at times I have caught a glimpse of her as in Spirit. So when I see in the VOICE a message from "Violet," it is a joy to my heart.

Also, in the same number, I notice a message from Mrs. Lenora J. Sullivan, of Covington, Ky. She was a lovely spirit in earth-form. All who knew her loved her. Mrs. Sullivan's friends cannot fail to recognize her, after reading her message. May she often come to cheer us, through the Voice.

L. Judd Pardee, the Chief Editor of the VOICE, when in earth-life was a much-loved friend of my now Spirit-husband, L. R. Carver, and myself—sojourning for months with him, under the same roof, during one of his engagements in Cincinnati. I am glad to say that occasionally his Spirit comes to bless us.

By the advice of our Spirit-Band, given through my own mediumship to my present husband, Mr. George Rall, we have set apart one room in our house, and dedicated it to the use of our beloved Spirit-friends. We call it our "temple." The walls of this pleasant retreat are hung with paintings from that highly-gifted artist, N. B. Starr, of Port Huron, Mich.

Oh, that every Spiritualist would have a "temple" wherein they could retire from the cares of earth, if only for one hour! How it would rest their oft-times wearied brain, and prepare them afresh to meet the many conflicts consequent upon these earthly conditions!

Every household should have their own Medium. It is as necessary to our Spirit-unfoldment as the sun, that daily comes to perform his part in unfolding the fragrant flowers that adorn our gardens. Let no one fear to entertain these beautiful immortals, but welcome them, make not only their visits to us pleasant to them, but receive through their influence greater strength and wisdom ourselves.

Our paintings are not only fine, but are "tests" to both my husband and myself of the continued care our loved ones beyond the veil have for us. One painting represents my husband's former wife, who passed into the Spiritual World six years ago; recognized by him, though Mr. Starr had never seen or heard of Mr. Rall: nor has he yet seen him. We had desired Mr. Starr to make some paintings for our Seance Room, but had not the most remote idea what they would prove to be; but to our great delight, two paintings were received by us—one full life-size, the Spirit-Wife of Mr. Rall, called "The Household Angel." This beautiful Spirit stands in her shining, flowing raiment, with hands upraised in the act of invoking a blessing upon all who enter our Seance Room. This painting is four and a half feet long by three feet wide.

The other painting, which is much larger, is a landscape, representing the Spiritual Home of our Household Angel. This is grand beyond expression. None but a Raphael could have inspired the artist; yet in my poor way I will make an attempt to give you some idea of it: In the foreground, the eye rests on the entrance to a lovely city; the morning sun just rising gives it a hazy appearance, yet is high enough to gild mountain, valley, island and sea. Near shore there are rocks, the restless waves dashing and foaming against them; but out still further, you perceive lovely islands, quiet and peaceful places of rest for the freed Spirit, as it journeys on towards this beautiful City of Light and Love, now on and on. Out towards the great deep, here the sea is calm, and on its bosom we see ships, their sails white and pure as a bridal dress. They are filled with breezes bearing them forward towards the Heavenly Shores, with their precious burdens, the souls of those who with patience have borne the heat and burden of many, many days, months and years on the earthly plane, and in their own heart-sorrows they have sought to bless their fellow-creatures. They are now seeing in the distance, though thro' a misty veil, the Homes of the Blessed.

We have several other large paintings in our Seance Room, and if it will not be an intrusion, I will give a description of them some time ere long in the VOICE.

I fear, dear Brother Densmore, I have already trespassed on your valuable space with our music and paintings and dear Spirit Visitants. We are seeking to have our earthly home a place of harmony.

I am glad to be able to say that I consider the cause of Spiritualism in our city in a healthy condition. All that is being done is in a quiet way, and I feel assured that we have some of the best of Mediums, that are continually blessing some sorrow-stricken souls, giving to them the bread of life.

In our city we have Mrs. Laura Mosser, through whose powers very many have had the scales removed from their eyes; and where they have walked in darkness, now they have the blessed light.

And we have Mr. Cooper, formerly of Louisville, who is a fine Medium for materializing. Also, Mr. Fletcher, who in our own house has given some wonderful cabinet manifestations.

And then we are blessed every Sunday by reading articles in the Cincinnati Inquirer, a paper of the largest circulation, from the pen of our noble brother, Benjamin Hopkins, or "Viator," by which many a sorrowing heart is made glad.

