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LITERARY.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

ANSWER TO BROTHER STEPHEN R. KEESE'S CARD,

REQUESTING A POEM ON LEAVING OUT SILENT AND DOUBLE LETTERS IN SPELLING.

THROUGH TRYPHENA C. PARDEE.

WE'LL answer you briefly, brother Stephen R. Keese—
These silent letters can't readily cease
Out of our language—tho' they errors may be;
Progressive custom placed them where we now see.
We know that all custom is man's direct foe;
There's many a yoke we'd gladly o'erthrow,
And soar like the eagle, all limitless free
From errors and customs and fashion's display:
But all we can do in our little life here
Is to labor in truth and candor sincere,
Knowing ever and ever to manhood belong
"Sublimar strains" for the future's glad song.
Every act of our lives is a word we may spell
Plainly and simply; no flourish or swell
Adds to its usefulness; yet the scrape and the bow,
The fine silken hat, and a ribbon or two,
Call attention perhaps to some virtue most rare,
That without them but few would listen to hear.

When others kneel low to say the Lord's prayer,
We'll claim our own rights, and trust everywhere
The great Power of Life for protection and care—
Think our own thoughts, spell as we please,
And the true oil of knowledge very gently squeeze
From the proofs found in Nature—sky, air and trees;
And drink from deep soul-depths draughts of pure love,
Never written or spoken as fashion might move;
But act as occasion our sympathy needs,
Never mourning for death with black mourning weeds;
Rejoicing for birth fresh from God's holy hand,
With kindness so tender all babes understand;
Press the hand of the weak as tho' he were strong.
Call every man brother, as we pass along;—
So spelling our lives with no airy-male breeze
Would make us quite happy, but the world would displease
And tear us to pieces for pearl-gifts like those.
Do'nt you think so too, brother Stephen R. Keese?

Many changes for letters and syllables too
Await coming time, but not till the blue

Bright vault of high heaven hides us from earth's view,
And we've learned the blest laws of angelic worlds,
And felt the sweet raptures of song-woven chords—
Simplicity's own, far above the bright stars,
Where soul is the light eternity wears.

ELLINGTON, N. Y., Aug. 2, 1879.

MESSAGE FROM ROBERT HARE TO DR. FAHNESTOCK.

[THROUGH S. W. CONTINUED.]

WISDOM CONTRASTED WITH KNOWLEDGE.

DEAR DOCTOR,—Wisdom is an attribute of pure Spirit, and is composed of the concentrated culmination of all truth, essential to Spirit-existence and development. Knowledge is material truth received through the senses, and bears to man's material life the same relation that wisdom does to his Spiritual, recognizing and appreciating the physical laws of his being, and regulating his connection with material surroundings. Wisdom relates to things Spiritual. Knowledge to things material. Wisdom is predicated on Spiritual condition and use. Knowledge on physical demonstration. Wisdom comes from within. Knowledge from without. Wisdom regulates man's conduct for a future state. Knowledge in the present life. Wisdom and knowledge have each their respective receptacles for truth, known as memory. Wisdom's memory is internal; that of knowledge external. Man in his material life lives and acts from his external memory, or knowledge; in his pure Spiritual life from his internal memory, or wisdom. All natural sciences are truths stored in the external memory, or simple knowledge; but may become wisdom, and be transferred to the internal memory, as they have been turned to Spiritual use in the Spiritual development of the individual himself or others. All high and holy aspirations, rising above the atmosphere of self and the world, all Spirit-breathings after purity of life, holiness of purpose, are truths stored in the internal memory. Spiritual truths, or wisdom, may be prostituted in the race of material life, choked by the indulgence of sensuality, or obliterated for a time by the "almighty dollar," leaving the identity of the individual to consist alone in his external memory, which resulted from his material existence, and which possesses

no harmony or affinity for higher conditions of Spiritual life.

Now as man after death becomes disrobed of the gross materiality which had served for his earthly covering, he has no further use for that knowledge, by which this materiality had been regulated in its relations with the earth-life, but falls back at once, as the consequence of his altered relations, on the Spiritual truths of his internal memory—his wisdom.

It must now be clear that if, during his probationary or earth-life, any portion of his external memory, by means of use, had become a unity with his wisdom, such portions must remain after death, and raise him in the plane of Spirit-development. But if his wisdom or internal memory had by debauchery been obliterated, or taken away, all that could constitute his identity in his new relation being inharmonious with that condition, must for a time, perhaps for ages, place him beneath the plane of even the earth's sphere, in darkness and suffering. Could a fish find enjoyment in air, or a bird in water? No; and why? Because they are not physically organized respectively for these elements.

So the soul, surrounded with the conditions necessary for earth-life, and no other, entering the Spirit-world, would soon discover "that it was not all of death to die." "To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away the little that he seemeth to have."

But to conclude. In the last moments of expiring earth-life, just before that cessation of consciousness which ushers the soul into Spiritual existence, the memory is opened, and every act, however trivial, of man's past life, passes in rapid review before the bar of his judgment. Each motive inducing those acts, with their tendencies and consequences, accompany the brief *expose*; and at once the soul perceives the character of its associates, and passes into another state for progression. What is left undone on earth must there be remedied.

ROBT HARE.

LANCASTER, Penn., March 16, 1861.

It is our false opinions of things which ruin us.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

TREATMENT OF DYSENTERY.

BY JACOB A. SPEAR.

THE following is from Gen. Dearborn and the *New England Farmer*, where the author of the "New American Orchardist" found them inserted in relation to the uses of fruit, and its efficacy in curing diseases. We only copy a few extracts, which may be found on the 24th and 25th pages of the "New American Orchardist," published in 1841 in Boston, by Otis, Broaders & Co., William Kenrick, author:

"I have seen eleven patients in the same house; nine were obedient to the directions given, and ate fruit; they recovered. The grandmother, and a child she was most partial to, died. She prescribed burnt wine, (burnt brandy or high wine,) oil, powerful aromatics, and forbade the use of fruit; the child died. She followed the same course, and met the like fate.

"This disease was destroying a Swiss regiment, which was stationed in garrison in the southern part of France. The Colonel bought the grapes of several acres of vines. The sick soldiers were either carried to the vineyard, or were supplied with grapes from it, if they were too feeble to be removed. They ate nothing else. Not another died, nor were any more attacked with the complaint after they commenced eating grapes.

"A minister was attacked with the dysentery, and medicines which were administered gave no relief; he saw by accident some red currants, and had a great desire to eat them; he ate three pounds, between seven o'clock in the morning and nine o'clock in the evening; he was better during the day, and entirely cured the next."

He says, "I might multiply the facts and evidences from different sources, and the writings of other eminent physicians; but the above must suffice for this time and place."

REMARKS.

About thirty-five years ago, I talked with the medical doctor that was considered the best informed of any Allopathist in this vicinity, and when I spoke of eating fruit, or the juice of fruit, to cure the dysentery, he said he tho't it would not do to use acid for that complaint. But I have proven since then, that acid, when the dysentery is caused by a surplus of bile in the stomach, will do more in curing that kind of dysentery than all other things combined, and especially when the internal fever has caused the membrane or internal coating of the bowels to come off: for acid is the only thing yet known that will dissolve bile, and it cleanses the irritated parts and gives them a chance to heal.

Some have cured themselves of dysentery by eating cucumbers cut up in vinegar, salt and black pepper. We do not think the cucumbers without the vinegar and salt would be likely to effect a cure of dysentery.

As dysentery is not always from any one cause, and assumes so many different appear-

ances, and is so different in its different stages, no one remedy will prove to be equally efficacious in all cases.

Many years ago, a species of dysentery prevailed in Vermont, that defied all of the usual allopathic treatment, and, when it first appeared, every one died that had it. And Dr. Trask heard of it, and hoped he would not be called upon to doctor any one that had it: knowing all of the medicines that the allopathists used failed to cure. But alas! he was called upon to doctor a little boy, who he found was suffering severe pain; and not knowing what to do, and thinking he must do something, he watched for an opportunity, and when the boy's mother was absent, Trask went into the pantry and stole a little pearlash (saleratus) and salt, dissolved it in water, and gave it to the boy. Very soon, he discovered that the boy appeared more comfortable, and then gave him a little more, and finally cured him with pearlash and salt. When he went home, he supplied himself with pearlash and salt, and as he had cured one patient, he had all of the dysentery patients in a large circuit to doctor, which took his whole time, not giving him a chance to sleep, only in his carriage, while another person drove for him. He cured all his patients, and kept his remedies a secret, till the dysentery ceased to prevail that season.

Causes and means to be used in the different stages of dysentery, and what to do when the cause is ascertained, in my next.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

MEDICAL HINTS.

BY M. T. SHELHAMER.

It may not generally be known that epilepsy or falling sickness may be relieved, or even cured, by administering frequently to the patient a syrup composed of the following ingredients:

Garden Peony,	1 ounce.
Peruvian Bark,	1 "
Virginia Snakeroot,	2 "
Wild Valerian,	1 "

Boil these until the strength is all extracted, then strain and simmer to one quart; add a pound of white sugar and half a pint of Madeira wine. Half a wine-glass of this syrup should be taken three or four times a day.

The symptoms of epilepsy are as follows: Unusual weariness, pain in the head, dimness of sight, noise in the ears, dullness, palpitation of the heart, disturbed sleep, the extremities cold, etc. In the fit, the sufferer makes unusual noises; his eyes are distorted, his thumbs drawn in; he foams at the mouth, and seems insensible to sense or reason.

As the disease is caused by obstructions in the system, the body should be kept open, and cooling and purifying medicines occasionally taken. With proper attention to the simplest rules of health, such as diet, exercise, bathing, and so forth, this disease will gradually die out of the system.

CONVULSIONS.

Convulsions, spasms, or fits of any kind, whether affecting the adult or the teething

child, may be checked by occasionally administering a tea-spoonful of syrup made by steeping the leaves of the common garden peony; (red leaves are the best); steep down strong, strain, and add sugar enough to simmer down to a syrup. If given to a young child, dilute the syrup with the same bulk of water.

HICCUP.

A little good cider vinegar will frequently relieve spasmodic affections of the stomach, or a lump of sugar moistened with vinegar is beneficial. When hiccup arises from poison, plenty of sweet-oil and milk should be taken. A cloth wrung out in vinegar, in which hops have been steeped, and laid upon the stomach, will relieve the most violent attack of hiccup.

VOMITING.

Excessive vomiting may be checked by drinking a cup or two of strong peppermint or spearmint tea, and by applying an onion poultice to the pit of the stomach. Common soda powders are very good in a case of this kind.

A tea made of the leaves of the peach-tree will stop violent vomiting, when everything else has failed.

CANKER,

Which appears in small white ulcers upon the tongue, gums, and around the mouth and palate, sometimes extends the whole length of the alimentary canal, and produces flatulency and sour purgings. If the case be very inveterate, make a gargle of saltpetre, and rinse the throat and mouth with it, afterwards drinking freely of tea made of slippery-elm. A syrup made of sumach-berries is excellent; also a syrup made by steeping bayberry-bark in white sugar and water. Dose, a tea-spoonful several times a day.

SOMETHING MORE ABOUT ONIONS.

I see that you have been publishing a great deal lately concerning the medical properties of onions. Now, although I have no decided taste for this particular kind of vegetable, yet I believe that the true value of the onion as an alterative and purifier of the system is but little known. I know of more than one case where diseases of the lungs have been cured by eating boiled onions, and believe that the extract or juice of the onion might be made a valuable remedy for many pulmonary complaints.

I know that a syrup made by filling an earthen jar with small peeled onions, covering them with water, and allowing them to simmer over a slow fire until quite soft, pressing out the juice through a fine sieve, adding the same weight of white sugar to the juice, and boiling down to a syrup, will, if taken by the dessert-spoonful every two or three hours, for a number of days, cure exceedingly bad cases of dropsy; and also, extreme cases of disordered kidneys, and will strengthen and cleanse the bladder. A fresh supply of the syrup should be constantly on hand.

Onions peeled and sliced, and left in a sick-room, will purify the atmosphere of the apartment, and lessen the danger of contagion, as they draw the germs of the disease to themselves.

Let me close by adding that fruit or eatables of any kind should never be left in a sick-room, or if they are, they should never afterwards be eaten. I have known fresh, sweet oranges to become exceedingly bitter and acrid to the taste by being thus exposed to the air of the invalid's chamber. Vegetables, fruit, flowers, water, and liquids of any kind, absorb the unwholesome particles floating about the room of a sick person, and should never be partaken of when thus exposed. The aroma from flowers thus placed should never be closely inhaled, nor rose-leaves eaten, as I have seen them. In this way, the chances of contagion may be lessened, and the system be made capable of retaining its own vitality and strength.

THE USE OF PAIN.

THE power which rules the universe, this great tender power, uses pain as a signal of danger. Just, generous, beautiful Nature never strikes a foul blow; never attacks us behind our backs; never digs pitfalls or lays ambuscades; never wears a smile upon her face when there is vengeance in her heart. Patiently she teaches us her laws, plainly she writes her warnings, tenderly she graduates their force. Long before the fierce red danger-light of pain is flashed, she pleads with us—as though for her own sake, not ours—to be merciful to ourselves, and to each other. She makes the overworked brain to wander from the subject of its labors. She turns the over-indulged body against the delights of yesterday. These are her caution signals, "Go slow." She stands in the filthy courts and alleys that we pass daily, and beckons us to enter and realize with our senses what we allow to exist in the midst of the culture of which we brag. And what do we do for ourselves? We ply whip and spur on the jaded brain as though it were a jibing horse—force it back into the road which leads to madness, and go on full gallop. We drug the rebellious body with stimulants, we hide the signal and think we have escaped the danger, and are very festive before night. We turn aside, as the Pharisee did of old, and pass on the other side with our handkerchief to our nose. At last, having broken Nature's laws, and disregarded her warnings, forth she comes—drums beating, colors flying—right in front! to punish us. Then we go down on our knees and whimper about it having pleased God Almighty to send this affliction upon us, and we pray him to work a miracle in order to reverse the natural consequences of our disobedience, or save us from the trouble of doing our duty. In other words, we put our finger in the fire and beg that it may not hurt—*Temple Bar*.

CORROBORATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE
THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

SPRINGFIELD, Vt., Aug. 17, 1879.

MR. D. C. DENSMORE:—Dear Sir,—I am both happy and thankful to have the pleasure of acknowledging the truthful message from Clark O. Wallace, through M. T. Shelhamer, in the *VOICE OF ANGELS* of Aug. 1st. The message is per-

fectly correct, and characteristic of the young man. I am his friend, and have often met him at the pleasant home of his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Ivers Holden, of Weston, Vt. They adopted him when a little child. They mourn his loss deeply, and will be grateful for his cheering message.

Yours for the truth you so ably advocate.
MRS. HELEN ROUNDY.

P. S.—Please find postage stamps for two copies of your paper of August 1st, containing the message. H. R.

(Selected by M. J. K.)

MARVELS.

You who have eyes and will not see, and you
Who hearken not to any voice that speaks
Through the vague night-time and the falling dew,
And through the rush of weary days and weeks;

You who are children of this age, yet are
As harks afloat upon a lonely sea,
Drifting along the pathway of a star
To some dark port where life is both to be;

You who look backward to the past, and weep
That all the wonders of the earth and sky
Have faded like sweet visions in a sleep,
Leaving the clouded soul to pine and die:

To you I say, Lo! ye are fools indeed,
Since ye behold not what is writ in fire,
Like passionate lovers, who still fear to read
The holy language of their heart's desire.

Yet I who am your brother—I who tread
The same bright world, and through long golden days
Live out the measure of my life, and shed
Tears for lone men who grope in barren ways—

I feel like one who, from some radiant height,
Beholds the unbroken sweep of flying years;
Yet in this mid-watch of the starry night
What are to me dead phantoms and dead fears?

For when I turn my wondering eyes to earth,
I find new meaning in men's lives, as though
The world were in the spring-time of its birth,
And love and faith in all their early glow.

When, too, I look above me, I perceive
Such miracles of light, and life, and power,
Such marvels of strange beauty, that I grieve
To live beyond this one wild, rapturous hour.

And when I look around me, still I see
Down the dark, hollow labyrinth of space,
An infinite universe, whose gleams to me
Bring haunting thoughts of loveliness and grace.

Then with a wondrous melody of words,
The fervor and the passion of sweet song,
Sweet as the robin's or the mocking-bird's,
Breaks from my heart in music loud and long.
—[G. E. M., in N. Y. Times.]

[From the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*.]

THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY.

THE notion that we want a philosophy higher and more spiritual than that deducible from the facts of Spiritualism, does not seem to be one that is shared by the venerable philosopher of Stuttgart, Immanuel H. Fichte. The son of one of the greatest philosophers of Germany, and himself a student of philosophy and physiology all his days, his opinion is certainly entitled to attention and respect. In his late pamphlet on Spiritualism, he anticipates from its progress "the greatest possible benefit to the cause of religion and morality."

He says: "The proof that the future state is a continuity of the present one, and to be affected by all earthly experiences, and by our funda-

mental sentiments and affections while here, whether pleasant or grievous, empowers us to meet the moral obligations of life, entirely abstracted from considerations of future reward or punishment. Here in the earth-life we have it in our power to shape our future destination. Certainly in this a serious revelation at a time when mankind has long since become accustomed to displace their care for the future from their daily routine, as a consideration not affecting their interest."

These are brave and authoritative words. Spiritualism, containing as it does the essential truths of all forms of rational religion, offers the basis for a philosophy more comprehensive than any that the wit of man has yet devised. Fichte puts the high philosophical construction on our facts, and sees how entirely in harmony they are with all that is essential and true in all forms of philosophy and religion. The "materialization phenomena" may serve a spiritual state of mind as well as a materialistic. The effect depends altogether on the character, the intelligence, and the moral tendencies of the individual investigating.

PHYSIOLOGY IN OUR SCHOOLS.

BY REV. WM. P. ALCOTT.

AMONG the many excellent features of the Ohio Educational Exhibit at Philadelphia, one was pre-eminently suggestive. On charts were represented by circles of red, first the aggregate of children attending the public schools of the State for the year ending August 31, 1874; then in turn the number who studied spelling, reading, writing, and the other branches taught. The numerical statement attached to each circle aided in making legitimate comparisons and inferences.

One of the latter is my text. Out of 707,943 pupils of the above year but 4,039 studied physiology. This, I fear, is about as good a showing as most of our States can make. Sanitary science has of late made great progress, and text books upon physiology, both progressive and interesting, abound. Yet it would seem that little more is done than fifty years ago in teaching the young to take care of their health. Nevertheless, this is a matter of first importance. Here on earth the mind must work through the body as its instrument. Therefore it is philosophical that in education the mind should first be taught something of the nature and care of its instrument. For the health of the body, even the air it breathes, the food it consumes, and other so-called "trifles," determine whether the mind shall use a sharp tool or a dull one, or whether indeed it long use any at all.

Much more may be done in youth than later to render our lives vigorous. By attention at that age the evil tendencies of inheritance may be met, and in spite of them, longevity be secured, that "good old age" which the Scriptures teach us we are right, in considering of itself desirable. Few persons think to how great an extent national health is national wealth, not only in saving the immense expenses of sickness, or brief and unproductive existence, but

positively in the greater physical, mental and moral vigor of a people. It is a truth of comprehensive meaning that the source of wealth is in man, not outside of him. A nation of healthy bodies and strong minds must be rich, plant it where you will. The thorough study by all our youth of physiology in its practical application would add beyond conception to the prosperity of this land.

Hence will be reaped by the scholars themselves a more immediate harvest than is imagined. It will also be no slight good that teachers and parents will learn much from what the children study. In schools where attention is given to this branch, there will not long be that rank and deadly atmosphere that plants the seeds of consumption, fevers and other fatal diseases in large numbers of the pupils. As the result of general attention to physiology, the mind will not be so often goaded on to the sacrifice of physical vigor—thus to its own suicide.

I urge further that health is a fundamental condition of the highest intellectual success, not only because it promises a life in which to use the wisdom of our schools, but because the mind is so greatly dependent on the body. As a rule, it is men of vigor who achieve most in life. Even the small brain, with health as its faithful and energetic servant, accomplishes more in the end than the giant intellect chained to the morbid body. There is a connection between the long childhood in which Mary Somerville ran wild, developing only health and power of observation, and her protracted life of high intellectual attainment and cheerful piety—a life which will be in everlasting remembrance. My readers will recall many examples of the close relation between health on the one side and on the other mental power, influence over the masses, beneficence, morality. Ordinarily there will be the "mens sana" if there is the "sano corpore." With the latter, the mind can do almost what it will—aspiring to any goal, it may sooner or later attain its ambition. For a rule, the first condition of mental success is health of body.

Again, philosophically the study of ourselves should come first. "Beginning at Jerusalem," "The proper study of mankind is man"—first man as more patent to the senses, later his mind, soul, works. Education, through object lessons and cultivation of the observing powers, is justly growing in favor. But in such training the young should never be suffered to overlook that which is nearest and most obvious. Even little children may learn much concerning "the house I live in," and how it is to be cared for. The youngest delight to acquire what they may of such knowledge and the oldest can never exhaust of interest or profit the study of frames so "fearfully and wonderfully made."

There will be no dissent from the general truth of these suggestions. Why then do not our statutes require physiology to be taught in the schools, as they do branches less fundamental? Will not all who have influence, and all who are interested in a rational and thoroughly

effective education, demand that this important study be placed among the first in the instruction of the young?

REFORM IN SPELLING.

WHAT THE NEWSPAPERS MIGHT DO IF THEY TRIED.

A PAPER upon "The Spelling Reform in Journalism" was read at the annual convention of the Spelling Reform Association in Philadelphia on Wednesday, by Mr. S. N. D. North, of the *Utica Herald*. As embodying the views of a practical and capable newspaper man, it is of much interest. We make the following extracts:

"The journalist is a man whose implements of daily labor are these English words against whose whimsical and oppressive spelling this association utters anathema. As a practical man, the journalist ought to recognize the fact that he will profit by an improvement and simplification in his tools, in the same way that others profit by the wonderful things science and invention have done for the tools of every laborer, save only him who works with written and printed words. Notwithstanding the marvellous evolution in journalism effected by the fast printing-press and the telegraphic transmission of news, the journalist is still at work with implements contemporaneous with the vellum and the stylus which Gutenberg's types made obsolete. Our printing-presses are 200 years in advance of our spelling.

"In any calculation of the probabilities of the introduction of a reformed English spelling, the newspaper press must be regarded as a chief agency. While it remains hostile or indifferent—which is the most effective hostility—the spelling reform can never take firm hold either upon the book-makers or the school-teachers. The latter especially are handicapped by precedent, in bondage to long-printed text books, and at the mercy of the popular prejudice or indifference. Not so the press. It may dictate the spelling of the continent, if it will. In a single year the newspaper press of the United States sends out a larger number of printed pages than are contained in all the libraries of America. Each page is read by from one to five citizens. Their reading is a recognized part of the daily business of our social, political, and commercial life. A century ago, books were read almost exclusively; today, the larger proportion of the newspaper constituency rarely looks into a book. It is not possible to overestimate the influence, direct and indirect, which this endless multiplication and circulation of printed pages exerts upon the community, penetrating to all classes, day after day, morning and evening, week by week, ceaselessly, perpetually. The indirect influence of the press, through this constant occupancy of the public eye, is vastly greater than its direct effect upon the thought and opinion of the world. The indirect influence is largely exerted upon the world's current vernacular. Most of the changes in orthography during the last century have come about through the press. Recalling what the press has already done for the English language in this respect, (whether wisely or un-

wisely, this is not the time to inquire,) it is safe to assert that the spelling reform is a work within the compass of its powers, and that it is the natural agency because of its wonderfully intimate and reflex relations to the people, through which that work must be accomplished. When a united press has adopted the reformed orthography, the problem is solved; for it will drive the rest of the world into it in self-defence, if not for self-advantage.

"But this is an achievement of a long time and gradual accomplishment, even after the spirit and the purpose are secured. The genuine spelling reformer ought to stand ready to adopt at once every modification of alphabet and orthography essential to an absolutely phonetic spelling. But this is obviously impossible in journalism, even if it is practicable between the individual members of this association. A reformed alphabet cannot be thrust at once into the newspaper press, because the patrons of the press cannot read it. We might as well make use of the hieroglyphics of an Egyptian obelisk. For the press must discharge the double duty of educating its readers to the reform while it is accomplishing the reform itself. A journal which should suddenly cast off its old familiar dress, and don an alphabet in which there was a character for every sound, and only one sound for every character, could not retain its constituency long enough to reconcile it to the reformation. The difficulties in the pathway of a universal introduction, even of the simpler modifications of the alphabet proposed, are almost insurmountable. The necessity for complete new fonts of type is obstacle enough to prevent unity of action in that direction. If the press is to be made the champion of the reform, it must be permitted to approach it by sections, as the five rules approved by the Philological Association propose. These rules are:

- "1. Omit *a* from the digraf *ea* when pronounced as *e* short, as in *hed*, *helth*, etc.
- "2. Omit silent *e* after a short vowel, as in *hav*, *giv*, etc.
- "3. Write *f* for *ph* in such words *alfabet*, *fantom*, etc.
- "4. When a word ends with a double letter, omit the last, as in *eg*, *shal*, *clif*, etc.
- "5. Change *ed* final to *t* when it has the sound of *t*, as in *lasht*, *imprest*, etc.

"There is no sound reason why every journal in the land should not at once adopt the five rules and resolutely carry them into the newspaper and job office. Within a month from the change every constituency will be habituated to the improvement, and, what is better, conscious that it is an improvement. The adoption of these five rules will be the logical extension and systematization of a habit which has long been growing upon the press. Every tendency in journalism is toward a simpler typography. It has abolished the indiscriminate use of the capital letters. One of Horace Greeley's familiar sentences, deformed and bedizened with a frontispiece on every common noun, is now a typographical curiosity. There is a far less wasteful use of punctuation marks than custom formerly dictated. Italics are banished from the press in the same way and for the same reason—because editors are beginning

to realize that the force of language lies not in its appearance to the eye, but in its meaning to the mind. The reasoning is equally good in its application to spelling. It is not the appearance of the word, not the number of letters employed in its spelling, nor the ingenuity exercised in torturing them into the collocation least suggestive of the pronunciation, which conveys its meaning to the reader any more than to the listener. The silent letters are nothing but the relics of modes of utterance which formerly prevailed. Omitted and elided sounds have disappeared, leaving behind them these grave-stones for us to stumble over. Hundreds of these silent letters have disappeared in turn. The hundreds remaining will follow them some time. The eternal friction of language catches a new one every now and then. Why should they not all go at once, or in battalions?"

[For the Voice of Angels.]

INSPIRATIONAL.

EXTRACT FROM AN ORATION DELIVERED BY MRS. S. GOODHUE WAGNER, AT THE PARLORS OF JUDGE AND EX-LIEUT. GOV. LANG, AT TIFFIN, OHIO.

It was by applying the law that Newton discovered the centre of gravitation; that Herschel analyzed the planets, and read the luminaries of the skies, the solar principle of inert action; that Franklin discovered the meteoric light, as an electric intelligence, and absorbed and applied it to the utilization of compound matter. All ages have had their verifiers of the law. The gospel as given unto the intuitions of man, the philanthropists of heresy, the tyrants of sophistry, and the vindicators of philosophy, the science of truth, as old as time, as eternal as God; the heritage of Shakespeare; the birthright of Socrates and Cicero; the inspiration of Goethe; the exultation of Plutarch and the manifestation of Julius Cæsar, and the glory of the world; the light that is to come; not the dazzling brilliancy of electric light, but the flood light of reason, that shall dawn upon the world when the arbitration of man shall become subservient to manifestations of the higher forces; the controlling elements of his nature;—the storm-tossed mariner out on the surging ocean, shipwrecked and foundered, sees the beacon-light from afar gleaming through the hopeless night—gleaming into the gloom of his soul—so will the veil of darkness be lifted to refulgent light, whose rays shall penetrate and permeate all things in matter, that the things of truth may not perish from the earth: as gradually the perception of man is being developed to the higher aspirations of his nature, subjective not to forms, but to truths—the science of nature, as attested in every emotion of his soul, in every thrill of his beating heart, in the love of the beautiful,

and the worship of the real. Thus ideal creations are but symbols, to vanish away—shrine-worship unto graven images wrought in wood and stone, the crucible of faith to the usurpation of wisdom and knowledge.

I would portray the thought I feel and know,
The vivid pictures that do come and go;
Time measures not—'tis but a little span,
Measured and meted out to man.
Who walked these hallowed halls?
My soul no answer gives that love still lives;
But in my bosom thrills a joy unborn of pain,
That what we once have lived we may live o'er again.

INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE CRY OF THE SPIRIT.

BY M. THERESA SHELLHAMER.

DEAR FATHER, as a wandering dove
Returns at night-fall to its nest,
So would my weary Spirit turn
To thy sweet love for peace and rest.
I feel the clouds that hedge me in,
Of doubt, distrust, and worldly strife,
I hear the cold world's selfish din,
That holds me from thy higher life.

And I would ask this boon of Thee,
And pray this blessing Thou wilt give,
To draw my Spirit nearer heaven,
That I may with thy angels live.
I weary of material dross,
I long to gain ethereal wings,
That I may conquer earthly cares
And mount to higher, better things.

I do not ask that death will take
My Spirit from the earth away,
I am content to wait thy will,
E'en though it bids me longer stay;
But I would live in thought with Thee,
And walk with Angels hand in hand,
Would from all earthly taints be free
That souls in mortal can withstand.

Father, this blessing I implore—
Patience and strength to do thy will,
With holy power to rise above
The earthly shades of human ill;
And "Nearer, God, oh, God, to Thee,"
With more love to thy Angel-band,
My Spirit cries, as through the dark
It gropes to find thy sheltering hand.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE "VOICE OF ANGELS."

BY CHARLES THOMPSON.

THE VOICE OF ANGELS, voice of love,
With blessings coming from above,
To cheer the heart and warm the mind
With larger love to all mankind.

Go through the world, brave little sheet,
True words of wisdom to repeat:
Till light shall fill the bounds of space,
And darkness find no resting-place.

Where truth and knowledge have full sway,
Old superstitions fade away;
Men learn that gaining heaven or hell
Is simply doing ill or well.

Not blood of God or martyr slain
Can cleanse a soul of one dark stain;
On passing to a higher birth,
All must be measured by their worth.

Our Angel-friends return today
To lead us by a better way;
The VOICE OF ANGELS, sweet and clear,
Already to our hearts is dear.

Oh, for an unction from on high,
To open every human eye!
Let all by intuition learn
The truths which in our bosoms burn.

Thank God! the day will surely come
When every scoffer will be dumb,
Or learn to sing the angels' song,
Redeemed from sin of doing wrong!

ST. ALBANA, Vt.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

BY LOVE WE ARISE.

BY JULIA H. JOHNSON.

By the magical power of Love we arise
Step by step to our own happy home in the skies,
Never more to be burdened by sorrow and sighs—
Oh, beautiful Love, bear me on!

Ever onward and up to my heavenly rest,
There to dwell with the ransomed, the righteous and blest,
Never more by the ills of this earthly oppressed—
Oh, beautiful Love, bear me on!

Bear me on to the angelic portals of peace,
Where victorious anthems shall never more cease,
And the pure pearly treasures forever increase—
Oh, beautiful Love, bear me on!

To the blessed abode of eternal delight,
Where never is seen the black shadows of night,
But the glitter of sunshine, unbroken and bright—
Oh, beautiful Love, bear me on!

To the land where the rivers of life freely flow,
And the gardens of God in rich veridancy grow,
Far beyond the conception of mortals to know—
Oh, beautiful Love, bear me on!

To that clime where the flowers are ever in bloom,
Nor the fruits ever wither, nor frosts ever come,
Only spring-time and summer and freshness are known—
Oh, beautiful Love, bear me on!

Ever onward and up to the "new birth" above,
To be robed and enwreathed with an unfulfilling love,
Never more in earth's wilderness valley to rove—
Oh, beautiful Love, bear me on!

My soul is weary and fain would arise
To its native domain and home in the skies,
Nevermore to be wedded to sorrow and sighs—
Oh, beautiful Love, bear me on!

The sweet-sounding echoes from yonder fair shore
Break oft on mine ear, and I long to be o'er,
Dissevered from earth and its ills ever more—
Oh, beautiful Love, bear me on!

I list the glad notes as they're wafted along,
And they fill me with worship, with joy and with song,
And my soul would away to the happiest throng—
Oh, beautiful Love, bear me on!

WEST PITTSFIELD, Mass.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

THROUGH M. T. SHELLHAMER.

ASHUNY, Mass., Aug. 29, 1879.

MR. DENSMORE:—*Dear Sir,*—I write a line from a sense of duty, to let you know that the communication in the last issue of your excellent paper, VOICE OF ANGELS, from Mrs. Susan Crosby, through M. T. Shelhamer, is correct in every respect, and in accordance with a promise she made before she died. I took care of her all last winter and spring, until she passed away, and she promised me if it was possible she would send a word through your paper to her relations and friends. If you could have seen with what joy her earthly companion read that message, you would have felt well paid for sending it to him. He thanks the Medium for writing it and you for sending it, and so do I.

What makes the test all the better is, that it came through an entire stranger. May God and angels bless you in your noble work!

MISS HANNAH MCINTIRE.

To commonplace people the extraordinary appears possible only after it has been executed.
Cardinal De Retz.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

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NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS., SEPT. 15, 1879.

EDITORIAL.

UNCONGENIAL MAGNETISMS.

THE above subject we consider well worthy the serious attention of all, especially those interested in the Spiritual Philosophy, and more especially those of a highly sensitive nature, who are susceptible to the various influences with which they come in contact, whether material or Spiritual. Very little is suspected, much less known and understood of this important matter; and many, we doubt not, would smile incredulously were the subject mentioned to them. Nevertheless, it is a truth solemnly avowed by the higher intelligences, that the magnetism, the influence, *the vital aura*—both Spiritual and physical—of every person we come in contact with, will and does affect our Spiritual and physical conditions for good or ill.

To prove the above, we will cite a case or two *apropos* to the subject. Suppose, for instance, a person associates with another who is uncongenial in every sense of the word—whose aspirations, inclinations and pursuits are entirely opposite to his own—a state of contention is aroused in their respective Spiritual and mental spheres, and passing from one to the other creates a disturbing current, which agitates the serenity of the interior condition of each, culminating, if continued, in mental unhappiness and distress. Hence, when we mingle in company with those who mentally distrust and scorn us, our magnetism is permeated with the silent, insidious influence they send forth, which not only distresses us in mind, but we are also often made ill physically; for the Spiritual and material natures are so closely allied and interblended on earth, that whatever seriously affects one will likewise affect the other.

Nor is this all: Let an uncongenial, unsympathizing, cold, calculating person prepare the food which a highly sensitive, harmonious being is to eat, and you—if you are the sensitive—will find the food disagreeing with your stomach; it will not assimilate with the system; no nutritious qualities can be extracted from it; as the food lies cold upon the digestive organs, it will not allow them to perform their natural functions; hence distress is the result.

This is frequently the cause of much of the discomfort and distress experienced by sensitives, who are obliged to partake of food prepared by unsympathetic parties, whose souls are closed to the true beauties and harmonious blending of natural law.

Not only the food eaten, but the objects touched or handled, the garments worn, and the apartments occupied, have an influence over negative persons, susceptible to Spirit-presence. Hence, it is important that all persons, and Mediums in particular, should exercise great care over what they eat and wear, and the rooms they occupy. Thus it will be seen that it is extremely imprudent for one of these sensitives to wear the clothing of another, or use articles once possessed by another, unless they are perfectly sure that the original owners are or were in perfect sympathy and physical harmony with themselves.

We might go deeply into the details of this important subject, and deal out any number of facts, all going to show that every person *does* throw off, as before stated, a mental and physical magnetism, which affects others for good or ill; but for want of space we defer going further into the subject until another time. Before leaving the matter altogether, however, we will say that false hair—and by this we mean hair grown upon other heads and worn by those who can take it off and put it on at will—has occasioned untold misery and pain to those who wear it. Head-ache, nervousness, congested brain, as well as irritation of the optic nerves, has resulted times without number from the wearing of false hair, hair that some time grew upon the head of some one whose magnetism could not assimilate with that of the later wearer, and which retains that magnetism through all time.

We have as yet spoken only of those magnetisms sent forth by unsympathizing, distrustful minds; but there is no less a magnetism sent forth by those who never suspect or impugn our motives, but wish us well. Nevertheless they throw off a magnetism capable of conflicting with our own, because their physical and Spiritual aura does not and cannot assimilate with ourselves, any more than oil or water will mingle; hence cannot become of use to each other.

But as one drop of water will permeate and diffuse itself through another drop of the same fluid, so agreeable, sympathetic magnetisms will assimilate and harmonize and become as one.

Not only do the conditions of a Spirit

produce good and bad results upon another, but it is universally conceded and known that feeble, diseased physical bodies impart their weakness and maladies to those they associate with; while at the same time they absorb strength and vitality from their more healthy associates. In other words, they (the weakly ones) become stronger from the very ones they injure. Therefore it is not unusual to find an originally feeble and diseased person living on in comparative good health, while those around them, who were formerly considered strong and vigorous, slowly wither away and fade from sight.

How important it is, then—understanding these things in this light—to so guard ourselves that we shall receive from others only the best magnetisms, and to so live morally, mentally, physically and Spiritually, as to impart to others from our own lives only such influences as will refresh and strengthen. And yet it is almost impossible in the world of effects to so isolate one's self from others as to remain free from receiving their influences. It is impracticable to hermetize one's self, thus losing all the sweetest amenities of life, simply because we become ill through contact with our fellows; but it is practical and possible to set a watch around our lives that will ward off many unpleasant feelings; and if we are aware of what we eat and drink, what we wear, and whither we go, we may avert many threatening ills; and we can also so guard, protect and sustain our sensitive Mediums, that many a source of pain and suffering that now causes them mental and physical suffering may be banished. In olden times, the priestesses and sybils—which means in substance the Mediums of the Angel-world—were guarded with tender care from all anxiety about coming in contact with inharmonious conditions—a care which it would become some of the influential Spiritualists to exercise over *their* Mediums at the present time.

AN EXPLANATION.

IN looking over the columns of *Mind and Matter* for August 23d, we were surprised to see the following quotation from *VOICE OF ANGELS*, to which Mr. J. M. Roberts, the energetic and talented editor of *Mind and Matter*, takes exception in some caustic remarks, and calls upon us to rise and explain. Here is the quotation:

"It seems to us that the controversy going on between Mr. J. M. Roberts, of *Mind and Matter*, and the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, is not calculated to advance the true interests of Spiritualism."

To begin with, Brother Roberts, we did not write the item, and knew nothing of its existence, until we saw it in your paper. Not being

well at the time the number containing it was issued, we did not look over the "News Items," and probably should never have noticed it, had we not seen it in your excellent paper. The sentiments it contains are not ours at all, but strictly the individual expression of our news editor, (who assumes the whole blame, if any); as we do not believe that anything in heaven or earth can injure, or in the least tarnish the God-given truths underlying the Spiritual Philosophy; but on the contrary, that all such things have their uses in purging and purifying it from all effete and extraneous matter.

We will also state that having written to our news editor upon the subject, he informs us that he wrote the objectionable item, to fill out a place in the column, and that he had no idea or intention of transcending the limits of editorial courtesy.

SPIRIT MESSAGES,

GIVEN AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE,
AUGUST 24TH 1879.

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELLHAMER.

INVOCATION, BY ROBERT ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN.

Oh, thou God of Infinitude! We would look up to thee tonight, and offer the aspiration of our Spirits in songs of praise and gratitude, in hymns of thanksgiving and joy, because of thy loving kindness, and the tender mercy vouchsafed to thy children, wherever they may be—whether in the valley of suffering, though called to pass through darkness and sorrow, yet are they sustained by thy love and care; if they are permitted to ascend the mount of transfiguration, becoming as one with the angels, still may they look to thee and feel new power and inspiration.

We thank thee for the lessons of life, for the strength and wisdom they impart, teaching that even from the valley depths of humiliation and pain, every Spirit may look up to thee and sing their songs of praise.

We thank thee for good accomplished; for streams of life flowing out to every thirsty soul; for the flashes of truth illuminating the paths of life; for thy watchmen on the towers, thy watchmen for truth, who tell of the rising morn; and for thy messenger-birds who bear glad tidings to earth. Oh, multiply their numbers, increase the means for disseminating light and knowledge, until earth shall ring with the story of good accomplished, and glory brought home to the hearts of thy children!

MARIETTA WEYMOUTH.

I WOULD like to send a word to my ever-beloved dear companion, to assure him that I am constantly by his side to aid and assist; that although the Spirit-world is beautiful, and new powers, opportunities and beauties are constantly opening before me, yet I ascend only that I may return

to impart to his Spirit the peace and glory which I gain. I know of the events passing around him; of the one important change come to him since my departure.

I am satisfied with all, as far as it goes; for I know happiness grows from experience. I bring my earnest love, and would bless all those dear to me—even though some may oppose the great truth of Spirit-communion. I have come in material form to my companion. I have assured him in many ways of my presence; and I will be with him to the end; even though, as it has been, conditions should interpose for a time and prevent me making my presence known.

To the dear Medium, who has been the open door for me so long, I send my love, gratitude, and blessings. All send love.

Marietta, to Dr. A. B. Weymouth, Medford, or rather, Maplewood, Mass.

GEORGIE HAGAN.

It seems strange. I feel like a child, a little boy; although in the spiritual I am a young man. Yet I passed away from scarlet fever when a small child, and I find myself inclined to use such childish terms as "mamma," "papa," "Georgie," and so forth.

I want to send my love to my dear mother; to tell her I am with her to bless, guide, comfort and direct; that through all the journey of life I have been and will be her companion and guide. This seems strange to her, and yet she feels, if true, it is a most comforting and beautiful belief. Tell her I have grown and developed in the Higher Life, and am more than I would have been if remaining here.

I send my love to my brother. We surround him always with angels' love. Father is with me; his head wasn't just right, though none knew it. He is all right now, and sends his love, and has outgrown some peculiarities.

I was called Georgie Hagan. I lived in Charlestown, Mass. Mother's name is Annie Hagan.

RANSOM M. GOULD.

I RETURN to gain this experience for myself, sir, and to prove what I did not do here, the ability of disembodied Spirits to possess another organism and communicate intelligently to mortals. I am satisfied that it is so, and think I shall now advance faster and better. I am Ransom M. Gould, Deputy Sheriff, who passed away in Worcester—well, some considerable time over a year ago.

I think this will meet the eye of a friend, who will do what I wanted him to before my departure. Tell him, like Othello, I

awoke to find my occupation gone; but I have plenty of work before me. He will understand. I was about fifty-five years of age.

ANNIE BRAMBALL.

MAMMA'S going to California, and I want to send her a letter before she goes. She lives in Mount Pleasant now. Tell mamma we'll all go with her, and love her all the time; and grandpa says, "It is a good change, and what grandma said is true. Mamma will find all that she once had coming back, and everything will be pleasant and more prosperous."

They all send love, and to auntie too. She's going too, and we're so glad she is, and will stay with mamma.

I send my love to my little brother, and think he's real nice. Tell mamma I see my little shoe; it's awful old now. I tried to move my picture before it was put away. I think it did swing a little.

We all send our love to my dear papa, and say he'll do better than he has for a long time. Nettie comes and sends her love too.

I am Annie Bramhall. Mamma's Laura Bramhall.

MARY LAMB.

PERHAPS I am selfish, but I love to come wherever and whenever I can; but while so blessed myself, I feel sad that so many Spirits are unable to give their words of love to friends yet in the body.

Please send my earnest love to my dear husband, and tell him I congratulate him at the change in his home, and wish him every joy and pleasure. I can come much closer now, and through the instrumentality of his dear companion, I can impart my influence to the dear old home and receive a blessing in return.

I do not feel like an old lady now. In Spirit I am young and strong, and free and happy to do all I can in bringing the light to others. I passed away in time for the Spirit-celebration of the glorious anniversary of Spiritualism, over a year ago. It was grand and beautiful. But while rejoicing with dear ones over there, I returned to bring peace and comfort to my devoted sister and kind companion. I thank you.

Mary Lamb, to Nathan Lamb, Bridgewater, Vermont.

WM. E. CHANNING.

NOT as a minister of the gospel, clothed with the majesty of ministerial robes, to impart tidings of great joy concerning the Hereafter, do I return tonight, Mr. Chairman. But rather as the friend of the oppressed, and in defense of right and justice, do I desire to raise my Spirit-voice;

and through the instrumentality of your little journal, speak in behalf of that persecuted and despised race, the Indian.

Mr. Chairman, while we rejoice that noble souls in mortal labor earnestly for the elevation and amelioration of the wrongs of the red-man, and while we add our efforts to theirs, we must raise a cry of protest against the action of the government, and the indifference and apathy of the country at large, concerning our Indian brothers. A great cry of indignation and remonstrance goes ringing forth from the Higher Realms. Echoing and re-echoing throughout this land, it gains a hearing and meets response in a few noble hearts. But it will go on and on, until *all* who bear the name of freemen shall awaken from slumber, and arousing to the demand of justice, the needs of the hour, each one shall unite with his neighbor and *compel* government to provide for and protect the Indian.

Every soul whose heart throbs in sympathy with the oppressed; every Spirit who strives for the enlightenment of mankind and the elevation of humanity; every reformer, every teacher, every purified Spirit who walks in robes of light;—all, all, feel strongly and deeply upon this subject; and we tell you that not until this great wrong to the red-man is repaired, will this nation advance in civilization, honor and integrity, and merit the name of a free republic.

May every man, woman, or child, who recognizes the truth of Spiritual power, or who can discriminate between right and wrong, labor incessantly, by word and action, hand in hand with the Higher Powers, for the welfare of the red race. God bless you and your little sheet; it is truly a "Voice from the Angel-World."

WM. E. CHANNING.

MESSAGES GIVEN AUGUST 31st, 1879.

SALLIE ANMIDOWN.

I CAME to meeting; I didn't mean to speak. I came to hear the singing and the good words. I was young and strong when I came in, and now I feel old and weak. I don't know how it is. I was a very old lady when I died, and it wasn't much of a trial to give up the cross for the crown. I lived more than eighty years in the body, and it seems good to be free. My name is Sallie Anmidown—a good old name, and I'm proud of it still. I have only been in heaven a little while. It's a pretty good heaven to be in, where you are always strong and well and peaceful. I died in Boston, and I want to tell my friends I'm here and in good trim.

Give my love to every one. I always did like flowers, and you've got heaps of them here.

DR. FREDERICK S. AINSWORTH.

I COME, sir, hoping to reach friends who are in need of light from the other world; but I do not know now as I shall be able to do as well as I want to this first time. I passed away very weak. The old trouble occasioned by my connection with the army, wore upon my physical system so many years, that the Spirit became exhausted, and I feel it somewhat here.

I wish to send word to my New England friends, that it is well with me; all that I could wish is coming to me as fast as I can receive it. Although I passed on in the prime of life, as one said of me, yet I am satisfied; for I find I can be of more practical use here than when in the body, simply because of clearer vision, larger capacity for work, and more extended opportunities.

Please, sir, give my love to each friend, and say to George Davis, of Boston, that I will bring whatever power I possess to assist him in his work. That is all. Good night.

DR. FREDERICK S. AINSWORTH.

RENIE MORTON.

I DON'T know you, but I know the flowers. I come from Philadelphia. I've been gone away ever so long, and so I know all about the pretty Spirit-world. Mamma don't. Her name's Helen Morton, and I want to write a letter to send her my love. My name is Renie Morton. I'm a great girl now, but I want mother to know I'm living. I haven't any brothers or sisters. Grandpa is with me; he is ever so nice; his hair is just as white. He sends his love to mamma. Oh, what will I say, so mamma will be sure it's me? Oh, I know. Tell her the little white chicken with the broken wing, out to grandma's, got all well, and grew up big. I had it in a little basket of hay. She'll know, because I cried when they took it away again to the barn. I wanted to take it home to the city. Mother had no place to keep it, and grandma said she would keep it for me, when I came again. Next time, I went with the angels. I had an awful sore throat.

Good-bye. I like you all. Good-bye, mamma.

J. S. CORDELL.

I FEEL a weakness, yet I know it is only momentary. I desire so much to send a greeting of love to the dear family at home—to assure them that I am strong and happy, at perfect rest and peace. Oh,

the sweet release from weakness and pain! the freedom from weary days and sleepless nights! the power to develop the capacities within, and health to engage in those pursuits most congenial! All this is delightful, and I would have those I love on earth share my joy and participate in my blessings. Tell them that at morning and at night, when weary and sad, or when at peaceful rest, Johnnie returns to bring them love and strength and peace. Tell dear mother, I guard and guide her; I am with her as I promised, and have found the home I expected and hoped for.

I have met kind and dear friends, who gave my Spirit all its needs. I gave to them love, remembrances, and messages from dear ones on earth.

I thank you, sir. I had not quite attained my majority on earth, but I am indeed a man in Spirit. I passed home early in the year.

J. S. Cordell, who would like his message sent to D. B. Cordell, Cincinnati, Ohio.

MARY MORSON.

I NEVER had nothing so fine as this—[pulling at the Medium's dress.] How comed I with it? [Oh, it's not your dress; it's the lady's dress—the Medium who is talking for you.] Yes, it is my dress, too; the pretty lady said if I would come, she'd give me a new one. It is mine, now. [What is your name?] Mary Morson. [Well, Mary, we are glad to see you; and when you go, the pretty lady will give you the nice dress she promised. How old were you?] Nine years, and I've been away five or six more. I never did have a pretty dress in my life, and the lady said I should have just what I wanted. I thought this was it; but I'd rather have a blue one, with lots of these on it—(pointing to buttons on the Medium's dress.)

I lived in Bridgewater, and I guess the reason I can't get nothing pretty is 'cause I'm 'most always there with mammy, and she's awful poor.

I want the lady who reads the paper—Fanny Nichols—to send this to mammy, and to write her a nice letter to do her good. Say I send my love. Mammy is Jane Morson.

THERE'S nothing kills a man so soon as to find fault with nobody but himself. It's a deal the best way o' being master to let somebody else do the ordering, and keep the blaming in your own hands. It 'ud save many a man a stroke I believe.—*George Eliot.*

As the deepest hate may spring from the most violent love, so the greatest ingratitude may arise from the largest benefits.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGES.

LITTLE HELEN.

PHILADELPHIA, No. 1508 North 7th Street.

BROTHER DENSMORE,—In the "ANGEL VOICE," as the Little Spirits denominated our heavenly paper, there are two messages, which, in duty to the living on earth, and in grateful acknowledgement to the love of my kindred Spirits on the other shore, I am bound to publicly recognize. I identify the one from the little grandchild, Helen, familiarly known as a contributor to the columns of the Voice. She is as busy as the bee, and seems to take great pleasure in her work for the good of humanity.

For fear of making this article too long, I shall make very slight comments upon these messages to me. Helen is a fearless and unceasing worker, for she frequently appears at the public sances of Mrs. Powell, in this city, and always "talks right out in meeting." What she meant by going "to South Boston for more power," 'cause there's been so much smoke in Philadelphia, the Spirits can't work so good," I do not know—but would like to. I am glad that she has made the acquaintance of your Spirit-daughter, Tunio. She speaks of "a basket of lilies to Martha, lady"; and it is proper I should state that this affords additional evidence of the verity of the communication; for Martha means Mrs. Martha Hoffman, who was her "mamma Medium" while living in this city, but who is now in New York. You doubtless recognize who the Little Spirit means when she speaks of "Tunio's papa," and of having word sent to him "to have the Little Spirits speak through 'Angel Voice,'" etc.

If Helen goes, as she says she will, to pic-nics and camp-meetings, I hope and pray she will be kindly received and duly appreciated, as one of the heavenly benefactors of the human race. Shall I ask through the Voice that messages or communications from Little Helen, no matter where, when, or to whom given, may be notified to me?

The message from "Annie Wood," my mother, is so full of love, that I hardly know how to write or speak of it; and it is so full of hopeful prophecy, that I should fail in grateful and filial duty, did I not acknowledge the sweet assurances of her "watchful care and love." Besides which, I am under obligations more than ever to bless not only her blessed memory, but that deep and enduring love, which she says she has for the Little Angel, (Helen,) whom she speaks of as being one of, and acting in concert with, a band

of Spirits, and backed by "powerful Spirits, that are getting ready for work," the fulfillment of which "I will see accomplished."

What does this all mean? I must wait patiently, and shall see what I shall see.

The reference to "Mary" as the teacher of Helen, and the head of the band, is corroborative testimony of this blessed teacher of the little one, of whom Helen has made mention at sundry times.

Shall I add that my mother passed to the other life in 1851, at the earthly age of sixty-four years. She was the first to manifest herself to me in presence of a Medium, in the summer of 1876, at which time my eyes were first opened to the light of our glorious philosophy and religion.

And further let me say to those who are in doubt, or skeptical, that M. T. Shelhamer, the Medium through whose organism these messages came, is an entire stranger to myself and my family, and could not of herself by any possible means have given these facts and references as truly and pertinently as they are presented.

Yours, &c.,

JOSEPH WOOD.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

AN INSPIRATIONAL MESSAGE.

THROUGH MRS. A. BAILLY, AT GOLDEN CIRCLE, LOTTSVILLE, PENN.

You have had precept upon precept, line upon line; they are now before you, and it remains for you to carry into practice what the life of Spirit has revealed in your midst. It is necessary to use the talent entrusted to your care, that it may bring forth fruit. It is necessary to give forth your ideas, that they may quicken your lives, give a new impetus to your thoughts, and kindle in other lives a holy zeal and longing after good. Hold truth sacred, no matter of what kind or character it may be, so it is truth; and let the truth that you perceive in the outward world be true to the truth that is within you. Have no vain purposes, and you will have no regrets. Strive earnestly to do what is laid out before you; follow in duty's path, and the unfoldings that will come to your lives will bring joy beyond measure, hopes beyond what any earthly act can compensate; because the seed of immortality is within you, and you are immortalized in your thoughts, immortalized in your deeds, and your examples shall live on and go down to posterity. The generations that come after you will be wiser because of what you have done, and your efforts in behalf of humanity will not be ignored under a just law.

So receive the inspiration of the Spirit, and carry into your lives and practices whatever your God-given power of reason tells you is wisest and best. Take heed how you hear, take heed how you speak, lest you be thoughtless. Give an understanding ear to the wise, that you may learn wisdom, and let not your minds be charged with vanity and deceit. Let not malice be found among you, but brotherly and sisterly regard and kind attention to each other's welfare.

You are a chosen band, gifted to no ordinary degree, and we pray that no blight or mildew may fall upon your lives. Let your days be days of striving to know more and more of the purpose that life holds within you, that you may better understand the true philosophy of your existence.

SPIRIT GUIDES, GOLDEN BAND CIRCLE.

[From Banner of Light.]

FRATERNITY.

BY DR. D. AMBROSE DAVIS.

THE words "loving kindness" are easily spoken,
But who under God will their meaning express?
Oh, who will go forth with the olive-branch token,
With only the motive to love and to bless?

Yes, who will go forth in the armor of kindness,
To lead the poor wanderer from pathways of sin?
To search out the souls that are groping in blindness,
And find them a refuge and welcome them in?

Lo! who will go forth in the work of redemption?
Where are the brave souls that will make up the van?
Are there not even more who would claim an exemption
From faith in pure motives and duty to man?

Are they truly all blessings that we are bestowing?
Are our souls really bowing around the Love-Shrine?
Are there not rather thistles and thorns that are growing,
To choke out the harvest that should be divine?

Is there no hunting-ground or fit home for the Indian,
In all the wide forests or fields of the earth?
And must his pale brother, who claims to be Christian,
Deprive him of all he inherits by birth?

Are not all God's children, wherever they may be,
Recipients still of his fatherly care?
And should not the red-man, the child of the forest,
Be justly awarded his God-given share?

Oh, if we look upward for wisdom and guidance,
How quickly the angels respond to our call,
Still using unwearied their utmost endeavor
To make us Evangelists of kindness to all.

They ask us to look at the lives we are living,
And pause but sufficient to see where we stand;
To mark if the gifts that we daily are giving
Are surely the gifts of the "heart in the hand."

They teach us forever that we are God's children,
With special appointments for each one to fill;
And therefore should always, like brothers and sisters,
Go lovingly forward in kindest good-will.

They point to the sunshine, the rain and the dewdrops,
And ask us to mark how their tokens are given,
Forever impartial and ever untiring,
As always our Father is smiling from heaven.

They tell us the star-gems that sparkle above us,
So many and varied, all acting their part,
Are asking us truly to be more fraternal,
With shoulder to shoulder, and heart-pulse to heart.

For though, in God's wisdom, our missions are varied,
Our hearts best emotions should still be the same;
And kindest of favors from one to another
Should be the best object at which we should aim.

WRAK men never yield at the proper time
Cardinal De Retz.

BRIEF NEWS ITEMS.

J. MADISON ALLEN is still at work on the frontier in Kansas. He left Wichita July 24th. Spoke in Newtown July 24th, 27th, 31st, Aug. 3d and 7th; in Hope, Aug. 16th and 17th; addressed a temperance organization in Marion Centre, Aug. 10th. Has calls from other points in Kansas and Nebraska. Would be pleased to hear further from Nebraska, Iowa, Wisconsin and other northwestern States. Address Tonganoxie, Leavenworth Co., Kansas.

Never enter a sick room in a state of perspiration, at the moment you become cold your pores absorb. Do not approach contagious diseases with an empty stomach, nor sit between the sick and the fire.

The Chicago *Times* states that Tennyson is a positivist. In this we think it must be mistaken; or else Tennyson has changed his views since he wrote "In Memoriam." His brother Frederick and his sister are avowed Spiritualists; and, if we mistake not, Alfred himself is much nearer to Spiritualism than he is to Positivism.—*R. P. Journal*.

A liberal society called the "Sacred Brotherhood," has been organized at Barton, Mo. It is the intention to organize there a childrens' progressive lyceum.

The widow Van Cott told the Buffalo *Express* the other day: "I don't propose to save souls at the beggarly price of \$3 a day, I can tell you that."

Cause and effect are the laws from whence worlds were brought into existence, and though man is but a speck on the ocean of time, cause laid the foundation, and the effect is seen in the forms before you; and we can no more trace out the origin of one than the other.—*R. P. Journal*.

Spiritualism, as an educator, seeks to remove the causes which prevent a full and free exercise of all the powers with which mankind have been endowed. As a science, it explains the philosophy of life, and directs attention to the many evils which harden society and retard the progress of the race.—*R. P. Journal*.

Immanuel Hermann Fichte, the celebrated philosopher and Spiritualist, who died recently at Stuttgart Germany, was the son of Johann Gottlieb Fichte, (one of the greatest thinkers and philosophers of his age) and was born in 1797. He became convinced of the truth of the Spiritual Philosophy in 1859-60, and soon after produced a remarkable paper entitled "Soul, Spirit, and Consciousness from the Stand-point of Psycho-physical Science." He has during the past year published an important work called "The Worth and Illusions of Spiritualism," in which he avows himself explicitly a Spiritualist. His death is a great loss to the cause of Rational Science. We condense the above from an interesting article on the great philosopher in the *Religio Philosophical Journal* of Aug. 30.

The Spiritualistic Camp-Meeting at Lilly Dale, Cassadaga Lake, Chautauqua Co., New York, closed Aug. 31. It was well attended, and proved as successful as similar previous gatherings at the same place.

We see by a notice in *Mind and Matter* that James A. Bliss opened his Developing Circle at the office of that paper, on the evening of Tuesday, Sept. 2.

A new Spiritual Society has just organized in West Cleveland. Its members have a neat hall at No. 349½ Pearl street, capable of seating two hundred persons.

On Sunday, Sept. 14, the regular Sabbath morning services heretofore conducted by W. J. Colville at other points in the city will be re-inaugurated for the fall and winter season at Berkeley Hall, Odd Fellows' Building, (corner Berkeley and Tremont streets, Boston.) The meeting will commence at half-past ten o'clock. This opening lecture, as outlined by the subject announced by Mr. Colville's guides, will treat of various "Important Duties of the Present Hour."

The Roxbury Society of Spiritualists will recommence meetings at Kennedy Hall, Warren street, Boston Highlands, on the evening of Sunday, Sept. 14th, at half past seven o'clock. Its management have secured the services of Mr. W. J. Colville as their regular speaker.

The Northern Wisconsin Spiritual Conference will occur at Omro, Wisconsin, Sept. 26th, 27th, and 28th. Dr. James M. Peebles and other noted speakers will be present.

The U. S. Freethinkers' National Convention will be held at Chautauqua Lake, New York, Sept. 17th to 21st. Able speakers will be present, representing the various shades of Liberalism. A tent holding 3,000 persons has been engaged, liberal arrangements have been made for boarding, and fares will be half-price on all the leading railroads.

Spiritualism does not require to be bolstered up by old musty records and legends—proof sufficient is to be found in the present to establish the facts and claims of the spiritual philosophy.—*R. P. Journal*.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE NEW DISPENSATION.

NUMBER FIVE.

REFERRING to our last, in May 15th number, with its closing, briefly touching upon the chaos and incoherency of Spiritualists, in much of their private thinking, with much contention and wrangling about things not yet made plain—if we view from a stand-point that covers the whole ground, we will see that this condition of mentality is the necessary outgrowth of the intelligence Spiritualism brings to us.

In order to fully understand this, let us go back over the field we have travelled from the commencement of the raps at Hydesville. Spiritualism, as it stands out before us today, was an unknown quantity, and what we have in it, with its vast accumulations, both in its real parts and their mighty and important adjuncts, bringing up thoughts that form the substance of its piles of literature and philosophy, together with all of the thoughts that form the subject of conversation and discussion, private and public, all over the civilized world—before these raps, all this was a blank; and what did we have in its place? Where Spiritualism has now spread itself, we had the Bible, and the beliefs that grew out of the understanding of what the Bible reveals. We had the Christian religion, with its multiform beliefs, divided up into little clans and sects, all over the civilized world. Yet notwithstanding all this variety of opinions, that grew out of different conceptions of how to carry out a plan, in the main idea all this variety were agreed. The Christian religion, which mainly was the religion of the civilized world, believed the Bible to be a revelation, full and complete, of the will of God to man, and that it constituted all that could ever be expected in that direction. This idea of the

Bible all the Christian world agreed to—that it was perfect and complete, and not one word or phrase of it was untrue. It was the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

The Christian world also believed in the fall of man through Adam and Eve, whereby sin entered the world, and man became a rebel and disobedient, causing God a great deal of trouble; who, after many vain and fruitless attempts to bring fallen and sinful man to obedience, hit upon a plan of salvation to all who would accept of it. This plan by all Christian sects is accepted and fully believed in. In this also they all agree. The differences in belief, which make the Christians divided into sects, consist in differences of opinion in regard to some of the minutiae in carrying out this plan in its fullness. By this Christian world, also, God, the Life-force, the Maker and Creator of this world and the universe, was in their conception a personal Being—a great large Male Spirit, with immense executive ability—a monstrous Will-power, unlimited in its psychological influence—a Power that could do or undo at His pleasure—speak worlds into existence, or destroy them.

In this conception of God all Christian sects agreed. They also believed alike in the conception that God personally lived in a place called Heaven, situated somewhere way out in space, in a sort of a walled city, and that He was continually seated upon a Great White Throne, surrounded by a vast retinue of servants, called Angels, through whom all his business was done.

Here, also, with the Father, resided Jesus Christ, his only begotten Son, who was chief in the plan of salvation, and to whom was given its supervision and administration. This only begotten (no mention made of the mother) Son was sent unto this world, (then the only place where human beings existed,) to suffer and die an ignominious death upon the cross, as a sin-offering, and all who accept it as such fully believed it a means of personal salvation; when death ended their existence on this earth, they were transported to Heaven, where God and Jesus Christ lived; there in that walled city to remain in a never-ending and increasing happy condition of existence.

Those who rejected the offer advertised in this plan, at death were consigned to a place, God had previously made for some previous rebellious heavenly servants, called Hell, there to remain forever in constantly increasing torment.

The Bible was believed to be a history

of the creation of this planet, and all thereon, including man; God's dealings with man, and God's plan of salvation, revealing as its ideal does the origin and destiny of the human soul.

These views of God and man's destiny were at the time the raps appeared a fixed ideal in the intellectual conception of the masses of mankind, all over the civilized world.

This brief picture is brought in here to show the mental and intellectual conception of the mass of mankind, as to what, who and where and about God, and what of the destiny of a human being, when Spiritualism first introduced itself, or was introduced by the Spirit-world. Let it be remembered that what the Spirit-world has revealed to us in all its vastness was then a blank—an unknown quantity.

The New Dispensation can never be understood and correctly placed, without well understanding the great departure it makes from the intellectual conception by the masses of God and man's destiny, which we shall trace from its first advent to the present time in our next number.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

SPIRIT ECHOES.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

BY SPIRIT VIOLET.

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELHAMER.

A VEIL of silvery mist hangs over my Summer land home, so fine, so ethereal, that it scarcely hides the golden light of the sun, which shines through the glittering vapor, turning it to shimmering gold, now and then changing to red, and blue, and every other rainbow hue. The brilliant mist, descending from snowy clouds, falls silently like a blessing of love upon the green sward, the fragrant flowers, and the branching trees, which look up in smiling joy to catch the refreshing bath.

The far-off hills and mountains gleam through the beautiful mist with a softened and subdued light, which adds a new charm to their beauty. The waters of stream and river murmur more musically sweet, as if conscious of the new power they shall have gained, when the mist has rolled away. The birds chirp contentedly, while swinging in their leafy bowers, as if in welcome to this spiritual rain; and all life becomes animated anew, and thrilled with a sweeter power and vigor.

No heavy storms, no tearing whirlwinds come to sweep away the beautiful works of Nature. Those are but the effects of forces whose power is felt through materiality alone. But softly, silently, and sweetly descends the rain of the Summer-

land, covering hill and dale, shrub and blossom, with a tiny, dew-like moisture, that brings refreshment and strength to all.

All alone in my quiet sanctum, I sit and gaze out upon the golden mist, half lost in wonder and delight, and ask myself, "Was ever anything so beautiful as this?" The very Essence of Life seems descending in that spiritual rain, and under its influence my Spirit rises as with new energy, strength and power.

From the contemplation of the beautiful works of God spread out before me, my Spirit-thought flows out towards the earth, to dear ones who linger in the material form; and filled with love and sympathy, it continues to flow on until it reaches the hearts of those so dear, and forms a shining chain connecting their lives with my life and its Summer-land home. A quiet peace stealing over them, a happy rest filling all their being, proves that they are *en rapport* with the Higher Life; and although I may not leave my apartment, may not step outside my Spirit-home, yet I can see and commune with the loved ones, and send out my thoughts upon the chain of love, which binds each soul to mine, and they receive the message, responding in the interior consciousness of their Spirits.

But although Spirits may thus live close to their earthly friends without leaving their upper homes, yet what a sweet delight it is to return in Spiritual presence to the home we loved on earth, and there, mingling with dear ones yet in mortal, partake of their joys, participate in their sorrows, bless them with our affection, and by silent impression permeate their thoughts with our thought and draw them upward and towards the beautiful and good.

Oh, mothers, sorrowing for the loss of your darlings! oh, fathers, bowed not beneath the weight of years, but because you have laid the form of loved ones low! oh, brothers! oh, sisters! grieving in silence because of the seeming severing of fraternal bonds! oh, children, sad at the death of a parent! oh, husband, wife, or friend! who sigh for a departed companion! look up! look up! not down to the sod beneath your feet. Your loved ones are not there; but amid the glowing sunbeams above and around you, their tender faces shine upon you, and through the golden mist of death, their gentle voices call to you in tones of love. They are all with you; not one is separated or lost. They come to you in the stillness of sorrow, or in the stillness of night. They walk at your side by day and bless you.

They are surely with you. And whether you pierce the clouds of doubt and fear or not, yet they come, and permeating your lives with a holier thought, a purer desire, they lead you still nearer the heavenly gates, which you shall one day enter, and find your darlings close by your side; and *then* shall know they have never died.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

"MOTHER."

BY C. A. R.

(A Christian friend tells me that I may not know my mother in the beautiful Hereafter.)

Not know my mother in that beautiful land!
Not know her—not take her by the hand!
Not look into her sweet blue eyes,
Nor note the look of glad surprise
Which shall flash over her countenance mild
When she sees and recognizes her child!
Then I'm afraid, oh, I'm afraid I shall pray
The Father of Justice and Mercy to send me away;
For heaven could never be heaven to me,
If my dear mother I should fail to see.
Long years ago we laid her to rest,
And tried to say, "The Lord knoweth best;"
But we've ever looked forward to God's own time,
To be greeted by mother; then to sit down
To tell of the cross, to show each our crown.
If this is not so, why did not the Father above,
When he sent for "our mother," return us our love?

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE.

THROUGH C. E. WINANS.

POSEYVILLE, Ind., Aug. 11, 1879.

BROTHER D. C. DENSMORE:—*Dear Sir,*—In the VOICE OF ANGELS of July 1st, is a Spirit-message from Colin McKinney, Esq., which I fully recognize as coming from my father-in-law, who departed this life, as he says, in December, 1850—this being the first communication in writing we have received from him. We hope he may come often and communicate with us.

There was also a communication from Robert Garrison, which I can verify, having been personally acquainted with him in this life, and having often had conversation with him, and know it to be true in every particular. I have had conversation with him through C. E. Winans, and I am very thankful to have the opportunity to converse with friends who have gone before us. You can do as you think best with the above.

Respectfully yours,

JONATHAN MARSH.

P. S.—Enclosed please find money, for which please send me your valuable paper to the above address, and oblige an earnest seeker after "Light, more light."

J. M.

If you wish to please, you will find it wiser to receive, solicit even, favors than accord them; for the vanity of the obligor is always flattered, that of obligee rarely.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

SMALL service is true service while it lasts. Wordsworth.

ANOTHER VERIFICATION.

WESTON, VT., Aug. 20, 1879.

MR. D. C. DENSMORE.—We wish to express our gratitude for the communication given June 29th. from Clark O. Wallace, through M. T. Shelhamer. It gives us great joy to hear from him through strangers. The dear darling child comes to his earthly home daily. May God bless you and the angels.

MR. AND MRS. IVERS B. HOLDEN.

P. S.—Please find enclosed one dollar and sixty-five cents for the VOICE OF ANGELS one year to my address.

IVERS B. HOLDEN.

A HUMAN ELECTRIC BATTERY.

An extraordinary story is told by the Boudon (Canada) *Advertiser*. A girl nineteen years of age, who has just recovered from a two years' illness, the nature of which the doctors were unable to determine, as there did not seem to be any organic complaint, has developed wonderful electrical powers, and seems to be a perfect battery. A person, unless possessed of the very strongest nerves, cannot shake hands with her, nor can any one place his hand in a pail of water with hers. By joining hands, she can send a sharp shock through fifteen or twenty people in a room, and she possesses all the attraction of a magnet. If she attempts to pick up a knife, the blade will jump into her hand, and a paper of needles will hang suspended from one of her fingers. She cannot drop any small article of steel she may pick up. On entering a room, a perceptible influence seizes all others, and while some are affected with sleepiness, others are ill and fidgety till they leave. A sleeping babe will wake up with a start at her approach, but with a stroke of her hand she can at once coax it to slumber again. Animals are also subject to her influence, and a pet dog of the household will be for hours at her feet as motionless as in death. Articles which she uses become magnetized. She is one of seven children, none of the rest of whom show any abnormal qualities.

WHERE THE SUN DOES NOT SET.—A scene witnessed by some travellers in the North of Norway, from a cliff elevated a thousand feet above the sea, is thus described: At our feet the ocean stretched away in the silent vastness; the sound of its waves scarcely reached our airy lookout; away in the north the huge old sun swung low along the horizon like the slow beat of the pendulum in the tall clock of our grandfather's parlor-corner. We all stood silent, looking at our watches. When both hands came together at twelve, midnight, the full round orb hung triumphantly above the waves, a bridge of gold running due north, spanning the water between us and him. There he shone in silent majesty, which knew no setting. We involuntarily took off our hats; no word was said. Combine, if you can, the most brilliant sunrise and sunset you ever saw, and the beau-

ties will pale before the gorgeous coloring which now lit up ocean, heaven and mountain. In half an hour the sun had swung up perceptibly on his beat, the colors changed to those of morning, a fresh breeze rippled over the flood, one songster after another piped up in the grove behind us—we had slid into another day.

NOTICE.

TO THE DELICATELY WEAK AND SUFFERING.—Upon the receipt of one dollar and stamp, Miss M. T. SHELHAMER will forward full and complete directions for the maintaining of health and the regaining of strength; provided the parties writing send a clear description of leading symptoms.

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MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

THROUGH C. E. WINANS.

Hattie Benton; Walter Benton.

THROUGH DR. O.

Robert Hare.

THROUGH "WEST INGLE."

Polly Bettis; Polly Winchell; 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 be "Tunie" Fund:

Henry Smith, Henderson, Granville Co., N. C.,	\$0.35
Joseph Kinney, Cincinnati, Ohio,	3.00
Mrs. H. M. Farrar, Lowell, Mass.,	0.70
A Friend,	0.20
From a Friend, New Orleans, La.,	1.25
Mrs. Clarinda Gale, East Concord, N. H.,	1.00

Send age, sex, if married or single, with 25 cents, (stamp,) to Mrs. A. B. P. ROBERTS, of Candia, N. H., and receive a Spirit-communication, or questions answered on business, development and future prospects. (The person's own handwriting is required.)

NOTICE.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

I hereby appoint Mr. A. LINNEMANN, residing at 152 Second street, New Orleans, La., Sole Agent for soliciting and collecting subscriptions for the VOICE OF ANGELS in the above city.

D C DENSMORE,

Pub. Voice of Angels.

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