

VOL. IV.

{ D. C. DENSMORE, }
PUBLISHER.

NO. WEYMOUTH, MASS., JAN. 1, 1879.

{ \$1.65 PER ANNUM }
IN ADVANCE.

NO. 1.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

Enlarged from 8 to 12 pages, formerly issued from No. 5 Dought Street, Boston, Mass., will after this date be published at *Fair View House, North Weymouth, Mass.*, the 1st and 15th of each month.

SPIRIT L. JUDG PARDEE, Editor-in-Chief.

" D. K. MINER, Business Manager,

D. C. DENSMORE, Amanuensis and Publisher.

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L. JUDG PARDEE,

SPIRIT EDITOR "VOICE OF ANGELS."

LITERARY.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

ROPES OF SAND.

THROUGH THY PHENIA C. FAIRBANK.

On, deep, deep soul—Oh, pale green sea!
Song-tuned from the wind's wild minstrelsy,
Mingled with tones from the hidden shells
That lie in the coral wreathed ocean dells;
When the water nymphs play with the fringed beams
Of sun, moon, and stars, in their downward gleams;
By the laws of thy Maker's divine command,
Thou art held in thy bounds by ropes of sand.

Oh, silver sea!—Oh, still, calm sea!
When shimmering waves move leisurely,
And the great gift of man's pride is thine,
As firm on thy wastes as by garden vine;
In the height of thy glory remember this—
Thy grandeur and majesty owe their bliss
To the crumbling forces that round thee band,
And thy safety insure—soft ropes of sand.

Oh, bolsterous sea!—Oh, roaring sea!
Storm-lashed by the wrathful wind sea's glee;
Holiday sport for the hurricane,
When foaming surge-billows leap o'er the main,
And the restless, magnificent swells mount high,
To snap, crack and boom of the thundering sky—
Not thy mightiest throes can destroy the strand,
Thou canst never o'erleap those ropes of sand.

Oh, moaning sea!—Oh, changeful sea!
Thy waters teem full of my tery;—
High, flowery banks o'erlooking the weeds
That drift with the wrecked ship's last told deeds,
View thy heartless tramp o'er man's crushed power,
Who grappled thy strength as he would time's hour.
Haughty conqueror thou! yet thou, too, must stand
To the bidding, "Stop here!"—from ropes of sand.

Oh, tranquil sea!—light rolling sea!
Thy restless sigh seems a melody
Chanted by sirens from the deep's release,
Who've brought to the bench praise songs of peace;
Which, like costly trophies from kings of war,
In no ocean-pearled hall will they dazzle more;
Intermingled with atoms from sea and land,
How they brighten thy girdling ropes of sand.

Oh, human sea!—Oh, soul-life sea!
Whose spaces sweep over Eternity;—
Fair continents rise from thy untold depths,
And islands exhalting their spicy breaths;
And the floating years are the ships that sail
To those thought-lit shores before time's gale;
Truth, Love and Goodness death-blows withstand—
Yet subject forever to ropes of sand.

Oh, boundless sea!—exhaustless sea!
Thy sea-bird song—"Immortality!"—
Sounds soft on the tide's triumphant flow;
Then we feel the cords weaken when the ebbings go;
And the brodered cloud-curtains that o'er us hang
Seem zephyr-dissolved, leaving only a pang;
But we find in the sonnet on the wounded strand
Rich brilliants and gems for our ropes of sand.

Oh, dear-life sea!—Oh, sweet-life sea!
Thy vastness embraces "Infinity!"—
And man is the chosen pilot who steers
Every new ship launched of the mystic years;
Whatever of sorrow wild tempests may wake,
Our moorings from Nature's conditions ne'er'll break;
For safe in our Heavenly Father's strong hand
Are the timeless grains in our ropes of sand.

ELLINGTON, N. Y., Dec. 6, 1878.

PAIN, like a trusty sentinel, guards every avenue leading to the citadel of life, and we are admonished whenever danger approaches.

This world is his who can see through its pretensions.—Emerson.

EXPLANATORY.

That our readers may understand our new heading, I will say, in the first place, that it is a scene I witness at every regular seance for Spirit-communications.

As will be seen, I am represented sitting at a table, writing out what each Spirit has to say. Mr. Pardee, the Spirit-editor, is sitting at the other side of the table, with his left hand resting upon some books; while Spirit D. K. Miner, business-manager, is seen standing at my left, some distance back, holding in his right hand a roll of paper; between the two latter, my



D. C. DENSMORE,

AMANUENSIS AND PUBLISHER "VOICE OF ANGELS."

angel-daughter Tunie is in the act of introducing a Spirit from the lower planes of Spirit-life, who is anxious to communicate; while directly back of them are two Spirit-friends of the communicating Spirit. All the other spirits witnessing the scene compose the band of young ladies often referred to in these pages, who employ their time in hunting up those needing aid, and assisting them to take the first step towards a higher condition, many of whom are very low in development; and not a few find

THROUGH ALFRED JAMES, PHILA.
[While entranced, written down as delivered
by J. M. R.]

KDGAR. A. FOR.

GOOD AFTERNOON, SIR,—I have come not so much to give a communication as to make a declaration. I was a man who was much respected at one time. I was a man whose high talents would have enabled me to carve my name high in the niche of fame; but I had one failing. Was it hereditary or was it the work of Spirit-power? I declare that my ruin was wrought by Spirit-control, and was not the result of hereditary tendencies. "Then," says some one, "you have no individuality." I answer this, and say, you have no individuality when you open the door to undeveloped Spirits and allow them to get a hold upon you. You might as well try to shake the Colossus of Rhodes as to rid yourself of the Spirits who obsess you. At all times, the Spirit who controlled me, for I have found out who it was, forced me to drink. Being debauched and low itself, this Spirit dragged me down from the noble, bright-eyed man of genius to (I might say) the contemptible sot. I have nothing more to say. I merely give this as a warning to those who yield to that class of spirits.

Mark me as E. A. Poe.

THROUGH C. E. WINANS.

FROM MRS. HATTIE BENTON, TO REV. A.
BENTON, BROWNSTOWN, IND.

GOOD MORNING, friends. I wish to give a message here today. Oh, how deftly was the door opened! Oh, how calmly was it closed after I had entered into life—that life which has no fading! With beauty, truth and honesty do the inhabitants of the Spirit-Land commune with the dwellers of earth. This land is a land of realities; here birds do sing, waters do flow, and impart freshness and life to all things. The one who I mourned for while in earth-life I have found. My heart is thankful; for I have met George, and he who had suffered in body and mind is now enjoying blessings from the hand of the Omnipotent Creator.

I would say to Albert, Be firm and steadfast in your belief. Your mother, Elizabeth, is often with you. She is your Guardian Spirit. She sends much love to you, and says that she sympathizes with you in your present troubles. And, dear husband, after the change, all the mysteries that were connected with death pass away, and you see yourself in your true light. When the better Spiritual senses get the ascendancy, then comes the tho't, What work can I do that will benefit oth-

ers? And thus I come forward to perform the work which I am trying to accomplish tonight, though a stranger—not as a test, but as something to cheer the hearts, and carry away the doubts and fears that may rest in the minds of those I have left behind me.

'Tis hard to part from those we love, even though we have the full assurance of meeting them, knowing them and loving them in the world beyond. Still, if my will had been done, I would have stayed on earth and been a loving companion for my husband; but the decree went forth, and death entered our house, and made the heart of the one I loved, and who loved me, sad and mournful.

Do not look forward, oh, husband, but look backward to the happy days we spent together; then think, if you can, of me as being a watchful angel over all your acts, trying to teach you and help you teach the people the way of God and God's people.

I shall ask no questions. I don't expect any response. My knowledge is extensive as regards the intercourse which the one world holds with the other. Consequently, I do not come as a novice.

Thanking you all for letting me come, and for your kind attention, I withdraw.

Send message to Albert Benton, Brownstown, Ind.

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

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

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Mr. Russell, Belding, Mich.	.50
Mrs. Kellb. Worcester, Mass.	.35
Mrs. Alexander Lisk, Peoria, Ill.	.50

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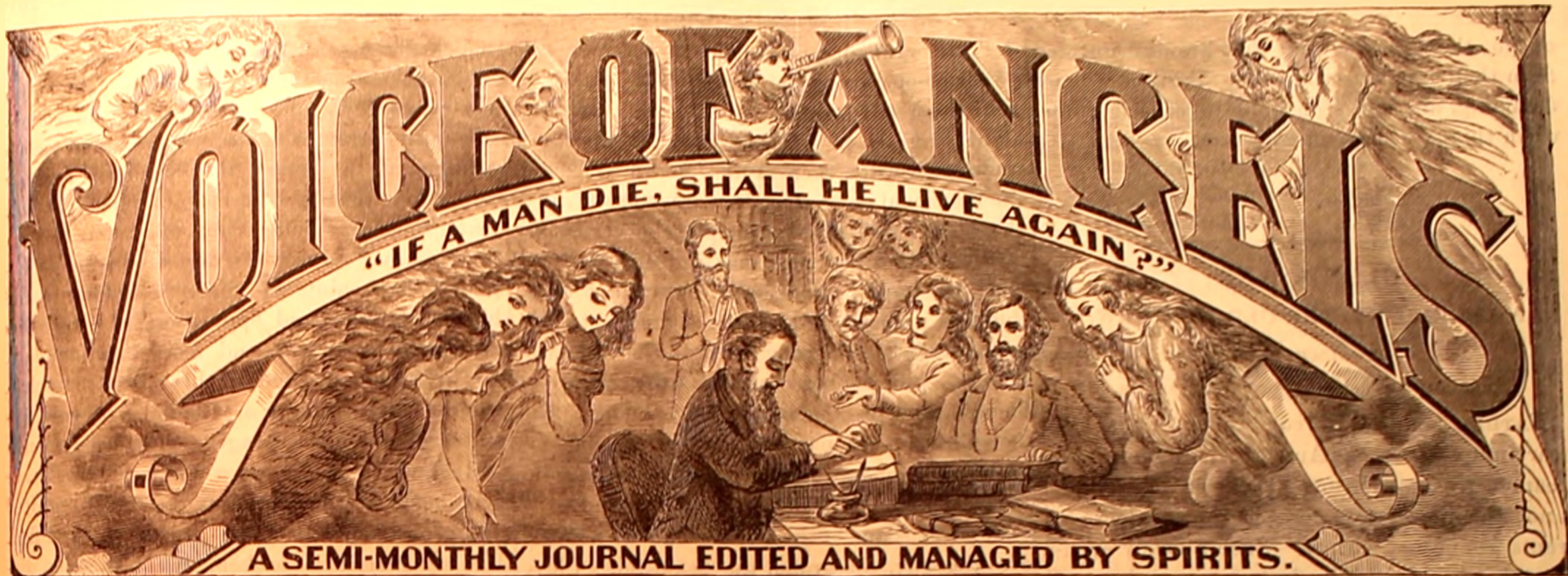
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out for the first time that they are disconnected from their earthly body; who think they are dreaming, and will soon wake to consciousness, when things will go on as before.

D. C. DENSMORE,
Publisher of "Voice of Angels."

GLENDOWER; A LEGEND OF THE OLD AND NEW.

BY ALICE CARY.
THROUGH MRS. SUSAN GOODHUE WAGNER.

FATHER and I were coming down the hill, near Sunny Glade, one August evening long ago. I cannot reckon the time. Well, no matter; it is not the time I care for, but the incidents or events connected with it. Such a lovely evening, too, when the birds fluttered in and out of the hedge, and the sweet aroma of flowers pervaded the air, when soft murmurs and pleasant sounds fell with soothing and tender melody on the ear. A calm August evening. A glorious sunset, bathing the landscape with rosy light, while we watch the ever-changing clouds, forming so many grotesque pictures, and all the rainbow tints of varied hues, of ever-changing scenes, while we picture forms and faces, and feel as if something we know not what was cognizant of what we do. A dreamy evening, full of tender memories; when our emotions ripple over into adoration, and we wish we were a painter or a poet, that we might catch the divine inspiration of the hour.

When light cascades and mossy glades are all around us,
When I wished that a nymph or a sprite I might be,
Or a sportive fairy, so light and free, would crown me
With a garland of flowers, fresh culled from the bowers.

So, lover-like, hand in hand, we wended our way along—father and I. I buoyant with health and vigor; he burdened with the infirmities of years, like a patriarch of old, with flowing beard and silvered locks.

While I was ever singing to the chiming of distant bells,
Awakening sweet echoes among the wooded dells.

Until we reached Glendower, a manor house once of some pretensions, but now partially fallen to decay, lone, silent, deserted.

With cobwebs on the wall and dust upon the floor,
But the sun shone through the window and peeped in at the door.

Birds built in the eaves, and a luxuriant growth of vines, untended and untrained, clambered over the windows and darkened the rooms with wild, weird, and fantastic shadows within.

"Child," said my father, "there are moments for reflection and meditation, when the harmonies of nature come *en rapport* with the divinities within us, when our faculties unfold to receive the ever-varying impressions, or solar attractions, the forces that constitute the elements of thought, power, action, the fervid rays of the sun, the breeze that touches your cheek, form the component parts of your being, and make you identical with nature and with God."

"If I shut my eyes," I said, "I cannot see, or my ears, I cannot hear; but I can always feel. Then why should one sense be astute, and another acute?"

"Our organisms are independent, but will-power co-operates with mechanical force, (as in your case) and perfects conditions. The stars shine brightly on a cloudless night, the sun is undimmed when there is no opposing element, the fractional parts of matter are subservient to the whole. The first principle, the etymology of divine law, you may mar, but not destroy; you may impair or disguise, but cannot efface the vital properties, the living source."

"Sages," I said, "may probe to the depths of science, philosophers unravel the poesy of thought, and seers penetrate into the mythical, the vague, or visionary, as may be; astronomers absorb the wonder-loving, through planetary investigation and elucidation, or cynics and critics teach wisdom to the world—be wise; but I love the gay, the grand, the beautiful. I love things as they are, and not to be. I love my own fancies and moods, my own pleasures and pastime. I am a child of nature; but nature must adapt itself to me, not me to nature. Do not tell me of law. It oppresses me. Nor of boundaries, nor of things I do not understand; for love is illimitable, and I worship at its shrine. Look in yon brook. What does it reflect? Myself; mirrored in its depths my own true picture, and not myself. Mine is the instinct life, that the inanimate imagery. I only realize the tangible, the real, not shadows; for they are fancies, not ghosts; for they are vagaries of the brain, optical illusions, anything, everything that we know not of, but wish we did. Sometimes, when my moods are tender or fanciful, I am carried away from myself, from things I know to things unknown, all indistinct, and yet so real, sometimes so dark. Worlds seem to revolve around me, and space seems an atom compared to the magnitude of thought that seems to overreach all matter, conditions and principles; yet I shrink, I falter, I doubt, I fear, while I adore."

"Child, you have, (while you reject theories,) come back to the first principle. Cause and reason teaches you effect. You were the cause of the shadow in the water, it the negative principle; so through the chemical forces of matter our Spiritual bodies are ever yielding to the undefinable but irresistible influence of magnetic development, of universal law."

"Oh, father, see! the twilight deepens; the day is fading; the sun lingers on the hills, and brightens the lake; the trees are aglow with ruddy light."

Oh, I would sail in yon boat with thee,
And dip my oars in the shining sea.

But here we are at the manor. Oh, gloomy old fortress! How many light feet have passed thy threshold! how those silent and deserted rooms have echoed to the music of familiar voices! but now, alas! no visible sign of life is here; only the memories of the dead past, to ponder; yet we feel the inspiration of a living presence. Oh, hallowed sanctuary! the isolation is sad, the inspiration is joy. Here we may meet thee and know thee. There are pictures that can never fade, memories that can never die, love tokens that are ever with us, sweet sounds, bright visions, treasured as divine heritage, and inspiring us to higher and

holier purposes. All things are foreshadowed. Life, the eternal entity, love, the inseparable votary, energy, truth, and charity, the endowment, the irrevocable decree, the transcendent attainment, the rosary, the crucifix. I see it all. And priests and scribes and pharisees, too, perhaps, whose pictures for a generation have hung against these walls, dim shadows of a by-gone age, of saints and martyrs, ignorance and bigotry, tyranny and oppression, of despotism and anarchy, all this and more I contemplate, all this and more I feel in this silent sepulchre, whether of the living or the dead, of voiceless statuary, of soulless imagery, of faded garlands and of withered leaves, where covenants have been made, vows pledged anew, souls reunited unto constancy, glorified, perchance crucified. But my reverie is broken, sweet dreams dispelled. I hear the flutter of garments, the song of a bird, plaintive music, sweet whispers, and I see before me a beautiful child, as lightly she trips across the floor, with eyes as blue as the summer skies, the innocent look, the sweet surprise, and methinks I have seen that face before.

How shall I describe her, that beautiful child, that won me from my thoughts, and made me forgetful of everything but the sweet presence before me?—a seraph of innocence and beauty, the eyes so dreamy and wistful, so tender and thoughtful; the long silken hair, like waves of light, fell on her shoulders, softening the expression of the fair face, and irradiating it with a peculiar and expressive beauty—a little rustic, evidently;

Born to green hills and flowery vales,
A dreamer of the summer hours,
The queen of love's enchanted bowers.

"Viola," she whispered—sweet name; a lily, or rose, or daisy might seem appropriate; but then the violet was a modest sweet little flower, and her name was Viola—the gardener's daughter; and when I questioned her, she told me it was the custom to bring bouquets of flowers and other sweet garlands, to decorate the pretty room for lady Ernestine, who died there long ago, 'twas said, so many years ago; and every birthday since, at morn and eve, fresh flowers were brought to the room where she loved and died; and masses were chanted in the chapel, and tapers burned, and sweet incense; and the darkened rooms were opened to give air, and light, and sunshine; and to please the master, the father of the lady, and for two summers, she had come with the offerings to the manor, from yonder house on the place; and thus the sweet child prattled in her artless way.

While I listened, my thoughts wandered from the gilded things of life, high-sounding names and empty titles, from gaudy colored pictures and idle romance, to the loving and the real. But was not life a romance stranger than fiction, and of the highest coloring? So I looked away to green fields, where the shepherds tend their flocks; the home scene, the rural life, the old cabin, with its daubed walls, frescoed at times with crimson or amber in the rising or fading light of day; the spacious kitchen, the creaking floor, the broad chimney

where in early spring and autumn cheerful fires blazed into ruddy light; a pleasant room, where the family circle met, as humble people do, where familiar faces peer at me through the mist of bygone years; forms that tower above all other fancies, that seem to melt and vanish before me. But with all the original retained those sweet domestic scenes I loved so much, the home of my infant years and fresh young girlhood. I could only harmonize it with the tenderest of poems. Yon wooded hills, calm and peaceful, clear streams and sunny slopes, the distant groves, mellowed with light and shade, the emerald robe of spring, the gorgeous tints of autumn, of cool green ferns, and trailing vines; and natural grottos, where birds met in rehearsal, and made this wilderness of rough nature a paradise of vocal minstrelsy; and I doubted not that the splendor of its beauty was unbroken, its solitude undisturbed, and its sacred haunts uninvaded, consecrated as it was to me, and precious. Yes, the affectional life I felt was mine; the domestic love and devotion of felicity and reciprocal love; that part of nature that is irresistible, those charms of life that others cannot comprehend, that you must feel and know; the something that attracts and repels, grieves and holds, saddens and subdues you, tortures but enchants you; gnarled oaks and weeping willows, the blooming rose or drooping ivy, every dear and treasured thing; faces that have disappeared, forms that have vanished, heart utterances silenced; that which chastens while it purifies, and heals while it wounds; budding and blooming, withering and fading;—I love thee, oh, dearest home, oh, holiest shrine!

The day hath departed, the night hath come, and I am still dreaming and thinking, hoping and waiting for what I know not. Shadows have crept so stealthily around me, though the sky is luminous with stars, and I am alone—oh, most desolate thought!—phantom forms glide before me; all so strange, mystical and musical; the artist's studio; the poet's rhapsody, wooing the muses; the musician's symphony of song; and quaint images, and classic masters of the olden times.

"Come, father, I am weary; let us rest. I have had a tableau all to myself, so curious and unique, that I only regret that you did not enjoy it with me."

"A panorama of the skies, or spectral shadows of the world unseen," said my father, smiling; "or perhaps the shadow of Lady Ernestine, who died so tragically here for love's sake. As I heard it related many years ago, Sir Hugh Masters, a man of immense wealth, and the father of an only motherless daughter, possessing rare personal charms, wished to have her united to one of equal rank; but she, disobeying the parental injunction, and wilful and perverse, as love will sometimes be, placed her affections on a youth of humble birth, and so incensed her father as to isolate her from the outer world, and in utter seclusion she became morbid and melancholy, wandering about abstractedly, chanting tender and pathetic melodies, painting pictures, all breathing the mournful inspiration of the artist, ideals of her own

coloring, partaking of her susceptible mood; at last, yielding up her young life, a sacrifice to parental pride and ambition."

"Yes, father, the story as I heard from the gardener's little daughter, ere I relapsed into what you are pleased to call the trance, I the dream state. It seems as if some mystic spell was about me, or as if I had been transported to a distant isle, or some fairy had touched me with a charmed wand, and transformed me into a seer or magician; it seems as if the events of ages had been crowded into a moment. The lapse of time seems great in comparison, as thought is busy with us, if our mental vision is obscured or repressed; we are ever trying to evade that which is wearisome or irksome, though it may tend to unfold the dormant faculties."

"Thought is a powerful agent, and its locomotion rapid; as you see, we have not been separated more than an hour—I to observe, you to muse; I in the material, you in the immaterial sphere. And, father, I have travelled so far, seen so much, heard so much. I hate trickery; but how this has transpired, I cannot tell or realize. Ocular or intuitive sense, through the volition of Spiritual or mesmeric alchemy."

"This must be the palace of enchantment, of metaphors and figures, where princes, poets, knights, and fair ladies hold high carnival; as like attracts like."

"What else, child?"

"Everything to make up this infinite, supernatural, endless variety of indigenous matter, of hobgoblins or ghosts, if you please."

"Is this sarcasm, or honest inquiry?"

"It means all that is improbable and inexplicable in your theory; and while I have drifted away to scenes familiar and unfamiliar, I am constantly evading the idea of visible or invisible, coexistent Spiritual bodies."

"Every impulse of your nature disputes what you have said; every finite condition, every tangible assumption, every attribute or fact."

"Father, is it thus I must realize what I am vainly trying to repress? Those statues are dumb; they do not speak; neither do the cold lips of death have utterance, nor to agonized hearts give one conscious or familiar token."

"There are realms we cannot fathom, problems we cannot solve, and mysteries we cannot understand; but there are conditions over which we have no control, that master us without voluntary effort; the spontaneity of nature, the perfection of negative force. Life is the natural or governing principle. Though the body may be inactive, or rigid in death, the chemical process of nature is ever going on to a perfect entity; the ripened leaves fall to the ground; but their properties are not lost; every particle will be re-vitalized, every atom utilized. Nature ever affiliates with its own. God doth not destroy his own creation. Ignorance is prophecy, truth a sovereign fact."

On, undivided spheres, strange and mysterious!—
Science asserts—Reason leads the way:
Ignorance and superstition both the away.

Now I am approaching my immortal sphere;
My soul is there, my body here.
Oh, there are scenes so bright I see;
The doors are opened wide to me;

I have no doubt, I have no fear,
My visions are what they appear.
If kindred souls do hold me here,
If love attracts I would be near;
For there are those I love so dear,
To earth, I mean—the green, green earth—
For now I have immortal birth.
I have passed unto the brighter shore,
To join the loved ones gone before—
A living and harmonious band,
In this delightful Summer-Land.
Oh, from those brighter shores divine,
I'll give you truth in prose and rhyme;
For scarce I knew when I begun,
Which side of life to write upon.
I would your kind forbearance ask,
And your approval of my task.
Remember, science is abstract,
And forms of very little use;
And so, while I would be concise,
I cannot always be precise.
It is the sense we would retain,
It is the pleasure after pain;
It is for this I come to you,
To tell of scenes that once I know;
And now that I have passed away,
Your trusting love I would repay;
And other poets I will bring
Out of the vale of mystery,
To prove to you the after life
Is not all a hereay.
The river Death doth not divide
My Spirit from the mortal side.
But now I will no longer tarry,
You'll hear again from Alice Cary.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[For the Voice of Angels.]
CHEERING WORDS.

FRIEND DENSMORE,—Once upon a time, Spirit Audubon, the great ornithologist, while in control of a Medium, was asked why a painter of only moderate skill, and a financial backer, almost indifferent to paintings of any quality, had been selected by eminent departed painters, as instruments through whom to try their hands once more at the material brush. The response was, "Can you teach the Theologian theology?"—meaning thus, no doubt, to teach that those whose training had led them to very fixed opinions, and to defined methods in reference to the business in contemplation, would refuse to adopt any very novel views and processes which might be presented by the Spirits intending to operate, and would insist upon adherence to their accustomed notions and ways.

Thus a reason is indicated why, when they designed to start a new periodical, that should widely differ from any existing one, Spirits, passing by trained editors and publishers, called upon D. C. Densmore, a whaleman, and jack-at-many-trades, to lend them his brain and hands, for executing their novel purpose. Who dares presume that any previously trained editors and publishers could have so aided Spirits to launch and keep afloat through three years of ebb tide—of dead low water—on the business sea, such a literary craft as the *VOICE OF ANGELS*? Through you, that has been accomplished, and the foresight of Supernals manifested.

Perusal of Pardee's Editorial in the issue of Dec. 15th, gives me much pleasure. I am glad to learn that his original anticipations have been fully met, and that the issuing of the work will be continued. I have looked over every issue during the three years, generally have read the entire contents; and in no number failed to find some instruction and much valuable suggestion.

The editor's allusion to the rigid non-notice of

the VOICE by other papers, and by public speakers, induces me to say, and partly in explanation of my own passive course, that from the first I regarded it as the special duty of the business manager (Spirit Miner) to arrange for and procure such notices as were desired; and also have apprehended that purely mundane efforts might tend to thwart execution of his purposes through Spiritual instrumentalities. I assumed that he might choose to so manage matters that the editor might be able to say truly, as he has said, that the VOICE "has arrived at its present healthy condition entirely upon its own merits"—or, as I may perhaps add, upon the efficient labors of its super-mundane managers. You well know that at the outset, in my judgment, your reliance for success must be almost exclusively upon aid from the Spirit-World—that every mundane view discerned nothing else than speedy failure—that unless your faith in aid from the Spirit-World was unfaltering, it would be folly to commence. Yet, if you had such faith, it might be well to move onward at once, despite the darkness and stagnation attaching to the business world.

Your methods for obtaining matter for publication, the varied qualities of the matter, and your processes for obtaining pecuniary returns, differ from what would have been used by trained writers and financiers; and yet have kept you up, where trained skill most likely must have failed.

Your publication, unique in its contents, has met a want of writers, amanuenses, and many readers, which existed widely, and yearned for supply. The paper has furnished very much valuable information concerning life in Spirit-Spheres, and, no doubt, has given much cheer and aid to vast numbers on each bank of the stream which runs between the material and Spiritual realms. Long may the VOICE OF ANGELS continue to be heard in the land.

Kindly Yours,

ALLEN PUTNAM.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

BROTHER DENSMORE. — The message given through M. T. Shelhamer, Nov. 17, published in the VOICE of Dec. 1, I fully recognize as coming from my sister, Phœbe J. Porter, and I was exceedingly glad to hear from her, and to know that during the few months of experience in Spirit-life she has had, she has learned to talk with her friends here in earth-life. Yet I feel that we are a while yet to learn more perfectly what pertains to our life here, that we may be the better prepared to live in Spirit-life. I am glad that she seems so well to enjoy her new home, for I feel that she entered it at an unexpected moment. The meeting of loved ones there more than recompenses for the leaving those of us who are here; for well she knows we too will ere long pass the ordeal and live with her. However difficult the task, she

has been faithful and true to the promise made me a few weeks since.

About twilight, I was sitting in my room alone—at least, with no visible one. I requested her to go to the VOICE OF ANGELS' Circle and give her friends a word of encouragement and cheer, that those—if there are any such—who feel that they are not satisfied that she still lives may know.

Hoping to hear from the dear sister again, is the ardent wish of her many friends.
MRS. LEROY GRAHAM.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

TRUE prayer is the inmost throbbing of the soul. It need not be uttered or expressed. It is a fire within.

To whom do we address this soul's desire? I answer to a power that mortals call God, and know no more. And the children of earth resort to this as the only resource, when all things on the earth-plane fail and are as "dead men's bones." Then, and not till then, do the fires of our innermost begin to illuminate our real beings; and then the soul goes forth to that Divine Source called God; and though that be an Infinite Source, the finite dares to venture into the sanctuary, and the wearied soul finds comfort. There is a faith in things unseen, which is more blessed than a faith in things seen. To illustrate: Once in the bygone years, I had a very dear friend, who was united in marriage to a gentleman, who at the time of that union was all that could be desired, and all went on well for a short time; then gradually there appeared in that family group a hideous monster. It was "king alcohol," and that king enthroned himself in that household and ruled with a despotic sceptre, until devastation took the place of comfort, and tears the place of joyous laughter. Poverty looked in at the windows and doors. The little children (dear immortals clothed in flesh) were cold and hungry, and cast aside by their more prosperous neighbors. The one who they once loved to call "Dear papa" now had become a terror to them, whenever he entered his wretched abode. But even there an angel was found; not one disembodied, but one clothed in the earth-form, as we often can find, if we will, in the dark and obscure corners of this earth of ours. The angel of this household was the wife of this dreaded monster. He who was the dear companion of her youth must, in the darkness of night, find his way to the poor home of a drunkard, and there must be a candle to guide the unsteady footsteps of that one, who, although he be soiled and crushed, the image of God within he had not, could not kill. With tear-dimmed eyes, that angel of the household had toiled to earn that candle, that her beloved might not miss his path homeward, and so from day to day did she toil at any labor she could obtain, however menial, that the dear ones of her soul's love should not be an-hungered. Her hands and feet became weary; the journey of earth-life was filled with thorns and

briers, that bruised her at each step. All, all was dark. She looked about for some friend. Hitherto she had depended on her own mortal strength alone. Her barque was out on the stormy sea, nearly wrecked; when like unto a silvery stream, a voice whispered in her ear, "When all forsake thee, your Father in Heaven will take thee up." At once she remembered the words of Jesus of Nazareth, "When father and mother, sister and brother forsake thee, then I will take thee up." To her crushed heart it was like the glorious rainbow that over-arches the sky after a storm, and for the first time she bent in prayer. It was then that she found the Blessed Master, her unfailing "Elder Brother," was within her doors. She found, when she called, that he at once arose; and inasmuch as she believed on him, the stormy sea became calm, and a strength came to her, "such as the world cannot give." Now, for what did that angel-wife pray? I will tell you: That her husband, the father of her little children, should be raised out of the grave of darkness and dissipation, and restored to his family. Was her prayer answered? Let us see. She passed days, weeks, months, in waiting; but never wearied in uttering this one prayer—"Save, oh, save my dear husband!" After many months had passed, the Comforter came; "it was eventide." The sweet moonbeams were falling silently on her humble home; the little ones were slumbering while she the drunkard's wife was the only watcher; her voice was ascending amidst a convoy of ministering Spirits for the stray one from his Father's house. The fallen man reached his door, and while climbing the narrow stairway, his ear caught the sounds, and he listened to her pleadings for him. It was then that God's voice spoke to his soul, and soiled, deeply soiled in sin as he was, he felt the baptism of the fire of God's love at a glance; his memory took him back to his once happy home, and he the drunkard, gambler, the one clothed in darkness and sin, knelt beside his angel-wife and exclaimed, "Oh, Mary, I have heard your prayer, and God helping me, I will drink no more." At that moment, surely the halo of Heaven's light was there, and her thanksgivings went forth to God. Six months he kept his pledge; then he fell, and the demon rejoiced that again he held his victim. On and on he went, plunging into every iniquity. Still the voice of the angel-wife ascended to the great fount. Once more God sent his ministering spirits to lift up this sin-sick soul, and again in the hushed hours of night he found his pleading wife. His heart was again touched, and he again promised that he would come to the fold of the Good Shepherd. "But, Mary, you will not have faith in me now." "Oh, yes, I will, George; for God is able of these stones to make bread. And so I take you to my heart of hearts." Then both knelt in prayer, with no eyes save God's and his ministering angels to fall upon them. He was saved, and lived many years, becoming a good and useful member of society, and in a great degree removing the scars his unholy life had impressed on his spirit.

Let this angel-wife be to us a guiding-star;

that we may not weary in well-doing, and be willing to put our hands to the plough and furrow out the weeds and knotted roots that impede our upward way.

Let our beautiful Philosophy make us one with God, who is our Father; for he has breathed into us his life, so that we his earth-children may be lights divine. All can have the light if they will. Then as Spiritualists, let us put on this garment of Love, and be willing to descend into the hells of sin to lift up those who have fallen among thieves; for there is no one, however low, but that some time in the beautiful hereafter will become a glorified Spirit.

The story of Mary and George is no fiction; it is truth, and peradventure this narrative may meet the gaze of some one who was inclined to faint by the way, and the prayers of Mary, so beautifully answered, may encourage them.

Let prayer, then, be our vital breath,
Our native air;
A passport at the golden gate called Death;
Let us enter our Spirit-Home by prayer.

Mrs. ANNIE M. CARVER.

Room 30, Stephenson's Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE.

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

DELTA, Dec. 9, 1878.

FRIEND DENSMORE,—In our VOICE OF ANGELS for Dec. 1, through the organism of M. T. Shelhamer, S. T. Cornell gave his dear mother a communication. I being the mother made happy by his words of cheer, feel thrice happy for the privilege of responding to so noble an intelligence; happy to be the mother to receive such love, so kind, so enduring. Many and long have been the years that the bosom of that dear child has throbbed with love for a mother yet in earth-life. Scarcely had he learned to lisp the name of mother, ere the angel of death entered our family circle, and removed from it our little bud of promise—the mother's pledge of love, the father's joy—to grow and bloom in a more congenial clime. Sad and lonely indeed was I, and as one of old, refused to be comforted.

Time sped on, merged into years, and husband too was gone. All of life to me then had fled, as I felt I was a wreck on life's uneven tide, drifting hither and thither o'er its dark sea of experience, with little or no hope, much less knowledge, that we as a family would ever be reunited. Gloom dark as night closed around and about me. So dense was its pall that I felt the natural sun refused to give forth its usual brilliancy.

Much, oh, how much, I feel I am indebted to that generous and most noble Spirit, "a squaw," for her words of consolation and untiring efforts to dispel my grief, that my tried spirit might become

susceptible to the light of her divine teaching.

Softly she whispered, "Light and life beyond, and blessings, with rare spicy fragrance, awaits thee."

Quick as thought, my Spirit leaped from its prison cell, claimed the promise given by my friend and guide, and I began to live.

Language would fail me, were I to attempt to describe my gratefulness for the lessons learned by these experiences. Though sad and severe, they have placed me in a condition to hold sweet communion with loved ones, though gone, not lost.

Now, under their guidance, my frail barque is sailing, soon to anchor on the other side, o'er the silvery tide, with those that have long since crossed over. Oft at eventide do they grace my home with their beautiful atmosphere, breathing their words of cheer.

I fully recognize the message as coming from my child, given Nov. 10, and hope to hear from him again.

The uncle John he speaks of is John Graham, who so lately passed to Spirit-life. The aunt Mary is the wife of John Graham.

With much love for the kind favor bestowed, and an earnest desire for the wide spread of truth, I remain.

Your friend and well wisher,

MRS. LEROY FARNHAM.

INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

TO TOBACCO CHEWERS AND SMOKERS

BY P. PHILLIPS.

THE Doctor leans back on his old settee,
A-smoking a rank cigar;
And he grins a grin—for pleased is he,
While puffing the smoke afar;
And he puffs and puffs, and snuffs and snuffs,
Like a man with a bad catarrh.

His boon companion beside him sits,
And a stale old quid he chaws,
And a plug of weed, that he bites into bits,
He holds in his precious paws;
And he sits and sits, and squirts and spits
The slime from his juicy jaws.

And happy are they as a pair of twins,
A-spitting and slobbering there,
With a dirty spittoon between their shins,
Which they hold with the greatest care;
Forgetting their debts, forgetting their sins,
And forgetting the hour of prayer.

But it matters not that they take no pains
The wiles of Old Nick to brave;
Let them smoke and chew, till each throttle strains
On the brink of the yawning grave;
For men who can thus becloud their brains,
Have surely no thoughts to save.

[The above was penned last week. John Critchley Prince, you must know by this time that tobacco is twin-brother to alcohol; for I was its victim for thirty years. I wish the above to be placed in the poetical corner, with the hope that it may be a thought-wave to some old tobacco sot, and turn him from his filthy habits. I have had your last message read at a meeting of our Good Templars.

I remain your co-laborer,
DELTA, N. Y.

P. PHILLIPS.]

[For the Voice of Angels.]

MUSIC.

NY C. H.

THERE'S music in the falling leaf,
There's music in the wind;
There's music in the sweet belief
That God is ever kind.

There's music in the falling fruit,
There's music in the flower;
There's music in the sweet belief,
Protection every hour.

There's music in the running brook,
There's music on the sea;
There's music in the blessed thought
That God loves you and me.

There's music in the wood,
There's music on the wing;
There's music in the thought that God
Can every blessing bring.

There's music in the air we breathe,
There's music in the sky;
There's music in the sweet belief
That God is ever nigh.

There's music in the human form,
There's music in the spheres;
There's music to the humble child
That knows his Father hears,

There's music in the glorious sun,
There's music in the moon;
There's music in the twinkling stars
That fade away ere noon.

Then where's a spot on this terrestrial ball
Where warbling notes may not be heard
In music of celestial sound,
To crown our Father Lord of All?

Then music may be found,
And warbling birds to call;
Celestial music!—heed the sound,
Creation—one and all.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., Nov. 10, 1878.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

LINES BY NORA JOHNSON.

THROUGH C. E. WINANS.

MOTHER, you must gather up life's sunbeams
With great care, that none are lost;
They will banish all clouds and shadows
From the sunny smiles of age.

Mother, you must gather up life's sunbeams;
They will fill your days with pleasure,
To banish all the gloomy shadows;
They are worthless things to treasure.

I'll come to your heart in its sadness,
And drive away all care for the while;
Do open your heart to the sunbeams,
Thus to cheer life's ebbing tide.

I will come to you, dear mother,
When the twilight begins to smile;
And when thy sweet eyes to heaven are cast,
And as my soul fondly waits for thee,
Remember me.

[This was written by my little daughter, through C. E. Winans, Edinburgh, Indiana. Please publish in the VOICE OF ANGELS.]

MRS. ADA JOHNSON.]

COLUMBUS, Indiana.

CORROBORATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE

MR. D. C. DENSMORE:—Sir,—I recognize the communication from my brother, William Benton, published in the VOICE, to be true and genuine.

MRS. ADA JOHNSON.

COLUMBUS, Indiana.

FLOWERS so strictly belong to youth, that we adult men come to feel that their beautiful generations concern not us; we have had our day; now let the children have theirs.

We confess our little faults only to persuade others that we have no great ones.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

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NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS., JAN. 1, 1879.

EDITORIAL.

FRIENDS AND PATRONS OF THE VOICE OF ANGELS.—Here we are again, outward bound for the fourth time, gliding gently and quietly out of our port, where we anchored two weeks ago, after a successful and profitable year's cruise; and after refitting our little craft for another voyage, and replenishing her Spiritual larder with fresh supplies for satiating famishing stomachs with the bread of life, we find ourselves bounding over the surface of old Neptune's domain, with a fair breeze, and all sail set, in search of new victories and fresh laurels, to add to those already recorded in her well-kept log-book; and, as we pass the beacon-light on the headlands overlooking our port of departure, our soul lights up with joy unspeakable, as we watch our tiny craft bounding over the tempest-tossed ocean of inharmony, watching every favorable opportunity to dispense the bread of life to starving souls from our abundant stores. And although we are on our fourth voyage, it seems but yesterday since we undertook the editorial management of the VOICE OF ANGELS. We shall never forget, as long as memory holds sway, how timidly and anxiously we first traversed her quarter-deck; for we honestly confess to the fact, that although disrobed of mortal habiliments, we were still subject to err in judgment, and liable to make mistakes.

We entertained not a few misgivings as to the final success of the novel, unique enterprise; and no wonder we had such fears, when without an exception among the business men of earth, and not a few on our side of life, all prophesied a premature failure. But, thanks to the faith and moral pluck of our amanuensis and co-worker, our fears were soon dissipated, and the enterprise, before it was a year old, was a proven success.

As to what has been performed in the three preceding voyages, we refer our readers to our last issue; merely reiterating at this time that the hundreds and thousands of most flattering testimonials which have come from our patrons and friends, in all parts of the world, eulogizing our efforts to light up darkened minds in both spheres of existence, with light streaming down from the Supernal World, and assuring us of their aid and sympathy,

at the same time expressing heartfelt thanks and the deepest gratitude, for cheering words from loved ones gone before,—makes assurance doubly sure, as to the future of the VOICE OF ANGELS.

As mentioned in our last, our mail list has slowly, but steadily increased in volume from the first; and notwithstanding we have a large free list, (which is not objectionable,) and many are sadly in arrears, yet we are able to pay current expenses, and have a small margin for emergencies.

As heretofore stated, if all our subscribers could have paid up their dues, we could have enlarged our paper to sixteen pages at the same rate of subscription it was last year, thus having one-quarter more solid reading matter, with no additional expense. But as they have not, or could not, we are compelled to defer making the change indefinitely; promising, however, at the earliest possible moment, to make the enlargement, when it can be done with safety.

Although the result of our effort in starting the VOICE OF ANGELS has culminated in success, far exceeding our most sanguine hopes at first, with flattering prospects for the future, we do not feel to exult over it; because we see that all such efforts are brought about by organic law, just as a tree or human being comes into existence. Hence, all that we, or any one else connected with its growth, can at most claim is, that we and they are acting merely as Spiritual nurses or assistants, preparing and getting ready for the accouching process; and afterwards to take care of the infant, and provide it with suitable nourishment, until it can take care of itself. So that however grand the mission of our little child of destiny may become, it owes it all to the outgrowth of a law inherent in itself; the theory being, that all things incident to life, on any and all planes of existence, come into being through this law. Hence, no one can or ought to claim, as before hinted, any personal merit for what they may have done or may do in the premises. And as our little messenger is not an exception to the general rule, it must have been a production of an intelligent producing cause, and that cause, God.

In conclusion, allow us to say to those who are not familiar with the teachings of the Spiritual Philosophy, to carefully read the contents of the VOICE OF ANGELS, and decide as to its merits, and govern themselves accordingly. With this, we salute you for the fourth time with "A Happy New Year."

He cannot command who cannot obey.

NOTE BY PUBLISHER.

[FOR THE benefit of those who may not have seen them, I reprint, in this issue, my introductory remarks on issuing the first number of this paper, in which will be found a brief account of the origin of the VOICE OF ANGELS, how and where it was first suggested, and why it came before the public.]

Some five years since, while a resident of Philadelphia, practising healing by laying on of hands, to increase my business, I determined to get up a circular in the form of a miniature newspaper, and issue it monthly. No sooner had the thought got fairly settled in my mind, than I sat down to write out a prospectus. While thus engaged, and before I had written half a dozen lines, Mr. Pardee, an old and esteemed friend of mine, who had been in the Summer-Land some five years, put in an appearance.

I felt not a little pleased and gratified at the friendly call. Almost immediately, taking advantage of my willingness to allow him the use of my hand, he wrote these words, "Why not get up a paper that I can speak through to the hungry multitude?" Upon reading his question, I jocosely said, "I will if you'll edit it." After waiting a few moments, seemingly thinking the matter over, or talking with his friends about it, he wrote, "I accept of the offer, will do the best I can, and with the aid of several Spirits," (some of whom he named,) "I have no doubt of its ultimate success;" after a pleasant chat of an hour or so upon various subjects he left, and I thought no more about the matter for the time being.

For weeks subsequent to the above conference, the project would occasionally flash through my mind; and whenever an opportunity offered Mr. Pardee would write something relating to "our novel enterprise," as he used to characterize it. Whenever it was alluded to, I treated it as a thing of not the slightest practical importance.

I thought that talking about it even with him was a waste of time. However, the more I tried to keep it out of my mind, the more it intruded itself, until at last I could think of nothing else. For several weeks I kept it to myself; but eventually the thought occurred to me, that if I ventilated the matter among my friends, maybe I could get rid of it altogether.

This ruse did not work as I hoped it would; for, without exception, every one to whom I mentioned it, gave it unqualified approval as a move that would culminate in success. I could not see it in that light. At first, I thought of it only as a pleasantry; but when I found that Mr. Pardee was in solemn earnest, I expostulated with him as to its practicability; telling him, as he already knew of my total ignorance in journalism,—that I had never written an article for a paper in my life,—and I had no pecuniary means even to start the enterprise, to say nothing of keeping it afloat long enough to insure its success, even with fair prospects at the beginning. But, in spite of all this, its claims for a respectful consideration acquired a monopoly of my thoughts.

Mr. Pardee and numerous other Spirits

claimed that they could write out their thoughts through my hand, with almost the same ease and facility that they could with their own before leaving the material form. Finally the pressure came to be so great, that I determined to write a series of questions relating to the subject, enclose them in a closely sealed envelope, and send them to Mr. J. V. Mansfield, who answers such letters—or rather, the friends to whom they are addressed answer them through him—and see what my other friends in Spirit-life had to say about it. Accordingly I wrote the letter, so secured it that it could not be tampered with without instant detection, and sent it off. In less than a week I received a package, containing not only the sealed letter intact, but an elaborate answer to each question asked, in regular order as propounded, from first to last; and without a single exception all were in favor of the enterprise, cautioning me, however, about embarking in it without sufficient means to successfully float it until it could sustain itself without assistance; hinting that many projects of the kind had been started, and failed for want of sufficient funds; remarking, "We are not bankers, but we can give you sufficient matter to elicit favorable criticism."

I had no personal acquaintance with Mr. Mansfield, and knew there was no common way by which he could have become possessed of even the drift of the questions. The replies through him somewhat staggered me in my opposition, and I began to consider the project more favorably, although with not the vaguest thought that it would ever amount to a practical reality.

To put a quietus upon the possibility, that as some suggested, he might read the questions clairvoyantly, and thus be able to give pertinent answers, I state that there were many things mentioned through him which were not alluded to in my letter; and he gave the names of many Spirits not mentioned by me, some of whom I had never heard of.

Finally, to ascertain some of the details as to its get up, if I should ever find myself in a condition to start it, I sent another letter under the same test conditions as the first; and to this the answer came in the same regular order and preciseness as did the first. Seeing no way open for carrying the project forward, it slowly passed out of my mind, except that occasionally it would pay me a visit, seemingly to keep our acquaintance fresh and green.

Time rolled on, until, some two months since, the subject came knocking at the door of thought again, asking admittance. Ever ready and pleased to receive a friendly call from my dearly beloved friend, I hastily opened wide the door of my heart and let him enter. After the first friendly salutations were over, he at once renewed the subject of the long-ago-talked-of paper, presenting very earnestly the importance of at once starting it; and stating that the project had not been absent from his mind all these years; also that he had been unremitting in his endeavors to bring it into actuality; that he had ceased not day or night, from the time it was first projected to the present, in developing and preparing me for the work. Al-

though of late amply able, in a pecuniary sense, to give it a fair trial, yet considering my lack of any practical knowledge in the business, and that I was getting well up in years, and that all the matter must come through me, I hesitated, knowing, that once in, there was no retreat. Thus for weeks it went on; and, as before, the more I tried to get rid of thinking about it, the more it troubled and perplexed me. Again I had recourse to my Spirit-friends, through Mansfield. Leaving out all details as to questions and answers sent and received, I will say that five letters were sent to me at different times, in every one of which the practicability of the scheme had the unqualified endorsement of all my friends. Some thought, from the depressed conditions of the times, this was not the best time to start it; while many thought it was the right time. All agreed, however, that, if once started, it would go ahead; it might be slowly at first, but eventually it would rest upon a solid basis. Finally, having exhausted all objections to the scheme that I could think of, and having become convinced beyond a peradventure that its practicability under existing circumstances was perceived by practical business men in Spirit-life, whose pre-judgment of things future was not to be ignored with impunity, I reluctantly (I am ashamed to say) consented to enter the lists, and do the best I could to forward a scheme gotten up and managed by a band of beneficients in Spirit-life, whose every thought and act is for the amelioration and happiness of those of earth's children who are groping their way in darkness and ignorance.

To put myself in the best possible condition to be used, I have abandoned the use of tobacco, which had been a life-long habit, also tea and coffee, and confine myself to a simple nourishing diet, determined, that, as far as I am concerned, there shall be nothing wanting to ensure its success. Although at times, when the project flashes suddenly across my mind, I feel an indescribable, weakening, nauseous, sickening sensation in the region of the stomach,—a sort of sinking-down feeling pervades my entire being, and for a while I cannot speak or hardly move; yet with all this, I have such faith that those who are engineering the thing are amply able to carry it to a successful issue, that I soon recruit force, and enter in to it with all the vim and energy I would a project the success of which did not admit of a single doubt.

Unlike any other paper in existence, with the exception of a few things from correspondents, all the matter will be furnished by denizens of the Spirit-world. Hence it will be apparent that I have got into the very condition that I foresaw would inevitably come, if I allowed myself to engage in it, and which I so much dreaded. From the foregoing it will be seen that I not only did not want to engage in the enterprise, but, on the contrary, tried every possible subterfuge to keep out of it. If I am not mistaken as to its parentage, it belongs to a long-lived race, viz., the family of the eternal principles of justice, love, and charity, which are as lasting as Deity itself; and if such proves to be the case, then our little messenger of love

will continue to grow in influence and favor commensurate with the grandest subject that ever enlisted the deepest and profoundest thoughts of men or angels, viz., the destiny of the human soul.

Before closing this article, it might not be amiss to say something about the way communications are given through me. I am both an impressional and mechanical Medium. Sometimes I hear the words to be written, and then, again, I seem to see the words as in a book, and read them; and sometimes, though not often, I both see and hear the words at the same time; but all are written mechanically through my hand, that is to say, I use not a particle of volition, as far as I know.

As Spirits are ever engaged in works of love, in order not to conflict with their other avocations, they, in advance, name specific times at which they will give an hour more or less to writing through my hand. Sometimes these engagements are made weeks ahead, and I note down precisely as I would appointments with a friend on business, who is still in this sphere of being. Then, again, there are certain Spirits with whom I have what we call in our vernacular, "a standing appointment," who meet regularly at some hour of each succeeding day or evening. There are times set aside for undeveloped Spirits, who come to school, as they call it, and who are always attended by some loving relative or guardian. It is sometimes amusing to see men, who had attained to near a hundred years before they left the form, attending this school with all the characteristics of small children, learning the *a b c* of life; thus verifying an old saying, "A man may be old at forty and an infant at eighty." Then, again, there are seemingly very young children high up in the science of life, and teachers of a high order. There will appear, in these pages, from time to time, interesting sketches of life in both the higher and lower spheres of Spirit-land, adapted to prepare those on the earth-plane to be somewhat prepared to meet the change called death intelligently; that is, to perceive that death is only changing from one habitation to another, not unlike our earthly experiences when we move from one tenement to another.

All letters and communications must be addressed to

D. C. DENSMORE, Publisher,
Fair View House, North Weymouth, Mass.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

TO EVERYBODY.

THE friends of the VOICE OF ANGELS know right well it is not an enterprise gotten up for the purpose of money-making. I am sure it is safe to say, the matter of profit, in a money point of view, has never at any time, nor in any way, been considered, in connection with increasing its circulation. The "powers that be," who have brought the VOICE into being, foresee that a while hence it must be enlarged to sixteen pages, and it is important that the price shall remain the same as now. The enlargement is promised whenever the circulation has increased five hundred above the present issue.

Let us, then, one and all, who take and delight in this little fortnightly messenger, band ourselves together to get for it new subscribers. Let us exert ourselves, working with "hearts resolved," that before the new year has passed away, the wish will have become a fact. I do not believe there is one single subscriber who would not feel genuine regret and sorrow at learning it had ceased being published. This being the case, what hinders our inducing five hundred, or a thousand, or many thousands from appreciating it as we do? Nothing but permitting them to live on without the paper. Let us then see to it that before many months we have furnished the publisher with orders to go ahead and make the proposed change.

Yours, B. F. RANDALL.

SPIRIT MESSAGES,

GIVEN AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE,
DEC. 8, 1878,

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELL-
HAMER.

INVOCATION, BY ROBERT ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN.

INFINITE SPIRIT! we recognize in thee our best friend. Thou art not merely our Creator, our Father and our Mother God; but thou art our Guide and our Shepherd, through all the changing scenes of life. Tonight the aspirations of our souls are to draw nearer to thee; for our experiences have taught us thy loving care and tender mercy.

We bless thee that we are upheld thro' every sorrow; that thou hast strewn the pathway of mortals with enjoyments; for every friend; for home pleasures; for the harmony and beauty of the Spirit we bless thee. And may thy children learn to look after thee, to recognize thy boundless love; to seek thee in spirit, until the earth shall bloom like the flowers.

Bless this Circle and its conductors; bless these Spirits, who labor so faithfully for the good of others; bless these mortals with health and strength to go forward; and may the time soon come when with dear ones gone before, they will sing to thee a sweeter, nobler song of praise.

REBECCA STEARNS.

My name is Rebecca Stearns, sir; I have been away a long time from earth, but I have such a strong desire to communicate with my friends. I want them to know and understand this truth, that their dear ones are not lost to them, but they live and love them still, and bring them a sense of peace and rest, whenever it is possible to do so.

I was thirty-five years of age. I came from Milwaukee.

CARRIE M. CHESSMAN.

I DON'T know you, mister; I don't know any one here. I guess I came a long way. [From New York?] No, from East Bos-

ton. [Oh, that's not far.] Isn't it? I don't know this place. [Don't you see all the kind Spirits here? They will tell you all about it.] I see a good many people; but they ain't mamma. I want mamma; I want her to know I come close, close to her and papa; I can't make them know; they don't hear me; and I want to say I come every day with love.

Mamma don't seem to be very well; I want her to be.

I'm Carrie F. Chessman. My name's just like mamma's and papa's; mamma's name is Carrie—Carrie S. Chessman. It's most time for me to have another birthday. I was here last birthday; will I be here next birthday, with mamma? [I think so.] I hope she'll think I'm there, and I will bring her some flowers, and make her feel good. I guess I shall feel like crying, but I hope she won't; 'cause I ain't dead, and I do come with love every day.

I guess I was her New Year's present. I'm going on seven. Papa's Fred, and he's at the Post Office. How'll mamma hear from me? [We will print a letter for you, and send the paper to her.] Will my name be in the paper? [Yes.] Oh, say, will it? I think it's Marion street. Good bye.

[Mr. Editor, please send to Mrs. Carrie S. Chessman, East Boston, Mass.]

FANNY HUEON.

Oh, my dear, dear mother! I so long to have you know that I do return to you every day; that I am with you when you yearn to see me; that it is true what the lady tells you concerning the Spirit-World. I want you to *know* that we do come, all you have loved and lost; that their gems of love and sympathy crown your soul with radiance far richer than any earthly jewel can adorn your body; that our true, deep-abiding love is yours. We wait for you in a home of beauty, a land of freedom, where no sorrow, no pain such as mortals know can come to cramp and confine the powers of the Spirit.

Darling mother, you have laid away your best-beloved; your hair has grown gray beneath the weight of sorrow as well as years; every thread of its shining folds is precious to us as it is; and by-and-bye you will come to us, and we will be so happy.

Do you not know that I am developing far better than I ever could have done here! Do you not know that all the graces of spirit can now grow and expand into outward expression? Now I do not care for anything that money can buy; for

I am so surrounded by love and peace that earthly treasures are as nothing. I value my pretty things because of old associations. You would treasure anything of mine because it belonged to me, and I come to receive your love to enrich my spirit.

The struggle is over, dear mother; death has no more claim on me; the grave no more fear. I have conquered, and now come to bring you a great boon—glad tidings that we live. Give my love to Mrs. P. and all.

I thank you, sir; my name is Fanny Huson. I would like it to be sent to Mrs. Rebecca Walsworth, Delta, N. Y.

ALBERT S. INGALLS.

GOOD EVENING. [Good evening.] I come here because I do not know where else to go, and I am desirous of sending a line to my friends. My brain is all clear now; I have no trouble with it. I used to have bad headaches before I was taken sick; but I did not know I was going to die. It's nothing, after all; the worst thing about it is the sorrow of those you leave behind. There are opportunities here for education, such as the system of no high school, in fact, no college here employs. An earnest desire to gain knowledge opens it out to you, and you are assisted—so to speak—by your perceptions, to understand and comprehend.

I would like to send my love and remembrances to the fellows; to thank them for their attention and floral tributes; I have visited the class, and can see more than ever before.

I belong to Lynn; my father is quartermaster there; my name is Albert Seymour Ingalls; I am over seventeen years old; it will soon be a year since I went away. I want my folks to know that I have met dear friends; that all the angels are very kind; that heaven is a beautiful place; that I am satisfied and happy; and most of all, I bring them love and blessings, and will ever watch over and guide them home to the Father's house. If they will give me an opportunity, I will come and talk with them and convince them of the truth. I am much obliged.

[Mr. Editor, you had better send this to Quartermaster Ingalls, of Lynn, Mass.]

HANNAH O. BROCKWAY.

I too would like to send a message to my husband, if you please. [You are welcome.] This is no new thing to me, as I write to him elsewhere. I come to bring to him (and our dear friends, although they will not accept it,) my love and the love and heavenly blessing of all

good souls who are in *rapport* with him. I am with him a great deal of the time, and I am sure he realizes it. I regret that I cannot do all that I used to do; he knows I couldn't bear to be idle or helpless, but always wanted to do my part; but I direct and guide him in his management, and he knows he couldn't do so well in the house, if I was not there to help him.

I am glad he made the change a couple of years ago; he knows I am. It was good for him bodily and spiritually; and he can do so much good to others too, making them think, if nothing more, and silencing their laughter.

The world was pretty intolerant when I was here; but it is advancing. A dozen years does wonders for a truth; and before the twelfth year from my departure is out, you will find that people who used to scoff will be glad to listen to you concerning the Spirit-World.

I suppose I would be growing and feeling old now; but I am young and lively, and ready for work.

Please say it is Hannah G. Brockway, to E. R. Brockway, East Washington, N. H. I am glad to have met you.

MESSAGES GIVEN DEC. 15, 1878.

MARION GAY.

PLEASE to say that Marion Gay, from Happy Valley, California, comes from her beautiful Spirit-Home to send a message of love to her friends, and to promise to manifest herself to them, if they will give her the opportunity. I was sixteen years old, and have been in the higher life a number of years.

JAMES MERTON.

I BELONGED to San Francisco, and have been an inhabitant of the Spirit-World about five years. My name is James Merton; I come, hoping to be welcomed by friends, or at least to open a way whereby I may be able to reach those who knew me when in the body. Therefore, I cast my words upon the waves of truth, trusting they will be borne to their rightful place, the hearts of those I left behind me.

SPRING-FLOWER.

SPRING-FLOWER comes to bring the red-man's blessing to the pale-faces who sit in council to listen to the voice of the Great Spirit. Spring-flower is here to give white Medi strength. The pale-face Spirits who sit high in council in the Happy Hunting Grounds above, have spoken; they say a mighty work is before white maiden; she is to scatter the words of truth in the

hearts of the people, as the winds of Autumn scatter the forest leaves. The Spirit Council has called white maiden to a work she now no thinks of, but it will surely come.

Spring-flower comes to this Lodge with Telula; Spring-flower comes to waft message of love, with the magnetism of strength, through the talking-sheet, to the white-haired sachem who sits in council for the good of the people—he who is Spring-flower's old friend. Spring-flower wafts love to all her friends, and say she no forgets.

Many moons since Indian maiden has spoken, but she no asleep. Spring-flower Sioux maiden, who loves all good pale-faces.

SUSAN DENISON.

I AM so anxious to convince my mother, and this is my excuse for coming. I have been before, but not to this circle. Time has dealt lightly with my darling mother; I do not want her to be sad and sorrowful. Oh, how often I come and place my hand upon her shoulder, or caress the brown locks so dear to me. Darling mother, will you but believe that I am with you, bringing you words of comfort, easing your heart of all pain, and blessing your spirit with the peace of heaven!

I loved to think that the angels were about us; I loved to believe that it was possible for them to whisper to our hearts words of peace and hope, and to feel that the decay of the body only preceded the perfect developement of the Spirit. Tonight I am glad of this; tonight I thank God for every dear tie of earth, each loving friend and companion, and especially for my dear mother. I rejoice that the Spirit has power to throw aside the casket of clay, and emerge bright, shining and beautiful, as the butterfly emerges from its chrysalis of stone.

Oh, praise the angels, mother, that we are waiting to give you sweet welcome, on a shore where there is no more death, neither sorrow nor pain!

I thank you. My name is Susan Denison. Please send to Mrs. Belle Denison, Delta, N. Y.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

TO MY BOY.

COME, my boy, look at the sky;
There is a cloud that saileth high,
The little birds will come by-and-bye—
And thou shalt sing and I shall cry.

Perchance, my love, thou mayst be dead,
The green moss growing o'er thy bed;
Thou mayst not hear the word I said,
Though even love and death are wed.

Whenever I kneel down to pray,
My thoughts do seem so far away,
Sweet sounds do ever with me stay;
My lips are mute even to prayer,
My heart is dumb in its despair.

Oh, love, this silken tress to me
Is part of thy divinity;
Those dear eyes and their mute appeal
Love's conscious thought to me reveal;
This hand I clasp, so soft and warm—
Thy lot to joy and mine to mourn.

SUSAN GOODRUE WAUNER.

FORT SENECA, Ohio, Feb 23, 1878.

SPIRIT COMMUNICATION.

GAINES, Genesee Co., Mich., Dec. 4, 1878.

To the Editor of the Voice of Angels:

SIR,—Having received the following intelligences from the Spirit of Miss Susan Wixom, through the mediumship of Mrs. Mary C. Gale, Sunday evening, Dec. 1, and again on Monday evening, with the earnest request that I should send you the same for publication in the VOICE OF ANGELS, I now do so:

Oh, mamma! mamma! I come to tell you not to cry; I am not dead; I've got a nice home over there. Uncle George came and brought me here, and said I could send word to you. You spoil all my happiness by shedding so many tears. I was nine years old; I was all you had. I heard you say you could never be happy without me. I lived at Oxford, Mass. I died of diphtheria.

Please give this a place in your columns and oblige yours, for the truth.

LEROY BROWN.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

MRS. IRVING'S IMPRISONMENT.

MR. EDITOR,—A lady named P. W. Irving lectured in this village one year ago last March, upon the laws of health and other matters pertaining to physiology, which lectures were very satisfactory, and showed a correct knowledge of the human system. She afterwards lectured in other sections, and examined and prescribed for those afflicted with disease upon application, and so far as known, with favorable results.

The next heard from her, she was at Montrose, in Pennsylvania, and there engaged in the practice of medicine, when applied to, and advertised to lecture upon medical science in general. While quietly plying her vocation, she was confronted and affronted by one Dr. Smith, practising medicine in the same place, who inquired if she had a diploma. Being assured that she had none, he took measures to have her prosecuted for practising medicine without a diploma, contrary to the laws of the State, which was followed by arrest, last August; and trial and judgment being obtained against her, she was thrust into jail to await a further trial in the higher court.

Previous to her imprisonment, she was proffered a reprieve, provided she would leave the State. This she refused to do, claiming she had done nothing which should subject her to such treatment.

Her little daughter, who was with her, was taken to the poor-house; thus making still more sore her grievances, a trial to her more severe than the first.

She was bound to stand trial and know the worst. She is a believer in Spiritualism, and possesses mediumistic powers; and it would appear that this was the head and front of her offending.

Shall it be said that in this free and enlightened land, people shall be denied the privilege of procuring such medical aid as they shall deem most expedient and conducive to their physical well being?

Mrs. Irving has made medicine a study, has been skillful in practice, and has a practical knowledge of obstetrics; and women are, certainly, adapted to practise in this department of medical science.

A friend of her's in this village has just received a letter from her, stating that she has had her second trial, last November, has been acquitted, and is now practising medicine in the State of Pennsylvania, in the very place where arrested.

On the rendering of the verdict, the court-house rang with cheers. It cost the State about two hundred dollars, but right prevailed, and the much abused and persecuted lady was exonerated; but she showed the best of grit and much stamina in resolving to face the music and know the worst.

Such oppression and dogged persecution will not long be sanctioned among men of intelligence and liberal ideas, imbued with a sense of honor and genuine Christian charity; and the man who was instrumental in causing her arrest, subjecting her to imprisonment for many weeks, torn from her only daughter, a child of tender years, and sorely in need of a mother's kind protecting care, and that child thrust into a poor-house, and her mother subjected to the strict discipline of prison life—the man, I say, who could so heartlessly perpetrate the deed, ought to blush with shame, and men of sense and honor should overwhelm him with censure and scorn.

An effort was made in this State, some two years ago, to pass a law which in effect was to drive out all medical practitioners not belonging to the regular faculty and who had not acquired a diploma; but the good sense of the people frowned upon such an outrageous project, and the bill utterly failed to prevail, and every

one is now at liberty to employ such medical aid as they may elect, and no restraint is placed upon the persons of their choice. I have always employed an allopathic doctor, but those who prefer one of a different school should be allowed the privilege, and whoever seeks to deprive them of that privilege, to further their own selfish ends, acts not the part of a gentleman, and betrays at once his ignorance of the code of honor.

Great cures, and almost miraculous cures, are frequently performed by this very class of medical practitioners, so strongly denounced by some of the arrogant wisacres of the old school. But I trust they are few and far between who would hunt poor, yet intelligent women, who have made medicine a study for years, and been successful in practice, and endeavor to extort, by way of legal fines, their hard-earned wages, and subject them to various sore and perplexing grievances. Away with such base ingratitude! It is one of the last lingering vestiges of the dark ages.

J. H. MERRILL.

MONTVILLE, MASS., Dec. 9, 1878.

OUR DEAD.

NOTHING is our own; we hold our pleasures
Just a little while, ere they are fled;
One by one life robs us of our treasures;
Nothing is our own except our dead.

They are ours, and hold in faithful keeping,
Safe forever, all they took away;
Cruel life can never stir that sleeping,
Cruel time can never seize that prey.

Justice pales; truth falls; stars fall from heaven;
Human are the great whom we revere;
No true crown of honor can be given,
Till the wreath lies on a funeral bier.

How the children leave us, and no traces
Linger of that smiling angel band;
Gone, forever gone, and in their places
Weary men and women stand.

Yet we have some little ones, still ours;
They have kept the baby smile we know,
Which we kissed one day, and bid with flowers,
On their dead white faces long ago.

When our joy is lost, and life will take it,
Then no memory of the past remains;
Save with some strange, cruel sting, to make it
Bitterness beyond all present pains.

Death, more tender-hearted, leaves to sorrow
Still the radiant shadow—fond regret;
We shall find in some far, bright tomorrow,
Joy that he has taken, living yet.

Is love ours, and do we dream we know it,
Bound with all our heart-strings, all our own;
Any cold and cruel dawn may show it,
Shattered, desecrated, overthrown.

Only the dead hearts forsake us never;
Love, that to death's loyal care has fled,
Is thus consecrated ours forever,
And no change can rob us of our dead.

So when fate comes to besiege our city,
Dim our gold, or make our flowers fall,
Death, the angel, comes in love and pity,
And to save our treasures, claims them all.

It is sweet to be pitied, and the cheapest way to get pity is to tell over your troubles. So there are some who are forever retailing their afflictions.

VERIFICATION OF TWO SPIRIT-MESSAGES.

MUSKERVILLE, Mich., Dec. 9, 1878.

DEAR BROTHER DENSMORE,—I wish to present to the many readers of your excellent little paper, the sweet and thrice-welcome VOICE OF ANGELS, a verification of two messages, one of Aug. 15th last, page 190, and another of Nov. 1st, page 249—both through "West Ingle."

You will doubtless remember that soon after your VOICE was launched upon time's tempestuous waves, I wrote you a short request, to be carried in your person, asking my father and mother, and my wife's, and any other of our Spirit-friends, to send us a message through the VOICE.

The result has been, I have received two messages from my mother, one from father; my wife has received one from each of her parents, and one from two nieces who died in 1854, of scarlet fever. There was no possible clue given to the particulars mentioned in the messages.

In regard to the message of Aug. 15, the Medium says, "I saw before me two young children, infants, beautiful and fair, showing they passed into Spirit-life in the morning of existence. By the Angel-Guides one was called Emeline, the other Sylva. The former was three, the latter one year of age. They passed into Spirit-life nearly together, with a disease that must have been fearful." Names, ages, and year of death all correct.

The Medium further says, "Again I beheld them, and they were young ladies, fair and beautiful," etc.; and one of them says in her message to her mother, "I am no longer a child; I am a woman grown, now, and have more knowledge and better judgment than if I had lived on the earth. We have our schools and teachers, and are continually improving in knowledge. You know how it would have been with us had we remained in the form. Tell all our dear friends there is no death; and if life is dark today, it may be bright and sunny tomorrow."

One fact in this message is worthy of note. Emeline says to her mother, "You know how it would have been with us had we remained in the form." The balance of the family of six children have grown up with very little educational advantages. The Medium could not have known this. None could, save the two eldest Spirit-daughters, who, doubtless, have kept well posted in regard to their father's family.

The message has been shown to the family, who are not Spiritualists. They admit its correctness, but insist some mortal must have informed "West Ingle."

They live in an adjoining town in Michigan, one thousand miles from the Medium.

Here was a correct vision of two girls; their names, ages and time of death all exactly given, without any aid from any source except the Spiritual side.

Let all who would like a word from the "loved but not lost," write to "West Ingle," (not forgetting to enclose one dollar, for the aid of her dependent family,) and you will hear the Voice through Spiritual wires connecting the two worlds.

The message from my father, as referred to above, is fully characteristic of him. Those who have the VOICE, please re-read it, and you will see the bearing of points I wish to make. He says, "You are pushing your investigations to the uttermost limits of the laws of Nature; you are learning disease may be controlled by natural powers," etc. Without egotism, this statement is strictly true. Through the Press, or learned societies, or private parties, the Medium could not have learned this. I have studied and tested Mesmerism, Psychology, and the healing power of Media, and affirm there is more potency in these than in all medical appliances combined. My lungs were once severely injured, and the best remedies of Allopathic, Homœopathic, Hydropathic, Vilapathic, Eclectic, Chromopathic and Electric, were of no avail. Then I smoked tobacco fifteen years, as a temporary relief, when Mrs. Mary C. Gale, Trance-Speaker and Healing Medium, of Michigan, cured my lungs in three operations, and removed all hankerings for tobacco. May God and the angels bless and sustain her in her noble and self-sacrificing labor! These are the "Natural Powers" to which father refers.

I have also been studying and testing Color-Potency, according to E. D. Babbitt; Meteorology, as presented by Prof. J. H. Tice, in the production of earthquakes, auroras, cyclones, rain, snow, hail, etc., and planetary, periodic, tidal waves of electricity and magnetism, as they sweep past 80, 170, 260 and 350 degrees, with Vulcan the next planet on the inner circle. So, father told the truth. God bless him in his noble work!

Dear brother, I send you this verification of messages, as proposed. I hope it will be in some small respect satisfactory to you and the Spirit-friends on the other shore. You are aware how difficult it is to catch the most salient points of these Voices, and correctly present them to the dull senses of a mammion-loving world. May God and the good angels have you in their holy keeping!

D. HIGBIE, M. D.

P. S.—In my verification, where I speak of enclosing one dollar to "West Ingle," please insert her address; as we do not know where she is. The last we heard from her, she was in Washington, D. C.

D. H.

PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

"WEST INGLE'S" DEPARTMENT.

MRS G. POTTER, IN SPIRIT-LIFE,
TO HER DAUGHTER, ELSANE, WIFE OF DR. WM. DAIN,
OF ADIN, MODOC CO., CAL.

MY dear daughter, I come to you at this time, because the shadows of trouble are falling heavily around you, or have been. I trust they are now breaking away, and will soon be scattered altogether. I know what the conditions are now which surround your domestic life, and I also know how often your tender, loving heart has been grieved over little things; which, if you had rightly understood them, would not have caused you a single tear.

When the Spirit-World calls one to labor in the harvest-fields of humanity, they are often compelled to do many things which do not appear consistent; and your case is only one of the many.

I know that William loves and trusts you above all women; his confidence in you can never be shaken; and if you will look at the conditions in the right light, my dearest child, you will see the brighter and better side, and not only be happier yourself, but you will make him happier too. I am not trying to counsel you to do any violence to your own feelings; I am showing you the true path to peace.

My dear child, when life is far spent, it does not pay to waste any one of the remaining years striving to change conditions, which may not be bettered for the change.

My dear daughter, I have consulted your father upon this matter, and he thinks with me that the contemplated change is not for the best, at present. Restore your home to its usual brightness, and keep a contented spirit in your heart. And I tell you this for a true statement, Elsane, and you may trust mother still.

A change is coming which will harmonize all contending elements, and will restore your lost happiness, and which will make your future life happier; and you will be thankful that I had power to speak to you in season.

Let peace come to your spirit, my child, and let the loved ones here in this beautiful home of the soul be your constant companions, and you will soon see a glorious change in your life. William will become more and more useful, and

when at last he is called away, you will feel happier, my dear, for having been faithful to your trust.

Here we stand, willing to aid you. Trust us, my dear child, and all will be well.

I am still your affectionate mother,

G. POTTER.

TO L. A. CARLTON, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

MY son, I desire to send you a message from the Spirit World, that you may know you are not forgotten by your friends who are disembodied, nor by the band of guides appointed by the Great Father to lead your Spirit on its homeward journey.

My name is Lorenzo, and I am one of your band. You have many of your own family here who desire to communicate with you, and they can do so after I come and open the gateway. You are mediumistic, and know all I can tell you. By intuition you are also inspired at times, and can sing with joy, feeling blessed that you are still dwelling upon the earth, made beautiful by the holy influences of sympathy and love. The Spirits of William and James Carlton, friends of yours, are in your band, and through their power you are to receive Spiritual sight and development.

You will soon cease to wonder where your beloved friends are, that they do not communicate with you. The nearest and dearest are coming to you with glad tidings, and their holy influences will be like Sabbath-rest to your troubled Spirit. The love they bring you will nerve your weary heart to greater efforts in life, and you, in your turn, can give strength to the desponding. You will hear the sound of angel-voices amid the rush and tumult of active life. Your future life will be different from the past. You will have more peace and prosperity. The trials and temptations will no longer overshadow your Spirit. All business transactions will result successfully; for it has been written for you that you shall be a good man, and your life will prove a blessing to many. Let justice cover all your actions, and let truth and principle be your guides, that your associations with your fellow-men may be profitable and pleasant, and you will be continually surrounded by your beloved Spirit-friends.

I come to break the way for your friends. I will establish magnetic currents from your heart to the centre of life. They will be extended, and then the young and weak, the pure and good can reach you at all times and in all places. Be brave and true, my son, and all will be well with you and yours.

I am your Father-Guide.

THROUGH ALFRED JAMES, PHIL'A.
[While entranced, written down as delivered
by J. M. R.]

ALPHONSE MONTAGUE.

GOOD afternoon. How can it be possible that I should come here and speak through one I know not? But there is an attraction here, and I can no more resist it than a planet can resist moving in its orbit.

My life here was a very ordinary one. I struggled and fought my way through, sometimes in the full tide of success, and sometimes meeting disappointment and failure. That is just the way I find it now.

What do I see? What do I know? And what am I about? First, then, I see on all sides of me what appears like a vast amphitheatre, the benches of which rise one above another beyond the range of my vision. Upon those benches are vast throngs of people; those above seeming to reach down to those below, to lift them up to higher positions. There seems to be a chain of sympathy uniting the whole throng. This is what I see. Second, What do I know? I know that this spark called Spirit must exist forever. I am told so; and that it is the duty of this Spirit to help all surrounding Spirits and the Spirits that are below it; and that in time, all will be drawn upwards. Third, What am I about? I am trying to perfect my Spirit, and to help others perfect theirs, and to feel the transports and joys of a pure soul, refined from all dross.

I was of French extraction. I lived and died in New Orleans. My name was Alphonse Montague. I was sixty-seven years old. I was brought up a Catholic, and died a believer in truth, as near as I understood it. It is about twelve years since I passed over. I have never been back to New Orleans, since there was nothing to attract me there. I was a native of France, but came when very young to America. I was a commercial traveler, and travelled for the house of Henry Tremour & Co., of Paris. They were traders in fancy notions.

SARAH MARPLE.

WELL, friend, how dost thee do? I find in the Spirit-Life just what I expected, and I thank thee that thou allowest the privilege to Spirits of coming back and showing the unfoldment they have gone through in the Spirit-Life.

I am very happy. I feel that I have exactly that amount of happiness which is my due. I will say to thee that the all-wise Father orders all things well. Around me, thee must know, I have seen

many friends who preceded me to the Spirit-Life; and I will tell thee, also, friend, it seems that I get a freer, purer, and better idea of that life from day to day.

I would not have those who are left behind to follow exactly in my footsteps, as far as religion is concerned. There is something higher and purer and much better now in the world than what was taught in our meeting-houses.

Thee will set me down as Sarah Marple, Radnor, Delaware Co., Pa.

CORROBORATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE.

NORFOLK, Dec. 10, 1878.

MR. DENSMORE:—Dear Sir,—I received the VOICE OF ANGELS for Dec 1st, with a message from my dear daughter, Lilla M. Morse, which was very correct and satisfactory. We are very thankful to her for the message, and to you for sending it to us. I hope we shall receive more from her.

Yours, respectfully,

MRS. SUSAN E. MORSE.

THE grandest and strongest natures are ever the calmest.

"TUNIE" FUND.

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

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

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