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### LITERARY.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

#### THE FUNERAL BOUQUET.

THROUGH TRYPHENA C. PARDEE.

Oh, Heavenly Father! At last I come to thy holy call,  
Bearing the harvest of many a long year of ardent, weary  
toil;  
But a handful I bring, the fruitage of an humble, checkered  
life—  
Thou knewest it would be so, before assigning me the strife.

Oh, tender Father; how my watchful guardian hand on high  
Weeping behold me, as towards thee I am closer drawing  
nigh,  
And their languid eyes semi-smiling through their silent  
falling tears,  
Beatir my feeble hopes, so twined with doubts and trembling  
fears.

They trace the pathway where my torn and smarting, bleed-  
ing feet  
Sorrow-land trod, where the rankling thorn and sharp-tined  
thistle meet—  
Stinging nettles' sly wrath, where cautiously and carefully I  
stepped  
To shun their lurking pain, and oft alone in trouble wept.

Oh, dearest Father! the bright golden seed, the precious  
wheat,  
Hopeful I cast on pure virgin soil, but tares sprang forth to  
cheat,  
And the reaping was sad to meet my great and sorely touch-  
ing needs,  
My crop was hid by dark-hued, rank and useless bitter weeds.

Omniscient Father! I lay them all at thy gracious feet;  
Pity, dear Parent! I struggled hard to make grain growth  
complete;  
Oh, I know thou'lt o'erlook the thistle, weeds, and tortuous,  
piercing thorn,  
And bless me for this little ear—my blighted, stunted corn.

Indulgent Father! the bloom of Love by the wayside grew,  
Breathing its fragrance and thrilling my vital being through  
and through;  
When I reached for a flower, stern briars with their taunting  
will opposed;—  
The few that I could gain, dry moss and sun-criaped husks  
enclosed.

Oh, loving Father! this small bouquet—meagre gift—I bring;  
Merciful God! how thy finishing fingers to the small straws  
cling!

With a musical strain, Thou'rt sorting and placing them one  
by one,  
Thy gems enweaving with my thorns a jewelled, life-wrought  
crown.

This singing!—Father—such charming melody! oh, so sweet!  
"Child, 'tis the essence of human love-thoughts, with harmo-  
ny replete—

Words lost on passing air, whose sky-bound wings upbore  
from changing earth,  
Till caught on angel harp-strings, tuned to praise Life's only  
worth."

ELLINGTON, N. Y., Sept. 8, 1879.

#### MESSAGE FROM ROBERT HARE TO DR. FAHNESTOCK.

[THROUGH DR. O., CONTINUED.]

DEAR DOCTOR,—I had intended in my next  
to give you my views in relation to the forma-  
tion of coal; but find that any attempt of the  
kind at present would only tend to involve the  
subject in greater obscurity; and for this rea-  
son: Our friend, through whom I am com-  
pelled to give my views, has listened for some  
weeks to the opinions (on that subject) of a  
class of Spirits who, however sincere, are really  
incapable of communicating anything reliable—  
a class, too, unfortunately, who are generally  
the most forward as teachers. I find his mem-  
ory, and, indeed, his brain, so completely cram-  
med with a jargon of incongruous incomprehen-  
sibilities on the subject of coal formations, that  
to make my views intelligible would be impos-  
sible until his impressibility to such influences  
shall be decreased. I will, therefore, at present  
confine my epistle to the subject on which I  
perceive he has himself no opinion, or, at least,  
holds opinions not antagonistic with common  
sense.

In the beginning—ere yet a single sun dart-  
ed its electrical eliminations athwart primeval  
chaos, or darkness retired before the Almighty  
fiat—"Let there be light" was the *Logos*, wis-  
dom, speech, power, spirit. *All was God*, and  
"God was Love." To Spirit-eyes, all was glo-  
rious. To physical eyes, (had such existed,) all  
was chaos.

Primeval Love unfathomable, eternal, inex-  
haustible, desiring its own reproduction in a  
physical innage, said with the voice of Omnip-

tence, "Let there be light!" and instantly elim-  
inated from Itself the primal elements of phys-  
ical existence, which Omniscience endowed  
with special affinities commensurate with the  
creation of a universe. Suns and systems  
sprang into existence, taking their allotted po-  
sitions in the heavens, and becoming the labor-  
atories where undying Love's physical image  
should be ultimately reproduced.

Here I must stop. Antagonistic impressions  
are being infused, and a willingness for their  
reception prevents an intelligible continuance.  
Let me simply add: To man in his rudimental  
sphere all is dark, mysterious, contradictory.  
To man as a progressed Spiritual intelligence,  
all is light, plain, worthy the wisdom of a God.

ROBERT HARE.

LANCASTER, Penn., June 4, 1862.

ALTHOUGH our space is limited, and we  
have hardly room enough for the original  
communications pressing upon our col-  
umns, yet the following article from the  
*Religio-Philosophical Journal* is so perti-  
nent to the value of our Spiritual Press,  
and agrees so fully with our own ideas,  
that we must give it entire:

#### THE SIGNIFICANCE OF OUR FACTS.

It is said that from a single bone, Cuvier,  
(who, by the way, was a good Spiritualist,)  
could describe the entire osteology of the ani-  
mal to which it belonged. So from one thor-  
oughly demonstrated phenomenon in Spiritual-  
ism—independent writing, for example—the  
whole system of pneumatology may be inferred.  
Such a manifestation, realized by a mind in  
such a state of recipiency as Newton's was when  
he saw the apple drop, reveals a generalization  
compared with which the fact of gravitation is  
a mere trifle. But it is not every mind that  
can be kindled into activity by a suggestive  
fact. And so we see thousands in whom the  
great facts of Spiritualism bear no fruit; rouse  
to no enthusiasm; fill with no adequate sense of  
the immense worth of an immortal soul, and  
the ineffable possibilities involved in its desti-  
nies here and hereafter.



It is but a swinish heedlessness that does not recognize the inestimable value of the pearls which Spiritualism offers us in its transcendent facts. Having become possessed of the great truth, we ought to strive to give others the benefit of it; to use the press liberally to transmit the joyful tidings, to answer the unjust and ignorant aspersions that are so freely uttered by the secular journals, and to keep alive the interest of the multitudes who have been initiated into a knowledge of the phenomena. To this end a spiritual press, laboring earnestly and sincerely for the truth, ought to be so sustained that it can command the best talent for the advocacy of a cause so precious. Every earnest Spiritualist ought to constitute himself a committee of one for increasing the circulation of such a paper. Its mistakes, if made in the sincere search for the truth, ought to be forgiven; and its shortcomings ought to be borne with till the support it receives is such as to justify heavier expenditures for improving its management.

It is very evident to one exercising, as we are obliged to do, close observation on the subject, that Spiritualism is advancing as it has never before done; that it is stirring the minds of thinking and candid men to their depths; that it is rousing the anger of the hostile and unreasoning to an extent which makes them tremble while they rail. The spectacle we have had, during the last three years, of a whole troop of leading physicists and philosophers in Germany and Russia joining the ranks of the Spiritualists, frankly admitting the supersensual character of the phenomena, and fearlessly proclaiming to the world the truth on the subject, has naturally struck amazement to the hearts of our revilers of the last thirty years. The eagerness with which they are seizing upon the shallow objections of Professor Wundt, to extort from them what comfort they can, shows the seriousness of their alarm. The hated thing will not down, for all their exorcisms and execrations. Can it after all be true? Such is the question which our foes are putting to themselves at heart, even while they affect the tone of derision and unconcern.

What Spiritualism wants now is a high and thoroughly scientific spirit of investigation and discussion in its organs, and a generous support of those organs from all men who would promote the truth. At present there is not in America—we may say in the world—a Spiritual journal that does more than pay its necessary expenses—those expenses being kept within the narrowest possible limits. Ought such a state of things to exist now that Spiritualism is assuming the attitude it is, before the scholarship and philosophy of the civilized world? Surely it is time for Spiritualists to make an effort to strengthen with the sinews of war their leading exponents in journalism, and to present their cause worthily to all earnest minds.

As the storm goes and the stars come, so will trouble go and joy come, if we but live for the within, but not in selfishness. Days will look all the brighter for the clouds across the sunshine.

#### SPELLING REFORM.

It requires no very close observation of the signs of the times, to be aware that reform of English orthography is rapidly coming to the front, as one of the most important of the minor questions of the day. It is perfectly correct to assert that only a few years ago the subject scarcely excited any particular interest outside of a very limited circle of scholars. Suggestions of change, of whatever nature, were rarely even referred to, save as illustrations of the harmless lunacy of crack-brained theorists. If they were spoken of seriously, it was nearly always for the purpose of protesting against the audacity and impiety of that fanaticism which, for the sake of an ideal perfection in unimportant details, would be willing to unsettle the very foundations of the language, and impair, if not entirely destroy, a sacred legacy from the past, bonnd up forever, whether for good or evil, with the literature of the race. All this is now altered. Within the past five years the discussion of the question has assumed an entirely different character. The demand for reform is no longer confined to a few scattered scholars without influence, and usually without even so much as notoriety. On the contrary, it has extended in some cases to whole classes. Philological societies appoint committees to examine and report what is best to be done. School boards petition Government to establish a commission to investigate the whole subject. Nor is participation in the controversy that has sprung up limited to those alone who have a direct interest in the educational aspects of the question. Either on one side or the other, men of letters of every grade and scholars in every department are entering for a tilt in the orthographical tournament that is now going on. All this, to be sure, is strictly far more true of England than of this country; but to a certain extent it is true of this. What has brought about this sudden change it is not so easy to determine. Doubtless, there has been for a long time a wide dissatisfaction with the existing state of things, although it has found little audible expression. To this dissatisfaction a powerful impulse has been given by the study of our speech in its earlier forms, a study which has made its most rapid progress during the few years just past. The principal objections which prejudice opposes to change have their force almost wholly destroyed when the facts of language are brought directly home to the attention. Shrines upon which ignorance conferred sanctity, and to which stupidity bowed with unquestioning adoration, have been utterly and instantaneously demolished by the remorseless iconoclasm of early English scholarship. Moreover, the character of the advocates of reform is something that of itself makes an impression. To the opinions expressed by them their abilities and attainments may not be sufficient to command assent, but they are sufficient to impose respect. There is an uneasy consciousness in the minds of those most opposed to change that it is no longer quite safe to indulge in that contemptuous treatment of the subject which a short time ago was the only argument. A reform which numbers among its advocates every living linguistic

scholar of any eminence whatever, which in addition includes every one who has made the scientific study of English a speciality, may be inexpedient, may be impracticable, may be even harmful; but it cannot well be demolished by brief editorials, nor superciliously thrust aside with an air of jaunty superiority. If the question is to be argued at all, it must now be argued on its merits. In such a discussion it will be found that the favorers of change, whether unreasonable in their expectations or not, know precisely what they are talking about; and this is a charge that can rarely be brought against their opponents.—*Scribner's Monthly*.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

#### MY EXPERIENCE.

ON THE RAISING OF LOST OR LOW SPIRITS INTO HIGHER CONDITIONS OF LIFE.

BY MRS. J. A. CAMPBELL.

DURING the winter of 1877, from January to the middle of March, I was used as a Medium for the uplifting and education of dark or low Spirits into higher, and, of course, better conditions; and it was done in this way: I was a member of a family of believers in this glorious gospel of Spiritualism in Cleveland, Ohio. We had our regular circles twice a week, and I was used as a speaker at those circles by different and various controlling Spirits. And among many others, several came that had gone down in that horrible disaster at Ashtabula. They came they said to condense and gather up themselves, and to try and find out who and what they were, and what was the matter. They gave me a view of themselves as they were for a week or more after the catastrophe. It was like a great number of little insects, as you no doubt have seen them in summer-time, flitting up and down, in and out, here and there, with this difference—these seem to be sporting, while they seemed to be crazed. They were helped to visit different Mediums in Cleveland, besides me; one, a minister, Rev. A. H——, came to me every Sunday morning at nine o'clock, and would preach a short discourse before going to church. "Now," he said, "I can control the minister better than stands in my pulpit."

About this time, another Spirit took control, calling himself "the Odd-fellow." He wished me to yield my powers or organism to him one hour every morning, (except Sundays,) for what he called a glorious work. I seemed to find myself every time on the side of a vast mountain, about half way up, looking towards the top. There seemed to be a division wall from the top, down to where I sat, and below. Near me at my left was a gateway, or bar, over which none could pass from the other side. Then I saw innumerable faces and forms of dark Spirits crowding up, which for numbers was like the leaves of the forests—all earnest and eager, with eyes glaring and mouths distended, to listen to what was said. Then he (the controlling Spirit) would preach to them. My audience in the form would often say they never heard such preaching before. As a result, I saw many throw off their dark mantles, (for they all seemed to be enveloped in these,) and immediately a



bright Spirit who stood near would throw over them a mantle or covering of light, and conduct them away up a bright shining highway, and disappear over the mountain.

Thus for about ten weeks we were engaged in that work; and oh, the many sorrowful, repentant, sin-cursed souls have I seen redeemed and made happy and joyful, by the labors of this noble Spirit, calling himself "the Odd-fellow!"

Then there is another class that has been blest and taught the way of life. Some were Irish, some were the Spirits of slaves; in short, they were the ignorant ones. One a case in point. At one time, after the control had left, I remained in a receptive condition, and a tall, thin Woman-Spirit came to me from the lowlands on my right, and talked with me in a quaint, old-fashioned way. Our chairman asked her name; she said it was Miss Jerusha Johnson, from York State. She then asked me if I knew what place that was? I told her it was the Spirit-world. She said, "La, suz, is it?" She said she had lived away off in a country place alone till she was very old; and then she was taken sick, and by-and-bye she found herself here, and did not know where to go. Then Mr. P. instructed her what to do. Then she told him she saw a beautiful bright path running up the mountain. He told her to go up that path, and he presumed she would find friends; and away she went.

After a while, I thought I would go up myself. I went, and no mortal language can portray the beauty of the scenery that opened to my view. A city almost illimitable in extent was there. It seemed to be environed by gently-rising hills, and from centre to circumference it was dotted with most gorgeous residences. I noticed in the centre was a beautiful lake, whose waters shone with dazzling brilliancy.

Then I exclaimed to myself, "What beautiful city can this be?" A voice at my side answered, "This is Spring Lake City, and your Angel-daughter has her residence here." Then I turned to my right, and saw near by a cozy little cottage. I went to it, and to my surprise found my former acquaintance, Miss Jerusha Johnson. She welcomed me, and entertained me some time in telling me how happy she was in her new-found home. Her place was small, but she seemed to have everything to make her happy. She was not a dark Spirit, but an ignorant one; and here let me say that on my right as far as I could see was a smooth surface of mountain and plain, sparkling with light, as you perhaps have seen on a frosty morning, when the sun shone with brilliancy; and up from this plain below came our friend, Miss Jerusha Johnson.

May holy angels forever help us to help one another, is the prayer of

MRS. J. A. CAMPBELL.

A LITTLE boy once called out to his father, who had mounted his horse for a journey: "Good bye, papa, I love you thirty miles long." A little sister quickly added, "Good bye, dear papa, you will never ride to the end of my love."

[Selected.]

THE ENYPORT LEGEND.

BY F. HRETTE HARTZ.

THEY ran through the streets of the seaport town,  
They peered from the decks of the ships that lay;  
The cold sea-fog that came whitening down  
Was never so cold or white as they.  
"Ho, Starbuck, and Pinckney, and Tenterden!  
Run for your shallops, gather your men,  
Scatter your boats on the lower bay!"

Good cause for fear! In the thick midday  
The hulk that lay by the rotting pier,  
Filled with children in happy play,  
Parted its moorings and drifted clear—  
Drifted clear beyond reach or call—  
Thirteen children they were in all—  
All adrift in the lower bay!

Said a hard-faced skipper, "God help us all!  
She will not float till the turning tide!"  
Said his wife, "My darling will hear my call,  
Whether on earth or in heaven she bide."  
And she lifted a quavering voice and high,  
Wild and strange as a seabird's cry,  
Till they shuddered and wondered at her side.

The fog drove down on each laboring crew,  
Velled each from each, and the sky and shore;  
There was not a sound but the breath they drew,  
And the lap of the water and creak of oar:  
And they felt the breath of the dawn fresh blown  
O'er leagues of clover and cold grey stone,  
But not from the lips that had gone before.

They come no more! But they tell the tale,  
That, when fogs are thick on the harbor reef,  
The mackerel-fishers shorten sail,  
For the signal they know will bring relief:  
For the voices of children still at play,  
In a phantom hulk that drifts away  
Through channels whose waters never fail.

It is but a foolish shipman's tale,  
A theme for a poet's idle page;  
But still, when the mists of doubt prevail,  
And we lie becalmed on the shores of age,  
We hear from the misty, troubled shore,  
The voice of the children gone before,  
Drawing the soul to its anchorage.

[From the Religio-Philosophical Journal.]

"INSPIRATIONAL POETRY."

A FEMININE correspondent sends us some nine stanzas of most dreary doggerel, and informs us that it is inspirational poetry, and that she is a Medium. Now it is not enough for our purpose that a poem is "inspirational;" it must show at the same time that the writer knows something of grammar and can keep out of the depths of bathos and absurdity. An inspirational poem, to meet our requirements, must show where the inspiration comes in. The quantity of stuff from supposed Mediums, claiming to be inspirational, is getting to be rather tiresome. Because a poem is extemporaneous, it does not establish a claim on our attention. Even Mr. Colville and Mrs. Richmond, who ought to know better, become bores when they undertake to reel off their impromptu, extemporaneous verses. It is not difficult to give out such a quality of verse without hesitation for an hour or more. But some persons seem to think it is a great feat because it is extemporaneous. So long as the verse is bad and illiterate, it is not a great feat to improvise it.

The fault is often with the audiences. They ask for the improvisation, and it is given. The old saying that "easy writing may be deuced hard reading," applies here. More than nine-tenths of the inspirational poetry it has been our lot to have inflicted on us, has been—not to speak it profanely—infernal trash. Let our Mediums hereafter, if the gods have made them

poetical, prepare their verses carefully at home, and leave it to the hearer to judge how far it is inspirational. Leave off the label, and trust to the intrinsic worth of the thing itself.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE NEW DISPENSATION.

NUMBER SIX.

In our last, in Sept. 15th number, we gave a very brief account or view of the conception of the masses of mankind in the civilized world of God, and the destiny of the human soul.

Great changes, silently though rapidly wrought, are not always taken into account sufficiently in understanding the present. Neither is there appreciation of the force that causes these changes.

We repeat what we have before stated, that Spiritualism (the present phase of it) has not come to us; but we, the inhabitants of this planet, have come to Spiritualism. That is, the progress of humanity, or rather, the developement of humanity through the law of progress, had reached a point where the superior condition, mental force and foresight of an advanced plane of humanity in the Spirit-world in their wisdom projected all that is understood in the term, Modern Spiritualism. This projection involved the idea of intellectually communicating with the earth-plane in such form that its inhabitants would understand that communication and what it represented, in order to place before the minds intellectually the true relation of humanity in the earth-sphere to the Spirit-world; thereby solving the destiny of man—which is solving the religious problem. In the history of man, so far on this planet, no such event ever occurred. The wisdom of the Spirit-spheres withheld this until the earth was intellectually capable of understanding it and placing it correctly. Thus understood and correctly placed, it becomes a science. And as man is the natural product of this planet, so all that is involved in the problem of Spiritualism, when fully understood and correctly placed, furnishes the list of the sciences of the products of this planet.

Let us also remember that when the first rap was heard, it found earth's inhabitants with a religious belief stated in the number for Sept. 15th; that this religious belief had its origin in human theory and speculation, without that demonstration which science demands, which demand Spiritualism furnishes.

Let us also remember that all human theories and speculation belong to the constructive power of the mind; that in



these constructions things that actually exist are used, out of which these constructions are formed; that the human mind cannot conceive of that which has no existence as fact, as abstract entities. This being true, error in religious beliefs or in anything else consists in placing actual facts and things out of their true and legitimate order and use.

Therefore, if errors have been found in religious beliefs, it is because principles, law and things have been placed in wrong relations and made to represent a use that had no existence in fact.

There was a house in Hydesville, N.Y., where there had been sounds like a person walking, raps, and other noises—simply a haunted house. But a haunted house was nothing new; such houses existed all over the world, and in all ages, for aught we know. The cause of this was a mystery. It was imagined that there was connected with the cause a ghost; but what a ghost was, was not understandable. The masses believed the dead had gone to heaven, or hell, or existed in a sort of nonentity state, until the somewhere far-off day of judgment should come. So the masses had been taught. The idea that these haunted houses were the abode of imprisoned human Spiritual Beings, (except in rare instances,) held and bound there by a natural law, was a blank in the public mind.

The prevailing idea was that haunted houses were the abode of his Satanic Majesty's imps. This is seen in the first intelligent question put to the author of these noises and raps in the house referred to at Hydesville, which had been occupied by several families previous to the moving in of Mr. John D. Fox, in 1847, or thereabouts. These noises annoyed this family a great deal, and the neighbors were called in to witness them.

One night, they determined to pay no attention to them. The girls were put to bed with such instructions; but the unseen powers were more demonstrative than ever, and more particularly in the room where the two girls, Margaret and Kate, slept.

A thought (perhaps an impression) came into Kate's mind. Snapping her fingers, she says, "Look here, old Split-foot; do as I do"—rap, rap, rap—at each snap of the finger. Then moving her hand up and down—rap, rap, rap—at each motion. "Ma," Kate exclaims, "it can see as well as hear!"

And here commenced Modern Spiritualism—intelligence in response to human intelligence—the veil in a great measure

rent between the physical and Spiritual states—the Seventh Seal broken. Glory to God in the highest! Man's destiny opened up, the mists and clouds of ages break away—the religious problem is solved.

Human language is incapable of expressing the mighty import condensed into that little sentence, "Ma, it can see as well as hear!"

Questions followed, proving that the author of these strange sounds knew considerable about the family of Mrs. Fox—told the number of children, dead and living.

Great excitement followed, when, on the 31st of March, 1848, assembled at that house seventy persons, and questions and answers revealed the fact that it was a murdered pedlar that caused all this commotion; that his body could be found, as it was, buried in the cellar.

This important event, if it came to a superstitious people, would make a Mecca of this place, with a grand temple built thereon, artistically ornamented with appropriate scenery, cut in marble or painted on the walls, wherein annually would assemble the devotees of Spiritualism, who would make this the head-quarters of all that is necessary to its propaganda. Considering its import, this would not be out of time or place for even this civilized age.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

318 TAYLOR ST., San Francisco, Sept. 8, '79.

BROTHER DENSMORE,—This morning I took up the VOICE OF ANGELS of September 1st. The first words I read were, "Louisa Mills." She gave, through Miss Shelhamer, a communication to her friends in California. There are no tests of identity; yet I am quite ready and glad to believe that my dear friend, Louisa Mills, whose body is in the ocean, has "like a song-bird" risen into the clear air of the upper skies, and thence returned with a message for us who wait without the gates.

H. F. M. BROWN.

#### ANOTHER VERIFICATION.

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

WORCESTER, MASS., Sept. 16, 1879.

MR. D. C. DENSMORE:—Dear Sir,—In your paper of Sept. 15th, I find a communication, through M. T. Shelhamer, from my dear mother, Sallie Ammidown, given August 31st. It is correct in every respect. She passed to Spirit-life last April on the evening of the third day. I wish to thank you for publishing it, and I enclose fifty cents, for you to send me six copies of the paper that has that communication in.

It has given me great happiness to receive those words from her. Should she come again

to your circle, please give her my love, and say to her that she made us all very happy by coming, and we will be very happy to hear from her again.

A friend of mine recognizes another one from Worcester, Ransom M. Gould, and was pleased to hear from him.

Please direct my package of papers to Mrs. Arinda A. Jordan, 51 Lincoln street, Worcester, Mass.

Please accept my thanks and best wishes.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

#### SPIRIT ECHOES.

NUMBER THIRTEEN.

BY SPIRIT VIOLET.

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELHAMER.

I HAVE recently attended a convocation of women, in the Higher World—earnest, noble, true-souled women, who met together to discuss plans and devise measures for the welfare of their sister-women upon the earth; who gathered together to send forth their silent, penetrating, uplifting sympathy towards those who are crowded almost out of existence, either by the pitiless hand of poverty, or who are shunned and scorned because of the unfortunate lives circumstances have compelled them to lead.

In the realm of Spirit, our societies are not confined to one sex; there is no exclusiveness; woman is not considered incompetent to discuss the questions of life with her brother, neither do the masculine gender meet together in club or bar-room, and revel in scenes that they would blush to have their sisters witness.

Likewise, females have no Sorosis, that the gentlemen cannot enter; no charming sewing-circle, where gossip and slander—those tender tit-bits, so delicious to some tongues—are woven into the threads of the garments they fashion, with their pernicious and malicious influence.

Each convention, every organization is founded upon the polished square of Equality, and membership is freely extended to male and female alike; thus rounding out the perfect circle of harmonious life. But this convocation of which I speak, composed entirely of women—tender, helpful, loving women—who have witnessed the struggles and the sorrows of those dear children of humanity, whom mortals consider lost, but whom Angels know shall yet be redeemed to honor and virtue, was called together because it has become evident to thinking minds that the so-called Progress of Humanity will remain but a sham, until society awakens to the fact that while one outcast remains outside the closed door of fraternal sympathy, while one poor sufferer is refused



the helping hand or kindly word, to encourage her onward towards the highway of goodness, it is still the victim of intolerance, and unworthy the name of progress.

And so, out in the bright, clear air, with the beaming sky above their heads, the flowery sod beneath their feet, where the grand old trees of the forest chanted their anthems of glory, as the breeze swept through their branches, these Spirit-women met, and with earnest faces and solemn word, dedicated themselves to the high mission of going forth one by one out into the material world to sow anew the seed of love and good-will in the hearts of mortals; of going forth from their beautiful Spirit-homes as teachers to humanity; and the one little lesson, so easy to read, so hard to remember and weave into practical life, is this: "Judge not, but extend the friendly hand, the kindly word and smile, even more if you can, the cup of water and the meal of bread, to the poor unfortunate, whose life is bowed beneath the weight of its own mistakes, and who bears more punishment within the soul than you can ever dream."

And so, from out the company of that heavenly band, whose influence stills all commotion, whose presence breathes a blessing of comfort and peace upon the passing Spirit, I come to you today, each dear reader of our "Angel Voice," and in the tones of love I say unto you of earth, "Oh, cultivate the truly Christ-like principles within you; develope the germs of benevolence, charity, patience, sympathy and kindness, and let them flow out from your soul towards all those—whether male or female—who tread the paths of sorrow or vice, until like a cleansing flood they roll in waves of light over those sin-stained souls."

Oh, be just; give unto every soul the full measure of love that you would crave for yourself! Then shall the age of humanity become indeed a golden age, the fruitage of which will shine out in noble lives, in redeemed lives, and in progressive lives; and society will so blossom under the developed influence of Love and Sympathy, as to shed its wealth of fragrant beauty over the hearts of all humanity, and every soul will be known by the endearing name of "my brother" and "my sister."

#### ANOTHER VERIFICATION.

MAPLEWOOD, Mass., Sept. 19, 1879.

DEAR BRO. DENSMORE,—Again I desire to thank you for a precious message from my darling Marietta. May God and the angels bless you in your labors of love.

Fraternally yours,

A. B. WEYMOUTH.

#### INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

#### THE ANTHEM OF NATURE.

BY DR. D. AMBROSE DAVIS.

*LISTEN, Oh, listen! the tempest's rehearsal!*  
The ship and the waters take parts in the choir,  
The shrouds in the wind and the white foaming billows  
Are chanting their psalm on the strings of the lyre.

The cyclone of death and the storm-peals of thunder  
Are notes in the octave that echo afar;  
But worlds roll in space like the song of a seraph,  
Nor cease they forever at octave or bar.

The waves of the ocean, with pearly white fingers,  
Are touching forever the chords of the strand,  
Unceasingly chiming the anthem of chorus  
Over the waters and over the land.

Melodies charming gush out of the forest  
And tremble along the ambient air,  
Thrilling our hearts with their hallow'd sweet cadence,  
As souls may be thrilled by the pathos of prayer.

The lark of the morning forgets not its carol,  
Nor herds of the pastures their cheering refrain,  
Nor ever a harp that was tuned by Jehovah  
But blesses us, over again and again.

The murmur of brooklet a-down through the meadow,  
The voice of the insect, the bird and the bee,  
Harmoniously sweet as the Gospel of Jesus  
That fell on his hearers around Galilee.

Nor lacks there the breath of the sweet gentle zephyr  
To breathe its low whispers, so penative and dear,  
Like blessings of angels that hover about us,  
With their benedictions to fall on the ear.

Oh, Nature breathes only one chimed diapason,  
From summit of mountain to shore of the sea,  
For God's chorus-singers have concord eternal  
With all things that are or ever shall be.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

#### A MORNING LESSON.

BY M. THERESA SHELHAMER.

In the quiet of the morning,  
Ere the noontide's dusty heat,  
When the warbling song-bird's trilling  
Simple melodies so sweet,  
All the air is full of glory,  
And with harmony replete.

In the stillness, in the shadows,  
Comes a quiet, peaceful rest,  
Like a holy benediction  
To the troubled, aching breast,  
Like a solemn, sacred blessing  
From the kingdom of the blest.

Thoughts as pure as white-robed angels  
Nestle in the weary heart,  
And an added faith and courage  
To the tired soul impart,  
Taking from its deep recesses  
All the bitter, burning smart.

In the stillness of the morning  
Comes the white-winged, peaceful dove,  
Bringing us this golden message  
From the eternal realms above,  
"God will guide you through the shadows  
In His wisdom and His love."

When the heart is filled with sadness,  
And the spirit bends in tears,  
And we cannot pierce the darkness  
For our doubtings and our fears,  
We are tolling up the mountain  
That our Father's hand uprears.

And in learning well the lesson,  
Living every path of life,  
We shall grow in soul and spirit  
Through the turmoil and the strife,  
We shall gain a truer knowledge  
Of the higher, better life.

Sometimes comes a precious sweetness  
Thrilling through the woe and pain,  
Like a gleam of mellow sunlight  
Through the sobbing, sighing rain,  
Like a chord of heavenly music  
Mingling with the mourner's strain.

And we feel our souls uplifted  
By a power divine and free

Far above our dark conditions,  
Into sweeter harmony  
With the perfect laws of being  
And their grand infinity;

For we feel a sainted presence,  
With a holy purpose rife,  
Teaching love and truth and wisdom  
Through the darkness and the strife,  
Leaving onward through the shadows  
To the higher, perfect life.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

#### THE SECOND LIFE.

BY CARPO.

If the Spirit of man shall live after death—  
And the question is uppermost in many minds—  
All nature that possesses life shall live as well,  
For all living nature a spirit combines.

Shall not the spirit of flowers on earth  
Soar to that heavenly realm of endless light,  
And bloom in richer fragrance in higher spheres,  
Because they had once grown in darkness of night?

It is not the Spirit of man, but the soul—  
That divine spark that he alone possesses—  
That lifts him up superior to all else;  
All nature that one grand truth confesses.

Shall we not, then, in that fair, glorious land,  
Find the sweet flowers we loved while on earth,  
Gather the roses that once grew by our window,  
As well as meet the friends that sat round our hearth?

JEFFERSON CITY, Missouri, April 7, 1879.

#### A SPIRIT'S PREDICTION VERIFIED.

IN March, 1878, we were in New Orleans, and while there enjoyed frequent conversations with our aged friend, Bro. Edwards: at one of these interviews, he gave us an account of a message he had some time before received from his first wife, who had preceded him to Spirit-life. She said to him, that he would leave his worn-out earthly body and come to her in Spirit-life in September of 1879. That the old gentleman fully credited the certainty of this prediction, we had no doubt at the time. During the latter part of August of the present year, Bro. Edwards called at our office about fifteen minutes after we had started for the Nashville convention. He said he was on his way home to New Orleans, and expressed repeatedly his extreme regret at having missed seeing us. On hearing of his visit, we immediately called to mind his anticipated departure from earth, and concluded that he was returning south earlier than usual that he might be at home when the expected summons came. On September 15th, the prophecy was fulfilled; his frail body could no longer retain his beautiful and fully developed Spirit, and he passed over to join "the great majority." Though he only came to know the reality of a future existence in the evening of earth-life, he gave the subject great attention, and now enters upon the change well prepared for its duties and pleasures.—*R. P. Journal.*

GOD, who in his mercy gives the flowers each summer to His world, leaves no life to be all winter; but as He "sends rain on the just and on the unjust," so to every one there comes some help when it is most needed—some color, some blossom of happiness or of hope.

THE Chinese say there is a well of wisdom at the root of every gray hair.

THE best of riches is contentment, the worst of poverty is low spirits.



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D. C. DENSMORE,  
*Pub. Voice of Angels.*

## EDITORIAL.

## PRISON DISCIPLINE AND CAPITAL PUNISHMENT—THEIR INCOMPETENCY TO REFORM THE ERRING.

ALTHOUGH the world and its surrounding elements advances in its development, and although humanity progresses in all the arts and sciences of civilization, yet with all this, has man outgrown the instincts of the brute, which prompts him to slay and despoil? Has crime become a thing of the past, and is the murderer known only to the historic page? Considering the rapid advance of civilization, it seems to us the time has come that humanity had sloughed off the developments of passion, and had begun to arrive at a purer and better condition. But it is no less true that, while we can point to men and women whose honor, integrity, and pure sense of justice keep pace with their advancing intellect, yet we can also point to others, occupying high places as well as low, who are the victims of all the lower passions and appetites, that only tend to debase the spirit, and mutilate its temple, the body. The most heinous crimes are constantly occurring, not only out in the wilds of savage life, or barbarism, but in the very midst of our boasted civilization—crimes that send a shudder through every vein, and cause the blood to run cold with horror. Scarcely a day passes, but the community is startled by the news of the perpetration of some horrible murder, or some other fiendish crime. Arrests are made, trials take place, and conviction, with its attendant punishment, is secured. Still the awful record of crime continues to present its ghastly front to the people. Imprisonment, capital punishment even, fails to deter from the perpetration of the same crime for which others have paid the penalty.

All this furnishes food for thought to

the observing mind. It shows in plain language that the present state of prison discipline is not the best remedial agency for reforming criminals. Notably, nine out of every ten convicts turned loose after serving their prison term, return to their evil ways with redoubled vigor and energy, thus becoming a terror to society. And no wonder; for the convict who is condemned to serve a certain term in prison, compelled to go with shaven head and to wear the striped garb of prison uniform, feels himself an outcast, after obtaining his freedom; he feels that he is scorned and degraded in the unsympathetic eyes of the world; he is told that his punishment is given in retaliation for the evil he has done. Consequently, when his term has expired, he is turned loose with scarcely a penny in his pocket, with no friends to give him good counsel, no employer willing to give him labor by which he can earn his daily bread; and being disheartened and discouraged, he returns to his old habits of evil and scenes of debauchery and wickedness, and becomes an indelible moral blot upon society.

Now, it is possible that the present discipline of prison life might be improved. Why must the convict wear the striped clothing, that isolates him in appearance from others? Why, if he is able to labor in the prison work-shop, may not a small stipend of his earnings be laid aside for him weekly, so that when he is released from "durance vile," he can have the wherewith to purchase a loaf of bread or a night's lodging? Why cannot philanthropic business men employ one or more of these released criminals, and give them an opportunity to earn their living honestly? In fact, so many questions present themselves in this connection, that it would fill a volume to properly state them. But one thing is most certain, namely, true reform can never be accomplished within our prison walls, as conducted at present; that while the present system of punishment only awakens rebelliousness, anger, and thoughts of revenge, the criminal will not be likely to strive for better or nobler things—which latter is the true meaning of reform.

Even capital punishment fails to arrest the crime of murder. Life is taken daily; and the spectacle of a criminal swinging from the gallows does not deter others from committing the same deadly crime for which the culprit suffers. Indeed, from a certain law of psychological control over sensitive organisms, who may witness the legal murder, (for it is such

to all intents and purposes,) peculiar impulses may be started into activity, that may culminate in the perpetration of a similar crime.

Every day's experience is teaching thinkers, and especially Spiritualists, that for every criminal who expiates his crime with his life, ten new murders take place. Certainly, then, it is self-evident that capital punishment never did nor never will eradicate the evil. On the contrary, it aggravates it; for launching a vengeful, blood-thirsty criminal into eternity, only lets loose a ruthless demon, with all his likes and dislikes intact, who returns to prey upon helpless old age and innocent childhood. This, to a reflecting mind, as before stated, must be self-evident; for while the criminal could have controlled only his own organism, while he inhabited it, he may control a number of others, after passing into Spirit-life, for his own evil gratification. Hence, it is best not to destroy, (for one murder never justifies another, even though the second be a legal one,) but to restrain; in other words, to confine the murderer, so that he will have no opportunities for further mischief; to give him means for acquiring knowledge of the moral instincts; to seek to awaken within him the finer sensibilities of his own nature; and in short, to provide him with teachers who will lead his spirit, step by step, up out of the bloody fields in which it has delighted to dwell, into the clear light of kindly feeling for all mankind. Then will come true repentance, genuine remorse, that will eventually cleanse the spirit, and lead it into the path of atonement; which, in fact, is the best, and we might say, the only condition that will reform the erring.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

17 BOLIVAR ST., Cleveland, Sept. 18, 1879.

DEAR BRO. DENSMORE,—I received your kind letter all right, and was glad to hear that the world was to continue to hear the "VOICE OF ANGELS."

God bless you for your kind words to me. I have received September 1st and 15th of the VOICE, but got none after the 15th of May, which makes three months out. I am so glad to get them again; they are like angels' visits to me. I sent a mite of ten cents in my last. Did you get it? I will now send another for the Tunie fund. I send also so b for publication, if you accept it. If so, may send you more. Will send you next the experiences or sensations of the Spirit in passing out or in dying, according to my own experiences, when I lay for hours to all appearances dead.



My Spirit did go out, and was conducted away by a host of bright Angel-songsters—and such music! I never expect to hear it again till that experience is repeated in reality, as they promised it should.

Oh, brother Densmore, can you realize the height and depth, length and breadth of that assertion—"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the joys and reward of those who suffer and serve God as Mediums"?

You and I are getting old according to the flesh; but I believe our Spirits are being unclothed and getting ready every day to be clothed upon by the garments of immortal youth and beauty. When I look within, I feel young and radiant. Angels bless you.

MRS. J. A. CAMPBELL.

#### SPIRIT MESSAGES,

GIVEN AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE,  
SEPTEMBER 21st, 1879.

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELLHAMER.

INVOCATION, BY ROBERT ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN.

UNTO Thee, oh, our Father and our Mother God, we offer the aspirations of our spirit at this time. We worship Thee as the Author of life, as the Ordainer of law, as the Sustainer of all systems; yet we thank Thee that we can comprehend Thee in the endearing relationship of parent, and draw near to Thee as we call Thee our Father and our Mother, Author of all our hopes, here and hereafter.

Ever have we been protected by thy boundless care and permeated with thy eternal love. And now we ask that the prayer of every spirit be answered, that all may receive thy blessing of strength, that will enable them to fulfill their mission of good.

We bless Thee for the light streaming from this place, for the good that has been accomplished. Give unto every ministering Spirit, each messenger-bird, the strength and fortitude to carry on the work of truth; aid and assist them to drive away the shadows from the hearts of mortals, and let the light of knowledge shine in upon them, until humanity shall bloom in sweetness through the coming ages. Bless this human instrument. Oh, may thy angels guide and direct her in her mission. Bring her strength and courage, that the work may go on to thy blessing and the blessing of thy dear humanity.

RACHEL RICE.

BLESS you, there is rest for all. I was a very old lady, but I knew and enjoyed the truth of Spirit-communion. For more

than eighty years I lived in the old body, but it's laid aside now, and I've a bright new form that I can use. I want to send my love to my dear children and grandchildren, and tell them I am with my beloved companion and our dear ones. They met me at the gate, and I knew them all; and it was sweet, very sweet. Now I work and wait for those left behind. We bless and guide them; as the years roll on, we draw them nearer the Spirit-home, and by-and-bye will welcome each one.

My name is Rachel Rice. I want to send my love to all my old friends at East Weymouth and Weymouth. I passed away at Philadelphia.

Blessings on the dear children who smoothed my declining years and cared for me to the end.

Send to my son, Allen B. Miller, Philadelphia, Penn.

SARAH GRAVES.

I WISH to send out a word to one who reads your paper and needs a little encouragement of a Spiritual nature at this time. I have been in Spirit-life many years, but I come to bless him who eagerly watches for a sign of our presence. Tell him we are ever beside him to direct and sustain, that his medical powers do not play him false, for we impress him with thoughts and ideas that can only emanate from a higher life. We have seen the shadows; we know the way is sometimes rough; but Spirit-hands guide him, and while he is true to his convictions, and pursues the path of right as he has done, all will be well. A mother's love from heaven encompasses him; a father's guidance upholds him; a sister's affection sustains him; and little hands strew fragrant flowers before him, that the perfume may penetrate his soul and give him strength and power.

I thank you. I have said more than I hoped. I was very, very weak.

Sarah Graves to L. Graves.

WILLIAM F. GARY.

I COME from Lone City, California, sir, whither I wish my missive to go. I left a darling mother there, Mrs. M. J. Cotter. Sad was it to her when she learned of the fatal accident which deprived me of mortal life. She felt it almost too hard to bear, thus losing one after another. She felt could she have had the comfort of ministering to us through illness, it would not have been so hard; but to lose her sons so suddenly was terrible. But her sweet faith, her Medium powers, sustained her; she knew each one of her children was safe and happy; and we came bringing her peace, consolation, love and bless-

ing, which fell upon her spirit in an infinite calm.

I met my brother at the crossing, and with him found the others. We are happy and satisfied; but I come from this far-off place to send my—our—greeting home, with assurances of love and watchfulness. We come every day, and happy are we when we can make our presence known. There are no accidents in Spirit-life; no deaths by water; no crushing of the Spirit out of its tenement. All is governed by law, and all seem to live in harmony with that law. I have been gone some time. A young man, sir.

WILLIAM F. GARY.

[Mr. Densmore, you had better send to Mrs. M. J. Cotter, Lone City, California.]

SARAH KINSEY.

WILT thou allow me to come? [Yes, indeed.] I would like to speak with my brothers. Many years have passed away since I faded from earthly scenes; many loved ones have I welcomed to the beautiful Spirit-land; yet my heart turns to earth, and I constantly return, because there are those sojourning here whom I love. I come to my dear brother, Joseph Kinsey, to bring him and Isaac the love, the blessing and the abiding peace that only Spiritual life can bestow. I would that all were so receptive to the voice of the Spirit as is my loved brother Josey; but we watch over each one and guide them in the path of rectitude. All is well with them, and they go not astray.

Father, mother, brother, dear sisters, and the darling ones who left the home nests, are all together, and unitedly breathe a blessing of peace and affection upon the hearts waiting here below. Our dear Kate is here with me. Her beautiful Spirit breathes out love only to mankind and good will to all. Tell my dear brother the angels guide him through all the paths of life, and in every experience, every vicissitude, he can see the hand which beckons him onward. As the roses flush and bloom in fragrance, as the stars glimmer out in golden beauty from the azure sky, as the pearly snow-flakes fall upon the frosty earth, so his thoughts, his words and actions bloom in sweetness, gleam in beauty, and fall lovingly upon the frosty lives of others, covering them with a mantle of purity. We have seen it all, and through these lines his Spirit has passed, daily growing nearer the Kingdom of Peace and our Father's house. We come whenever possible. Please tell him the lock of hair I brought him is all correct, save that I was unable to get the exact shade, the peculiar golden tint, as there was no hair



in the room I could extract it from; and so it does not exactly match my own, as it was when here, but comes very close to it.

I was young when I passed home. In Spirit we age only by experience; and there is so much knowledge to attain, so many lessons to learn, so many experiences to gain, that I am still young. I thank thee kindly. Please say,

SARAH KINSEY.

CARRIE HARTWELL.

Oh, I want to send a letter home. I come from Fitchburg, Mass. I am almost sixteen now. I was sick so long it tired me all out. I couldn't sleep good. I'm all right now. I live among the flowers, and they strengthen me. I am glad and busy all the time. I come back every day to bring comfort, and they know it.

Father's name is John Hartwell. My name is Carrie Hartwell. Oh, the beautiful flowers they brought me! I saw them; they were sweet. I have got a wreath of immortelles in my Spirit-home; they are typical of the eternal love I bring my mother.

Grandmother blesses "Mary," and sends her love. I wear my hair down my back, and it's ever so long now. I found Spirit-life a beautiful place, and nothing to be afraid of. My folks know it's a good place, and they are not afraid to die.

Good bye. I would like to come again, if I don't take the room of some other.

[Mr. Editor, send to Mr. John Hartwell, Fitchburg, Mass.]

MESSAGES GIVEN SEPTEMBER 28TH, 1879.

CAPT. GEORGE TAYLOR.

CAPTAIN George Taylor of Nantucket, sir. Some time since I went aloft, but there are those still sailing over the broad blue sea of life whom I would like to reach. I was told if I would anchor here, I could send out my message; and if I did not hear a response, it would at least give me power to come closer to my friends. Now, I do not want to give any private business here, but I do want John to give me a chance to come and talk to him in private, and I will convince and satisfy him upon a certain subject he is anxious about. I know this will go to the one I wish, but he will make no public affirmation of it.

JOEL JONES.

I AM a plain farmer, and not used to making myself conspicuous in public; but I would like to speak for myself and my sons, who are with me. My name is Joel Jones; I am a plain Vermonter, from Welcoll, Vermont. I have been in the

Spirit-world long enough to learn that its laws are very different from our laws; to know that right and justice always win there; and to see that mortals have only the slightest idea of life in the other world.

Tell my companions, my old friends, my daughter, that I am well and happy; that me and mine wait for them and look forward to a blessed reunion; that we are not idle; it would kill me to have to be still and idle. We have plenty to do, and never consider it done unless well done.

Little Harry is with me. William sends out his love from this place. We all bring a blessing.

Excuse me, please, if I have intruded. I would like it to go to Mrs. Hattie J. Woodward, Wheatland, Colorado.

EMMA S. DODGE.

Good evening; it would be such a blessed privilege to me to say a few words. Tell mother the life I now live is so calm, so peaceful, that my spirit grows daily into new power and beauty; every day brings a new delight, every hour a keen sense of pleasure and gratitude for life, eternal life. Father is with me; he too is contented and happy. I met him at the gate, and welcomed him to his Spirit-home. We are together; he is busy in doing good and seeking to learn the laws of life; I also am busy in trying to do what I can for the dear little ones around me, who come to us because of the neglect or ignorance of mortals. Daily we come to guide and cheer you on your way, and soon we will lead you gently home to our beautiful mansion of perfect peace.

Tell Will I am satisfied. Before I passed home, I knew it would be best; now I am contented. Whatever change comes to him, I will ever be by his side to bless and guard him. I will bring him friends; I will make his heart happy and his abiding place one of rest; through the changes of years, he will ever have one to guide him and to bless his life from her heavenly home. I thank you.

Emma S. Dodge, to her husband, W. W. Dodge, Boston.

CLARENCE CARTER.

I CAME here with Johnnie Bartley. He told me mother would be glad to hear from me, and he showed me the way. He said his mother would take the message to my mother, and I will be very much obliged to her if she will. A good many things she told me, I have found to be true enough.

Now for my mother: Mother, I want to send my love and the love of all those

with me to you and Sis and all. Don't you know very well that we come every day and try to make ourselves known? I have rattled the things round the house, opened doors, and shaken chairs more than once; and if you will sit quietly, we will give you manifestations enough.

I met my wife the first thing when I passed over, and she said, "Oh, Cal, I am so glad to meet you! I've watched and waited for you ever since I passed on!" Well, it was pleasant, and we are together; but there are some things in my past life I feel ashamed of, and I'm working to efface them. Pity we don't all do right when we know what is right.

Now, mother, don't ever forget that we are with you and love you. You were kinder to me than I ever deserved. I shall always protect you and smooth your way. Well, the varmint I brought home to you was a queer pet, that's a fact; now I bring you a bird, and at some place will try and bring it tangibly and alive. I would like you to take this little paper, for it will furnish you with the food you need. Bye, bye; love to all.

Now I hope Mrs. Bartley will carry this message, as Johnnie said she would.

My name is Clarence Carter. I was a young man; should have been in the vigor of health, but wasn't; have been away a few years.

TUNIE.

How do you do? I come to speak again. Give my love, please, to everybody. Father isn't at all well; but we are helping him. I want to tell Mr. Wood what little Helen meant by "coming here to get power." At that time, that evening, she wanted to attend a developing circle for materializations in Philadelphia; there had been a great fire in that city; the oil had been burning, and the smoke interfered with necessary conditions, and she came here to get us to help her.

There's a Spirit named Mary Martin wants to manifest—a young lady; her friends are looking for her to come; she has been in our life a long time, and has never manifested. She sends her love, and thinks she can come somewhere nearer home.

Another Spirit, who would be very old if he was in the body, wants to say a word to members of his family. He says, "Keep seeking, and light will surely come; give not up, for the word is at your door; health may fail you, as it has done, but you will gain a greater strength from the Angels. George W. Seevers."

An old lady, Betsey Wiggin, passed away nearly twenty years ago, comes to



say she does manifest at home, and the "folks must not be skeered, because she is doing a power of good."

(Selected by M. T. B.)

### THERE IS NO UNBELIEF.

THERE is no unbelief!  
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod,  
And waits to see it push away the clod,  
Trusts he in God.

There is no unbelief;  
Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky,  
Be patient, heart! light breaketh by-and-bye.  
Trusts the Most High.

There is no unbelief;  
Whoever sees 'neath winter's field of snow  
The silent harvests of the future grow.  
God's power must know.

There is no unbelief;  
Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,  
Consents to lock each sense in slumber deep,  
Knows God will keep.

There is no unbelief;  
Whoever says "Tomorrow," the unknown,  
The future, trusts that power alone  
He dares not to disown.

There is no unbelief;  
The heart that looks on when the eyelids close,  
And dares to live when life has only woes,  
God's comfort knows.

There is no unbelief;  
And day by day and night, unconsciously,  
The heart lives by that faith the lips deny,  
God knoweth why.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

### ALONE.

It is late; the little ones are sleeping; and I sit in silence and alone. I wish to return thanks for copies of the VOICE OF ANGELS received. Many of its tidings enkindled the fire within my own soul, as they came so close to my own heart. I feel they can be appreciated by many who are seeking earnestly for truth and light.

I hope the spirit of harmony, which seems to abide in your paper now, may do so forever more. May strength be given you all who are earnestly laboring to support it. If we are growing wiser, let us learn to cultivate that spirit of harmony everywhere. If we must chide one another, let us chide gently, and in a spirit of kindness and good-will.

Let us as Mediums be charitable with one another, striving to help each other onward into the great field of action. There is work enough for all. I believe every true worker who understands the laws of mediumship, as they must after having used the power for a time, will reach out the hand of friendship and love to every one who comes nobly forward to the calling of Angel-voices, and they will either have strength to help develop those unseen powers to progress, or to learn something of the law of progression of them.

Oh, sisters and brothers, how long have we prayed for a brighter dawning!—is it

not at hand? How many of us are united by our dear departed through Mediums in our own home circle? How many more may be, if they will but bid them welcome? Many a dear father and mother, sister and brother, and loving child, is forbidden an entrance by blind superstition or ignorance, by unwilling organisms to yield to the power of love they would bring! Oh, let us bid them welcome, children of earth! They come as educators; perhaps not to place us upon the tower of aristocracy or popularity, not to build gilded homes on this side! ah, but they come to send us on errands of mercy, to help us to dry the mourner's tear, to help us prove there is no death.

If we seek, we shall find helpmates on the other side, to aid us in every good endeavor, to give us employment for every precious moment, whereby we may bless humanity. They will aid us to carry comfort and light into darkened homes, to look after little ones who are more scantily clad than our own; and as the chilling frosts are near, and the storms of winter come, may they aid us to care for the little naked bodies, the tingling toes and fingers!

If we lack in means, may the good Spirit on the other side give us enough of the inspiration of love for humanity's sake, enough moral courage, to go to the rich man's door or church for aid to help us to aid others.

Let not creeds or dogmas keep us back; but while we pray and sing, set the beautiful gates ajar, let us lay hand on the gate, wherever we can find an entrance, to carry relief to suffering humanity. Oh, there is no need of any "little barefoot" this winter, in this world of plenty, when every heart is charitable.

Today I bless only Spirit-friends for the power they have bestowed upon me. I am constantly praying for more and higher and nobler than what I do possess, and this has given me a stronger power of love for all that is pure, good and true—more charity and sympathy where there is vice, misery and sin.

So, dear friends, let us work on, and be not weary in well doing; let us work harder than ever this coming winter; for if we go among the suffering, and go empty-handed, in our hearts we can carry sunshine; and may our dear Angel-band help us scatter little rays to linger, to bless weary pilgrims on through life's journey!

ALONE.

THROUGH all our life there is something bright and beautiful in the promise of human progress.

### "A MERELY INTELLECTUAL PROOF."

WE have been somewhat puzzled over the Rev. Mr. Caverno's assertion that the "weakness and failure" of Spiritualism lie in the fact that "its method of proof of existence beyond death is merely intellectual." Let us see how far the criticism is just. We will suppose that Mr. Smith is charged with the murder of Mr. Brown. Mr. Smith is put on trial, and suddenly, when things seem to be going against him, Mr. Brown himself appears in court and declares that he has never been murdered. "Stop, sir," cries the counsel for the prosecution, "this is merely an intellectual proof; it is a weakness and a failure; it will not serve the purpose of the defendant." "But, sir," cries Brown, "doesn't it hold to reason?"—"Cease your impertinence, sir," cries the lawyer. Here the judge interposes: "Really, I do not see why the prisoner should not be discharged. Mr. Brown does not exhibit the slightest sign of having been murdered. Indeed, he testifies to the contrary with his own lips." "I protest, your Honor," cries the lawyer, "it is merely an intellectual proof which he offers us. We must have something more relevant than that." To which the judge replies, "The case is dismissed; the prisoner is honorably discharged."

Now the analogy between such a case, and the proof of the return in a recognizable form of a deceased being, is much closer than may at first be supposed. The instances in which departed friends have been recognized are very numerous; and to try to impair such testimony in behalf of "an existence beyond death," by characterizing it as "merely intellectual," is about as absurd as the same plea in the lips of the lawyer opposed to receiving Brown's testimony as to his not having been murdered. All proofs must be in a sense intellectual; that is, addressed to the understanding. Even the proofs that come to us through the moral sense, the emotions and the affections, have to be recognized by the reason before they receive their due authority. We must, therefore, dismiss the Rev. Mr. Caverno's objection as wholly inapplicable and wide of the mark. It does not bear the probe of analysis. To adduce it as any evidence of the weakness or failure of Spiritualism is to present an unintelligible proposition; a mere simulation of an argument.—R. P. Journal.

### VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE.

1267 FIFTH AV., E. Oakland, Cal. Sept. 11, 79.

MR. DENSMORE.—I wish to express my gratitude to the earthly and Spirit-managers of the VOICE OF ANGELS for the messages from my daughter Flora, through M. T. Shelhamer, which bear the impress of her loving Spirit. I should be very thankful to receive more from her and other dear ones, who I know only wait an opportunity to communicate.

Please send me your paper for three months, commencing with Sept. 1st, and also extra copies of that number.

With earnest wishes that the VOICE may continue long and reach afar, I am yours,

MRS. E. A. PARTRIDGE.



## BRIEF NEWS ITEMS.

PROF. J. Madison Allen is still busily at work in Kansas. He reports an increasing activity in the field of Spiritual progress in all that section. He attended the recent ten days' camp-meeting at Pleasant Valley; also the Liberal and Spiritual camp-meeting at Lawrence. At the latter he gave the closing address.

Mrs. A. T. Brown, of Vermont, will speak at Bradford, Maine, Oct. 12th; at West Hampden, Oct. 17th; and at Kenduskeag, Oct. 26th.

Orson Brooks recommends Mrs. Miller, a Materializing Medium, formerly of Memphis, Tenn., now in Denver, and says "she is beyond any possibility or shadow of fraud."

The *Newry Reporter*, of England, says that the lectures of the American Medium, Mr. Fletcher, "are attracting the attention of all the great literary and scientific men of London."

Miss Emma Lollard, of Waco, Texas, a handsome young girl, who took strychnine instead of quinine, and who got over the first effects, has since died. Her last words, referring to her deceased father, were, "Oh, brother, I can see father! I am going!"

Boston has a charity kindergarten, which exhibits the quickness with which children from the streets and gutters change under the influence of their gentle teachers. During the first few days they tear about like wild beasts, but in a short time order takes the place of chaos, and in a month the little waifs become orderly, docile and affectionate.

A body of clergymen and professors are discussing at Salem, Ill., "Is the Bible Immoral?"

The war on Mr. Kiddle is materializing a spirit of persecution for opinion's sake which is hardly creditable to a city like this.—*New York Evening Express*.

At a large public funeral of a prominent citizen of Delhi, N. Y., recently, the mourners were dressed in white instead of the customary black. This was done in approval of the wishes of the deceased, who, while living, strongly opposed the inevitable heavy and expensive "mourning," and requested them to dress in simple white at his funeral, especially if they believed him to have entered a happier world.

For avowed disbelief in the doctrine of eternal punishment, the Rev. Dr. MacRae, Scotch Presbyterian, has been suspended from his ministerial office by the Synod of Edinburgh. He simply asked liberty to hold his own opinions, not to force them upon the Church. But the Synod was afraid to trust any of its flocks to a pastor who did not believe them fit to be eternally damned.—*Banner*.

Meetings are now held every Sunday afternoon and evening, at Bell's Hall, Cabot street, Beverly, Mass.; Mrs. H. M. Wells, of Salem, regular speaker.

On the evening of Thursday, Sept. 25th, Mrs. Thayer commenced her seances for the present season at her residence, 8 Davis street, Boston. The floral manifestations are reported to have been highly satisfactory to those in attendance, and the evening was made additionally interesting by a successful sitting by W. H. Powell for slate-writing, and the answering of questions and the improvisation of a poem by W. J. Colville.

A People's Reform Convention was held in Science Hall, 718 Washington street, Boston, Sunday and Monday, October 5th and 6th, to assert Free Speech and Civil Rights.

The fifteenth annual Convention of the Connecticut Spiritualists began at Loomis's Temple of Music in New Haven, Ct., Sept. 26th.

Mme. Blavatsky appears in a new rôle, namely, as the editor of a paper printed in the interest of the Theosophists.

There is in London a young boy, less than seven years old, who is a most extraordinary clairvoyant and Test Medium. He sees the Spirits, hears them speak, and gives messages of great beauty.

Mr. James A. Bliss's Developing Circle was largely attended by mediumistic ladies and gentlemen, last Tuesday evening, at this office. Quite a number were controlled in a remarkable manner, some for the first time. The indications are that the Spirit-world intends to develop new Mediums to carry on their work and complete the beneficent mission in which they are engaged.—*Mind and Matter*, Oct. 4th.

Spiritualism is now an authenticated fact; aye, more, it is in its best definition a science, a philosophy and a religion, with a foothold in all the enlightened nations of the earth.

The Leavenworth, Kansas, Liberal League was organized a short time since and a full board of officers elected.

The *Spiritual Notes*, of London, Eng., says, "the Sunday morning lectures of Mr. J. Coates are much appreciated. This gentleman has in contemplation a series of Sunday evening lectures in the Trades Hall, and there is no question but that they will be a complete success."

In London, scientists have a social as well as scientific chat, to which they sometimes invite their wives. There are nine members, including Huxley, Tyndall, Herbert Spencer, and Sir John Lubbock. It is called the X Club, and the invitations are the simple equation,  $x=9$ . When their wives are invited, it is in this style,  $x+y=9$ .

The Duchess of Castiglione, Aldovrand, has just passed to the other life, from Florence, Italy;—a woman of beauty and genius, about whom lingered a touching romance. Her husband died young, and his loving companion tried to forget her loss in devotion to good works and in art labors. She left some pieces of sculpture, which win the highest admiration of connoisseurs.

Ex-Sheriff John T. Knapp, of Cato, N. Y., has a fine hall, capable of seating four hundred persons. It has been dedicated to the promulgation of truth, "whether scientific, moral or religious."

[Selected by A. B. F. R.]

## LOOK UP, NOT DOWN.

LIFE to some is full of sorrow—  
Half is real, half they borrow;  
Full of rocks and full of ledges,  
Corners sharp and cutting edges;  
Though the joy-bells may be ringing,  
Not a song you'll hear them singing;  
Sorrow never makes them wiser,  
Looking out from downcast eyes.

All in vain, though sun is shining,  
Water sparkling, blossom twining;  
They but see, through these same sorrows,  
Sad to-days and worse to-morrows—  
See the clouds that must pass over;  
See the weeds among the clover;  
Everything and anything  
But the gold the sunbeams bring.

Drinking from the bitter fountain,  
Lo, your mole-hill seems a mountain;  
Drops of dew and drops of rain  
Swell into the mighty main;  
All in vain the blessings shower,  
And the mercies fall with power:  
Gathering chaff, ye tread the wheat,  
Rich and royal, 'neath your feet.

Let it not be so, my neighbor;  
Look up, as you love and labor:  
Not for one alone woe's vials,  
Every man has cares and trials;  
Joy and pain are linked together,  
Like the fair and cloudy weather;  
May we have, oh, let us pray,  
Faith and patience for to-day.—*Banner*.

THE gods sell everything good for labor.  
*Epicharmus*.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

## MESSAGE.

SPOKEN THROUGH SARA S. ALLEN, AT ATHENS, ALA., JUNE 6, 1879.

SPIRITUALISTS of America! Do you want your blessed cause to prosper? Do you want wise and peaceful, pure and loving angels from higher spheres of Spirit-life, in your midst?

Do you want to see the blessed gospel of the angels finding its way into the hearts of all earth's peoples—removing the superstition, bigotry and selfishness of the past?

Do you want help to bring about the reign of peace on earth? If so, study the causes of evil; and when you find them out, seek to remove them.

If you want to have peace on earth, purity on earth, and all good things—cease your connection with domesticated animals for food purposes; sweep them away from your homes and lands. Animality and Spirituality are separate and distinct—cannot be blended.

Spiritualists need to feel the importance of this. So long as they partake of animal food, in any form, they will be liable to confusion, discord among themselves, and unreliability in manifestations from the Spirit-world.

## PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

THROUGH A. BAILEY, DENVER, COLORADO.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

THE various changes that take place in a person's sojourn in the physical life may be accounted for in various ways; and one is, the conditions that are brought by the influences emanating from the Spiritual plane of existence. Were we not to take a deep and decided interest in the affairs of humanity as it is represented in your side of life, we would not be of much account as immortals; neither would you be were you indifferent toward us. Therefore, let us work together in unison and harmony. There are many things yet to come before the people, in your day and generation. You must be aware that reforms of the greatest magnitude are needed, and they must and will be worked out.

We propose to turn the attention of the people to the existing wrongs in society, and by constant agitation to bring the needed changes in social, political and Spiritual life, before the minds of the thinkers and workers, so that it will accomplish the desired result. When in the mortal, I never lagged behind in any matter of reform; I could not, as a legion of the celestials were urging me onward with irresistible force; yet, in my best days, I knew not from whence my help came. It is all plain to me now. Our work has just begun; we are in a sphere where we can make the earth fairly rock, as it were, and we know through whom to do our great and glorious work. Well do we know



who stood shoulder to shoulder with us in the times that tried the metal of the men and women with whom we did battle against fearful odds. Yet the victory was ours. I say ours—yours, mine, and the noble ones on both sides of the river called death. You, my brother, although not known to me or the world at large, did your work faithfully and well; you will be abundantly rewarded for all the hootings and jeers you have received, to say nothing of violence meditated, and warded off by the interpositions of Spirit-power.

You wonder why Bro. H. C. Wright and myself are so often at your sittings for Spirit-communion. You need not do so any longer. We brought with us to your last circle, as you are aware, the good "Father Washington." and were happy that you recognized his presence. He will be with you often, and we will introduce others, of whose company you may well be proud. You have relatives with us, whose love is like a deep, flowing river, and whose watchful care is ever over you and yours.

There is one whose love is purer than the dew-drops and sweeter than the perfume of choicest flowers. Yield to her inspiration, as it will be as true as the needle to the lode-star. We trust that your conditions will be improved ere long, so that we can approach you with far better results.

We leave you now, my brother, to the caresses of your little Spirit-wife.

With your hand to the plow, you never look back,  
Never look back:  
In time of the harvest, you never shall lack,  
Never shall lack.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

At the conclusion of the message, I was preparing to retire for the night, when the verse popped in slyly.

In regard to "violence meditated," I was aware of it on several occasions, but did not then realize from whom my help came, but supposed it to be a regular fizzle on the part of the enemy, *i. e.*, Christians (?) and their tools.

A. B.

#### MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

ICE IN THE SICK-ROOM.—For those who have an abundant supply of ice it may not be a matter of much moment; but for poor people, who may rarely use ice except in sickness, and to whom the expense is not insignificant, the following hints from an English source may be useful:—"Cut a piece of flannel, about nine inches square, and secure it by a ligature round the mouth of an ordinary tumbler, so as to leave a cup-shaped depression of flannel within the tumbler to about half its depth. In the flannel cup so constructed, pieces of ice may be pre-

served many hours, all the longer if a piece of flannel from four to five inches square be used as a loose cover to the ice-cup. Cheap flannel, with comparatively open meshes, is preferable, as the water easily drains through it, and the ice is kept quite dry. When good flannel, with close texture is employed, a small hole must be made in the bottom of the flannel cup; otherwise it holds the water and facilitates the melting of the ice, which is, nevertheless, preserved much longer than in the naked cup or tumbler. In a tumbler containing a flannel cup made as above described, of cheap, open flannel, 10d. (20 cents) a yard, it took ten hours and ten minutes to dissolve two ounces of ice; whereas in a naked cup, under the same conditions, all the ice was gone in less than three hours.—*Springfield Union.*

#### TREASURES.

The rose, preserved with tender care,  
The perfumed note, the tress of hair—  
That speak of boyish folly—  
From cozy depths of easy-chair  
I scan them all with shrugging air  
Of cynic melancholy;  
The "carte de dance," the crumpled glove,  
The netted purse, "with Polly's love"—  
(Confound it! which was Polly?)

The posy ring I gave to Bess,  
When softly came that whispered "Yes,"  
Which seemed a dream of heaven.  
We turtle doves were wont to plan  
(On something very small per ann.)  
A dainty cote in Devon.  
Ah, fickle Bess! she ran away  
With Fuller, of the Guards, they say,  
And died in '57.

A foolscap page of lover's sighs  
To one whom I apostrophize  
As "stony-hearted Janet."  
I call the damsel cruel, cold—  
In threadbare terms about as old  
As this decrepit planet.  
Ah, well; those self-same halting rhymes  
Did duty half a dozen times—  
They all had hearts of granite!

'Tis sweet to dream of vanished youth,  
Of days long dead and gone—in truth,  
A pleasing occupation!  
Of boyhood's "fitful fever" o'er,  
Of follies past—a matter for  
Sincere congratulation!  
So, dusty relics! with a sigh—  
(An epitaph unspoken)—I  
Consign you to cremation.

Ah, lips of woman!—rosy, ripe—  
The amber month-piece of my pipe  
To me is twice as charming.  
When one arrives at fifty odd,  
The arrows of the archer god  
Have lost their power of harming.  
A wounded heart will ache, no doubt;  
But then one finds a twinge of gout  
A trifle more alarming.—*Argosy.*

[For the Voice of Angels.]

#### LETTER FROM NEBRASKA.

JUNIATA, Neb., May 4, 1879.

DEAR BROTHER,—I hardly know how to introduce my subject to you today. I feel like I must give you a few rambling thoughts. This is Sunday morning—a day of rest. A great many thoughts crowd my mind during the week, when after work I take snatches at reading the VOICE, with all its mind-stirring matter. Its articles awaken in me a strange line of thought. For instance, when I look at the heading of your neat little paper, the

words meet my eye, "If a man die, shall he live again?" something said to me then, You must write to Brother Densmore and tell him that it ought to read, "If a man live, shall he die?" I don't believe in such a thing as death; what we want to find out is, do we live? that's the question of the day. Death (so-called) is only a transmutation of matter; it is not what we are told about it, a horrid circumstance, or thing to be dreaded. If death is what Spiritualism teaches us it is, namely, the door to life, or the entrance into another and a better world, I cannot for the world of me see why Mediums should dread death, or rather why we should so anxiously prolong an existence here, which can so easily be changed for a better one. If the next world is so beautiful as described, I see no reason why a person might not commit suicide in order to transfer himself there. But oh, no? you mustn't do that! that's all wrong, will be said. But I cannot see the wrong. I ask, wherein can the wrong consist? A man who commits suicide, knowing wherefore he is doing it, ranges far superior in intelligence than the man who, through wilful exposure of his person to the inclemency of the climate, caused by selfish greed and avarice, has worn his body down to such a degree that the Spirit is compelled to take its flight. I ask, which is the happiest suicide in the next world?

We must know more about the next world than what is taught us now, in order that the common or ignorant masses will believe. We must have a better material demonstration of the fact. Such a proof, which is undeniable, we must have; a regular organized system of procedure, which each and every one can put to the test with as little inconvenience as it is to go from one room to another.

I know I am driving at something strange; but I am going to tell you, nevertheless. It amounts to just this: If death is the entrance to the other world, or the door to it, then I don't see why we cannot return through the same door. In other words, if we produce death artificially in a healthy body here, it enters the other world, where the operation can be repeated, in order to come back here; for mind will always be superior to matter.

Spiritualism and materialism are only the opposites of the same thing.

I know no God but man in his highest development.

If everything is possible with God, the same will be the case with man, if he will only know himself.

This being the world of matter, there must also exist a world of mind, through



which we may subject this material world, or change it from an objective one to a subjective one.

The mystery is not how to die, but how to live.

Every man's own mind constitutes the sphere in which he dwells; it is either a heaven or a hell.

If mind is superior to matter, then there is nothing impossible for man to accomplish which his mind may conceive of.

A science which does not recognize reason in the speech of a fool, is not worthy the name of science.

God did not say, "Thou shalt I" but God says, "If you please."

Slavery is freedom when we are slaves to Divine Love. Yours,

E. QUAST.

#### OBITUARY.

AT SEA, June 14th, 1879, passed away from on shipboard, on the North Atlantic Ocean, CARROLL SHERBURNE, four years and a half old, the youngest child of Capt. R. F. and KATE B. HARDWICK, of Malden, Mass.

He was with his father and mother on a voyage from New York to Anjier, Java.

All that saw the child loved him. There was not a sailor on board the ship but would have given his life to save him. But he must go, for his Heavenly Father had called him.

Mortality is the seed of immortality!

This beautiful child is not dead;

He is transplanted in the sphere

Of angel atmosphere,

That we can draw so near.

If we seek him there we shall find him,

But not in old ocean's coral caves,

Nor on its billowy, bounding waves;

He ascended on seraphic wings

To the throne of his Father, King of Kings,

For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

JAMES M. HILL,

The father of the young child's mother.

MALDEN, Mass., Sept 20, 1879.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

#### FASHION KILLS.

WE who sit in our tight rooms, boasting of our wealth, our fine houses, with their modern improvements, ought to have seen our ancestors in their backwoods dwellings. Do you think they had double sashes, tight doors and hall-stoves and furnaces? I guess not. Our forefathers managed to live, and become hale and hearty specimens of the human race, without any of our modern comforts and contrivances, and health-destroyers. They used to pile high the old-fashioned chimney-place with fuel, and with a temperature of about forty-five or fifty degrees make themselves comfortable and happy. They did not dream that time would develop such wonders for their children—that the onward march of progress would render their sons and daughters such puny,

sickly, grumbling creatures. But it has come about through love of fashion and fear of breaking her laws.

Sons and daughters, you may believe me when I say the laws of nature are superior to fashion; and when nature speaks obey, for happiness is the result.

I WOULD never wish to be in a company in which there is not room for my Master as well as for myself.—Hervey.

#### NOTICE.

To Mrs. M. A. Chase and others:—Miss M. T. Shelhamer gives no private sittings, except for medical examinations.

#### MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

Minnie Merton; Mrs. C. S. Roberts; Edwin Poulton; Mrs. Sophia Johnston; Jennie Sprague.

THROUGH DR. O.

Robert Hare.

THROUGH "WEST INGLE."

Polly Bettis; Caleb Hutchins; Polly Winchell.

#### "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:

Geo. M. Peacock, Logan, Cache Co., Utah,	\$0.25
Mrs. J. A. C., Cleveland, Ohio,	0.10
Thomas Boggs, Melvin, Kansas,	0.17
H. H., East Wallingford, Vt.,	0.05
A Friend of Humanity, Philadelphia, Pa.,	9.80

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

#### NOTICE.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

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

D C DENSMORE,

Pub. Voice of Angels.

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