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## VOICE OF ANGELS.

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### LITERARY.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

### AUTUMN.

THROUGH TRYPHENA C. PARDEE.

THERE'S a chill on the breeze that passes slow by,  
And uncounted hues tinge the evening-lit sky;  
The hum of the honey-bee buzzes no more,  
No song of sweet birds charms the forest or bowers,  
And vanished earth's pride of beautiful flowers.

Every glory deserting the wide world below  
Seems arison to spangle in coronal glow  
The high heads of woodlands on mountain and plain,  
While spires of fruits speak the harvester's gain,  
And tines of the cow-boy melt into rain.

Yet a voice of complaint strikes nervously now—  
'Tis the sigh of the winds o'er Autumn's bright brow;  
They breathe as though frightened by signs of decay;  
There's a flutter like pulses in death's fitful play,  
And dread like the call that culprit's obey.

And low moans echo forth like murmurs of prayer,  
Asking sympathy's aid from wrecking despair,  
To change the drear prospect, as leaflet by leaf  
Are hurled on the air with their beauties so brief—  
Help, Mother Nature!—But oh, she seems deaf.

Autumn's soliloquy now whimpers of death—  
Husky her whispers and whoozy her breath;  
White frosts told a tale of oblivion's shade—  
"Far better, dear mother, we'd never been made,  
Than blush for an hour, then counted, decayed."

Mother Nature hears all with blur in her eye,  
Then lifts her right hand to the cloud-scudding sky;  
Says, "Hush, baby, hush! my youngest-born child!  
Oh, listen, my darling! my words shall be mild;  
Thy Father God's laws make all reconciled.

"Thou hast burst the rich gates of Summer's gay sheen,  
Whose emerald mantle thy safety hath been—  
A beauty-bud being, a nursling of Spring,  
From lightning and sun-scorch, a tiny, weak thing—  
Till now thy strong hands boundless fruitage can bring.

"Nenth last Winter's cold blasts how healthy thy sleep  
In my bed of pure love, ice-sheeted and deep,  
When none but thy Father's kind eye could us see,

And smiled as he traced on the Future—to be  
At the shrine of Forever—this offering from thee.

"Every bloom-blush that fades from time-changing earth  
Finds in you bright oysian a radiant birth,  
Where choirs of the ages repeat o'er and o'er  
The morning-star song, praising God evermore;  
Thy thanksgiving solo swells Life's endless shore.

"How many fond friends on thy bosom will lean  
To the shadowy past—the apparent, hath been—  
While all that is real, wrapt in God's holy love,  
Deck the bloom-lands immortal in joy-realms above,  
Where the years and the seasons progressively move."  
ELIZABETH, N. Y., Oct. 27, 1879.

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

[THROUGH DR. O., CONTINUED.]

DEAR DOCTOR,—Every seed contains within itself a living germ, capable of reproducing its species, and whose highest progressive destiny, so far as regards self, ends with that reproduction or repetition of its own germinating identity. Considered *per se*, this would be the culmination of the progression of plants and vegetables. The Creator, however, to teach the great truth of universal dependence, has added use, as another attribute in the destiny of every species; and while reproduction is the ultimate end in all the progressive development of each species, the accomplishment of that end eventuates in the production of those qualities or properties from which use is derived, as the necessary result of contingencies subservient to the original intention. A seed is planted in the earth; the primary nature of the living germ is to reproduce its own germinating identity through progressive development. The stalk shoots forth, the leaves expand, the blossoms open, and the pulpy fruit is formed, as a receptacle for the desired product, the cherished identity of the germinating parent. But the leaves, having performed their appointed office to the tree or plant, fall to the ground, and through decomposition return to the soil (from whence they sprang) the nutriment taken in their formation; while the seed receptacles or fruit become the food for beings of a much higher order than the parent seed. The ultimate design of each being self, but becoming the assistant of others through progressive development.

Suppose your seed had never been planted. Was it not still a germinating identity, capable of taking its position among the living atoms of creation, and performing every use with those which had undergone the progressive development resulting in reproduction? True, creation in its case was minus the use consequent upon development; but that deprivation could never eventuate in annihilation of its germinating identity.

If you rise through the scale, from germinating life to conscious intelligence, you will find the same law pervading all and regulating each state, varying only in its adaptation to the various contingencies surrounding the subjects of its operation.

Let man now be our subject. Man like the plant contains within himself a living principle implanted by his Creator, which is termed Psyche or soul. This psyche is in its essence pure Spirit, or the impartation of a portion of Deity; or, in other words, God-Principle; and like its parental source, is susceptible of division without diminution or loss of essence. This pure Spirit is in man surrounded by Spiritu-material coverings, through which and to which by its capability of division, it under proper conditions acts, and gives off portions of itself, to constitute separate and distinct identities. Thus constituted, and thus capable in man, it is termed the soul. Reproduction in man, as in the plant and vegetable, is the great object of existence, the design for which all other objects and designs are only subservient ends. "Multiply and replenish the earth" was the primary order of the Creator to the newly-created being, brought by immediate creative agency to the progressive point of reproduction.

The remainder I will give you some time this evening.

ROBERT HARE.

LANCASTER, Penn., April 12, 1860.

If a man, during fifty years, chews every day two inches of solid plug, it will amount at the end of the half century to 6,366 feet, or a mile and a quarter of solid tobacco, half an inch thick and two inches broad, for which he will have paid, at present prices, two thousand three hundred and seventy-three dollars.



## CIVILIZATION:

## MESSAGE NUMBER TWENTY-SEVEN.

SPOKEN THRO' J. M. A. AT WICHITA, KANSAS,  
JULY 8, 1879.

[Silent letters rejected, but otherwise the spelling is mostly after the common fashion.]

THER is much to be sed regarding the work in hand, but nether tim nor conditions now. I therfor content myself with saing, that we ar by no mens dishartend in our undertaking; altho tim is an element which shud alwas enter into the calculations of persons undertaking an important enterpris.

We ar hoping to acomplish in a,very short tim (that is to sa, during yor sta in this naborhood) al that can be at present acomplisht, so far as the outward development ov Asociativ Familism in this part ov the continent.\* We have mad conection with a number ov minds that hav never been recht befor, and we think that herafter we can aproch them suficiently near to do our work. We ar content to wat.

Future developments wil sho the wisdom ov the visit to this section; but yo ma soon be liberated from further conection with racial specialtis, and be at liberty to return to yor hom—which yo wil rech mor spedily than yo now anticipat.

We wil look after the developments in this direction.

Hav no fers but that al is wel. Good-bye.

[\* Wichita is a frontier town, a ralrod terminus, the nerest ralrod point to the Cheyen and Arapaho Indian Agency, and the point from which thos Indian tribs obtain ther suplis from the U. S. Gov.—J. M. A.]

## MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

DON'T RUN.—Some years ago, an eminent English surgeon stated that, on no account, except that serious fire was at hand, or to save a life, should any person ever run, after having reached fifty years of age. The reason alleged was that a tendency to heart disease, apoplexy, etc., might suddenly be brought to a climax by violent exertion, and especially with corpulent persons. The warning has been vindicated lately, by the death of several persons who have run for the cars, or otherwise unduly exercised.

CURE FOR ST. VITUS' DANCE.—Take a root of sweet flag and blue flag; skunk's cabbage and burdock, half a pound each; 1 pound of motherwort root; bark of prickly ash, lady slipper, a handful of each. Put into six quarts of water, boil down to two quarts, strain and add one pint of rum and two pounds of sugar. Take one tablespoonful two or three times a day; increase as can be borne, not to exceed a wine-glass at a time.

CURE FOR A COUGH AND EXCELLENT FOR A WHOOPING COUGH.—One fresh egg covered with good cider vinegar. Let it stand until the shell is dissolved; then take the egg out and tear off the skin. Use as much sugar as vinegar; beat the egg and add it to the sugar and vinegar; bottle it. Dose—half a teaspoonful three times a day for a baby, and a whole one for adults. It will keep a long time.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

## LETTER FROM KANSAS.

BRO. DENSMORE,—Your dear little paper, the VOICE OF ANGELS, comes to hand regularly every week, with its chooring whispers; and how much I thank you for your kindness I can hardly find words to express. How its potent, ennobling influence uplifts my thoughts away from the narrow cares and troubles of everyday life into the broad, beautiful realm of Spiritual existence! And how cheering the thought that we can shake hands, as it were, even now, with the dear ones over there; and some day we too shall pass away, floating out from the midst of pain and disease up into the clear, radiant atmosphere of the Summer-land! Oh, can we not bear patiently the burdens that now lie so heavy upon us, with this glorious goal in view!

I long so much to fill some active part in the great army of progression, to reach some fainting, sorrowing heart as mine has been reached, by the good words of cheer! But though the spirit be indeed willing, the weakness of the physical and the manifold cares of humble life seem to hold me ever in their coils.

Hope, buoyant as ever, says, "Wait, wait until the little busy hands have learned to do for themselves, and the little feet to walk safely." But stern reality answers, "Grasp quickly the little moments as they fly; they are all you can ever count upon;" and I obey.

Perhaps even this little waif may fill some corner, and send a thought of cheer into some darkened life. If so, you are welcome to use it as you see fit, or anything else you may receive from me. I am not so egotistical as to suppose my Spiritual offspring the most worthy of getting into print; and besides, your paper is plenty good enough as it is.

Some day, maybe, I too shall be made glad by receiving a message from some dear friend who has been attracted into your circle.

By-the-bye, I should like to know something more of that Spiritual Society which is to locate here in Kansas. Are you not going to publish something more definite in regard to it soon?

Meantime I remain

Yours, respectfully,

S. E. MACKLEY.

## THE SHORE OF ETERNITY.

Alone! to land alone upon that shore,  
On which no wavelets lap, no billows roar,  
Perhaps no shape of ground,  
Perhaps no sight or sound,  
No forms of earth our fancies to arrange,  
But to begin alone that mighty change!

Alone! No, God hath been there long before,  
Eternally hath waited on that shore  
For us who were to come  
To our eternal home;  
And he has taught his angels to prepare  
In what way we are to be welcomed there.—[Faber.]

It is only by strong ropes that the inflated balloon can be held even with the earth, like the buoyant spirit in man with weights of gravitation tied to him. It carries within it a finer ether than common fluids—too fine to settle down upon the ground. With the whole solid earth at one end of the line and the aerial ship at the other, it feels its imperishable elasticity.

[Selected by M. J. K.]

SPIRITS have taught us that every human being will survive the body's death, and at some time in the endless future attain to a state of heavenly joy and peace. But that state must be won. Release from the body does not bring peace to the wicked, nor to the selfish, nor to the bigoted, nor to any one whose love and good will to his fellow-beings have not reverently and gratefully been unfolded and exercised. The hell of Christendom has not been found by the departed; but a Spiritual hell, a state of anguishing unrest, regions of cold, of desolation, states of mental torments, have been entered and have laid firm and torturing hold upon many departed ones. What each sowed in this life he continues to reap, till he sows other seed and grows a new harvest upon the fields beyond; and much testimony declares it to be more difficult there than here to start such change in culture as shall obtain the peace-bringing fruits of righteousness and beneficence.—Allen Putnam, in *Banner*.

MAN himself is not studied at all, is not recognized as a proper subject of science; for man is an immortal being, and the colleges see, handle and discuss nothing but the clods of mortality. They grasp the casket instead of the jewel, the shell instead of the oyster, the burr instead of the chesnut; and therefore they are but sciolists in this, for the growth of the shell cannot be understood apart from its living occupant, and the entire mass of our physiology and pathology in the colleges is clumsily defective, because it is external, dealing in phenomena and never rising into the sphere of causes; and the consequences are seen in the erroneous and often fatal mismanagement of the majority of human diseases, of which the case of Mollie Fancher is a signal example.—Joseph Rodes Buchanan, in *Banner*.

CAN man be so age-stricken that no faintest shadow of his youth may revisit him once a year? The moss on our time-worn mansion brightens into beauty; the good old pastor, who once dwelt here, renewed his prime and regained his boyhood in the genial breezes of his ninetieth spring. Alas for the worn and weary soul, if, whether in youth or age, it has outlived its privilege of springtime sprightliness!—Hawthorne.

GO BACK one century, and we have no science. Go back another, and we have lost philosophy; and one more takes us behind art. Lose another, and our traffic by land and sea disappears. Go back and back still, and we find man a savage, digging roots with his fingers, and living on what our domestic animals would reject. Go back further still, and we find our progenitors without a vestige of humanity.

THE REALITY OF THIS WORLD.—The great mass of mankind feel the reality of this world, but have little or no feeling for that of the next world. The great difficulty is to feel the reality of both, so as to give each its due place in our thoughts and feelings—to keep our mind's eye and our heart's eye ever fixed on the Land of Promise, without looking away from the road along which we travel toward it.



## THE APPARITION SEEN BY LORD CHEDWORTH.

Mrs. Crawford, in the *Metropolitan Magazine* for July, 1836, relates the following:

"Lord Chedworth (I mean the father of the late lord) had living with him the orphan daughter of a sister of his, a Miss Wright, whom I have often heard relate the circumstance. Lord Chedworth was a good man, and anxious to do his duty as a Christian; but, unfortunately, he had some doubt as to the existence of the soul in another world. He had a great friendship for a gentleman whom he had known from his boyhood, and who was, like himself, one of those unbelieving mortals that must have ocular demonstration for everything. They often met, and often, too, renewed the subject so interesting to both: but neither could help the other to that happy conviction, honestly (I believe) wished by each.

"One morning Miss Wright observed, on her uncle joining her at breakfast, a considerable gloom of thought and trouble displayed on his countenance. He ate little, and was unusually silent. At last, he said, 'Molly,' (for thus he familiarly called her,) 'I had a strange visitor last night. My old friend, ———, came to me.'

"'How!' said Miss Wright; 'did he come after I went to bed?'

"'His spirit did,' said Lord Chedworth solemnly.

"'Oh! my dear uncle, how could a spirit of a living man appear?' said she, smiling.

"'He is dead, beyond doubt,' replied his Lordship; 'listen, and then laugh as much as you please. I had not entered my bedroom many minutes, when he stood before me. Like you, I could not believe but that I was looking on a living man, and so accosted him; but he answered, 'Chedworth, I died this night at eight o'clock; I come to tell you there is another world beyond the grave; there is a righteous God that judgeth all.'"

"'Depend upon it, uncle, it was only a dream!' but while Miss Wright was thus speaking, a groom on horseback rode up the avenue, and immediately after delivered a letter to Lord Chedworth, announcing the sudden death of his friend. Whatever construction the reader may be disposed to put upon this narrative, it is not unimportant to add, that the effect upon the mind of Lord Chedworth was as happy as it was permanent. All his doubts were at once removed and for ever."

IMPROVED STREET LIGHTING.—Mr. Kitt, gas engineer to the Bristol, England, Sanitary Authority, has hit upon a device by which the lighting power of public lamps can be greatly increased without augmenting their consumption of gas. Mr. Kitt's plan is to substitute for the present burner a couple of burners, each consuming only half the quantity of gas per hour, and to suspend between these two small flames a convex lens, which acts as a powerful reflector. The plan has been submitted to a practical test, and was found to answer perfectly, the reflector causing each tiny gas-jet to appear in the distance like a globe of strong light.

(Selected.)

## OUR THANKSGIVING SERMON.

Rise out, oh, glad Thanksgiving bells!  
And let your wondrous chimings  
Like mystic, awe-inspiring spells  
Or golden runic rhymings,  
Stir all the hidden chords of Life,  
The finer depths of being,  
Till ends the sorrow sown in strife  
In glorious after-seeing.

The earth is full of corn and wine,  
'Tis brimming o'er with treasure,  
'Tis wrapt about with gifts divine,  
And goodness beyond measure.  
Then let us clap our hands, and send  
To God a full thanksgiving;  
Forgive our foes, and to our friends  
Cling close in holier living.

No worthy deeds, no earnest prayers  
Were e'er rewarded ill;  
We drop a seed among the tares,  
And lo, up springs a lily!  
They grope in darkness who declare  
We reap life's bitter measure,  
We suffer all its pangs, its cares  
And tolls—denied its pleasures.

Believe it not, oh, ye who strive  
Toward heights of holier seeming,  
With pulse and brain and heart alive  
To life's sublimer meaning.  
All blindly see who count it loss;  
Oh, earnest friend and neighbor,  
There is a crown for every cross  
Of patient, hopeful labor.

Love's silken ties bind soul to soul  
Closely today as ever,  
And tender sympathies unroll.  
No human hand can sever.  
The joys that once escaped our door,  
The hope that fate bereft us,  
Will nestle in our hearts once more  
As though they ne'er had left us.

Oh, hands that toil and hearts that bleed,  
Your strength from struggle gather,  
No gentle word, no loving deed  
Is hidden from "Our Father."  
E'en though the dearest friends you've known,  
The fondest hopes you've cherished,  
Like Dead Sea fruit has falsely shown,  
Like Summer flowers have perished;—

There runs a purpose through it all—  
A fountain fraught with healing  
(As silent waters flow and fall)  
Through every life is stealing.  
They seldom reach who ne'er aspire;  
By arduous toils repeated—  
The finer touches of the lyre—  
The ladder's round completed.

And who would miss, oh, deathless soul!  
The courage wrung from crosses,  
To 'scape the few dark waves that roll  
Along our sea of losses?  
The subtle weal of sorrow born  
In past all human guessing;  
The shrivelled stock, and then the corn—  
The bane, and next the blessing.

When lost to hope or turned to rust,  
The shrines your hearts have glibbed,  
When crumbled into very dust  
The temples ye have builded:  
'Tis but to cast all doubt away,  
Strive fearlessly, nor falter,  
And on the ashes of today  
Tomorrow build an altar;  
And some day, with enraptured face,  
Escaping from your blindness,  
You'll rear a stone to mark the place  
Of God's unlooked-for kindness.

Then let us clap our hands and send  
To God a full thanksgiving;  
Forgive our foes, and to our friends  
Cling close in holier living.  
No worthy deeds, no earnest prayers  
Were e'er rewarded ill;  
We drop a seed among the tares,  
And lo, up springs a lily!

We ought never to retire at night without having more wisdom than when we arose in the morning.

(For the Voice of Angels.)

## SPIRIT ECHOES.

NUMBER FOURTEEN.

BY SPIRIT VIOLET.

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELHAMER.

THE Spirit Lyceum is in session at this hour. I have just come from the massive temple which stands in the centre of Spring Garden City, and which is dedicated to Truth and Education, where Spiritual principles are developed in the childish mind, and a knowledge of the laws of life is instilled within the young Spirits who throng its spacious halls.

In that delightful temple, adorned with the artistic expression of grace and beauty, where snowy statuary gleam out from nook and corner, displaying the sculptor's skill; marvellous creations of ideality, representing all the grace and loveliness of human conception; where beautiful paintings adorn the crystal walls, scenes of natural beauty, glowing landscapes, gleaming water pictures, representations of calm and peaceful life, which the artist-soul has caused to speak a lesson from canvas walls; where the ceiling, carved in delicate forms of beauty, and tinted with the sweet, faint coloring of flowery hues; where the open walls invite the perfume of the flower and the balm of the passing breeze; where in truth all surroundings are calculated to awaken only thoughts of the good, to develop a love of the beautiful in the growing mind, and to cause sensation to glow and blossom under the light of Purity:—there groups of Spirit-children meet to learn the lessons of life, and to develop all the highest, noblest attributes of mind, and to cultivate the strongest, purest health for the outward form.

There Spirit-teachers gather, to give instruction to these young souls; to draw forth the inner powers of the undeveloped minds under their charge, and to inculcate them with the principles of true Spirituality, which are love, purity, fidelity to truth, and a sense of justice.

And these groups of innocent children, from the prattling babe to the laughing youth or maiden, present a picture at once sublime and inviting. Whether chanting in chorus their beautiful Spiritual hymns, which awaken devotion, or reciting in concert their golden chain recitations, which tell of the wisdom and boundless love of our Father; whether relating some simple story of actual experience, or delivering the grand and soul-inspiring utterances of others; whether exercising the limbs in wing movements, or performing the graceful evolutions and counter-marches of the grand triumphal march; in each and all



of these they present a picture of youthful beauty and innocence, of developing power and purpose, which strikes the beholder with a sense that these groups of Spirits are yet to wield a mighty power. And so it is: by-and-bye those young souls will depart to take their places as teachers, guides and helpers, either to the needy and lowly of earth, or to the ignorant, darkened minds who enter Spirit-life covered with the pall of superstition and fear; and to these they will prove a light that will brighten the highway to knowledge.

Oh, yes, these Spirit Lyceums are schools of education, where thought is developed and love awakened, where beautiful sights and sounds arouse the young Spirit into activity, and draw it into a condition of perfect harmony. The lessons are all instructive, while entertaining, drawn from some natural object of bird or blossom, or taken from some beautiful painting or group of statuary, which represents the idea meant to be conveyed to the mind grasping for knowledge.

Each child whose musical taste is developing, receives instruction in the laws of harmony and melodious sound; each child who loves art in its expressive form or painting or sculpture, receives lessons from master minds who delight to guide the awakening talent in its proper direction. All work in concord, and all delight to please each other.

The rose and the bee, the sparrow and the acorn, the tinkling brook and the mossy stone, all speak a lesson of active, changing life to the child. The stars and the sunbeams breathe a lesson of divine goodness to him; and the spirit of all things is felt as he communes with Nature; and this child, these children, go forth from their Spirit Lyceum breathing holy inspiration upon the lives of others, gently drawing them upward towards the Life that knoweth all, the Love that enfoldeth every one.

(For the Voice of Angels.)

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### LITTLE HELEN.

PHILADELPHIA, No. 1506 North 7th Street.

WE read of those "having a familiar Spirit," and we may recognize this as applying to every human being, but more especially to such as are mediumistic, or are fully developed into some phase of medial instrumentality. Little Helen is a familiar Spirit, recognized by many, and as such is always a welcome visitor to circles in different parts of the eastern section of our country. She puts in an appearance whenever I am present at a Circle, and I think visits such meetings not

unfrequently when I am not present. Her control of Mrs. Powell, an old and highly-developed Medium of this city, is always welcomed by the sitters, for Helen comes always in the sweetness and joyousness of a cherub.

The earnestness and sincerity of the little Spirit is manifested so fully and clearly, that she is received with a loving confidence, which seems to give her assurance of the love and sympathy of her auditors. This reciprocity is a mutual help, as instances of communion and intercommunion have often been verified to that effect.

When I started out to give this communication, I had intended to simply notice what has been presented to my view in the "Angel Voice;" and now to that I will direct myself. The VOICE of July 15th, 1879, gives a message from Little Helen, dated June 15th, just one month before, which it appears was given at the public Circle of that paper. In this message the little Spirit combined or embraced several distinctive features of communication, which, however, were premised with the point of special and present interest, upon which I am about to comment, namely, "I come quick, because I am going back. I come to get more power here. Tunie said I could, 'cause there's been so much smoke in Philadelphia the Spirits can't work so good."

This was not plain to my understanding; for starting out, first of all, in speculating upon the idea that smoke could possibly, or did, operate, or prejudice Spiritual manifestations, I was in a fog; I could not see it. In the dark as to how this might be, in my communication to the VOICE of September 15th, verifying the messages of Little Helen, and my mother, "Annie Wood," I wrote as follows: "what she meant by going to South Boston for more power, 'cause there's been so much smoke in Philadelphia, the Spirits can't work so good,' I do not know—but would like to."

When I indited the above, the wish, which was father to the thought, was not fully conceived in the hope of being gratified, and yet I had a glimmering notion that I might get an explanation from the editorial sanctum of the VOICE.

Think for one moment with me, how much I have been gratified, yea, rejoiced, that a Spirit response has been given to my "I do not know, but would like to."

Brother Densmore, in the last number of the VOICE, (Oct. 15th, 1879,) that angelic ministering Spirit of wisdom and love, your hard-working but happy Spirit-daughter Tunie, has been pleased to refer to Helen's communication of the 15th of

June. I desire to quote all she says in that direction, so that the subject may be presented to our readers in the fullness of its practical illustration of Spirit cognizance of worldly matter and things. Tunie in it to you says, "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."

This is briefly a statement of material facts in explanation. And allow me to state, that upon inquiring I find that on the 13th day of June, two days before the message of Helen was given at the Circle, a large conflagration of oil, etc., commencing in the lower section of the city of Philadelphia, took place. For two or three days succeeding, a large volume of densely black smoke passed over the city in a north-easterly direction. I remember the circumstance, but had recourse to the newspaper files for the date of the fire, etc., as here given. Now here is food for the mind; and oh, at the very threshold of thought, how wonderful and mysterious are the ways of the Supreme Power in this dispensation of light and truth, brought to our outward and inner senses by the ministrations of Angels, such as Tunie and Helen, and other loving friends and relatives that we might name!

Now, brother, I feel that I have acquitted myself of the obligation I was under to the good Spirits, to your readers, and all interested, to verify the kind and instructive lessons from the beautiful Beyond, as far as they come home to me. Yet, permit me to say that there still hangs a veil of mystery in this matter, as to how far and in what particular way and manner did the smoke alluded to (or smoke does) interfere with necessary conditions for developing materializations. Thankful for what has been already furnished so satisfactorily, it might be impertinent to still ask or seek for information, whether in any chemical, or other law, there is in smoke, from burning oil or any other combustible matter, that which does essentially interfere with conditions?

In conclusion, allow me to say, that Little Helen has appeared in her loving role of Spirit-messenger at several Circles, and through different Mediums. She seems to have allied herself to Mrs. Powell; for at the last seance, she called her "My Media." God bless the dear Angels!

Yours, in Truth, J. W.



[For the Voice of Angels.]

## AN INSPIRATIONAL MESSAGE.

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

DEATH is not the end of life; it is the quickening of the consciousness; the Spirit is born again out of the mortal form into purer, holier, sweeter associations than the life of earth could afford. It is of no use to sigh and repine because of the frailty of mortal life; but it is often a grievous matter to contemplate the condition of those who survive the departed, especially if they be without a knowledge of the fact of immortality. Faith does but little good in such a trying time as this, and unless our prayers are answered, how sad do we feel!

Thank God, there is light, if but few have been able to reach it, by which we may have positive knowledge that the departed from among us are not dead, but that they are keenly alive to all of life's great purposes and plans; they give their evidence that they have but ascended one step higher in the scale of human experience, and they are the progenitors of the same faith and maxims that marked out their course in the earth-life, until they are taught better by a wider observation and experience. One thing is certain; their absence of form among us arouses the mind upon this subject, and makes us inquire of ourselves concerning the immutability of the Spirit.

It has been a question in all ages of the world, always asked and always answered; but man's conception of the divine nature of humanity has been very feeble; hence he has questioned but feebly, and got but little light in the darkness of the past centuries.

Modern American Spiritualism has been the illuminating star of the nineteenth century. It has raised the dead and brought immortality to life as never before. It has answered all questions theology has ever been able to put forth, given new revelations, and stands as the blazing sun at midday, sending out its forces of light and heat into all parts of the civilized world, warming and lighting the souls of those who decry it the most loudly, those who are its bitterest opponents, as well as those who welcome it as a beacon-light unto their spirits. It has done more to evangelize the world, to lift humanity up out of their degraded condition, than all the Bible sermons that have ever been preached. It has caused the morally and spiritually deaf to hear, the blind to see, and all hearts to rejoice; inasmuch as they have been enabled to see the way clearer and to walk with a firmer

tread, knowing that they are not shut out of existence when they pass out of the mortal form, but that they live and participate in all the real joys and pleasures of life more fully than ever before.

Let us be thankful we have this knowledge of the after-life of our existence, and let us hope that the night of death will not find us unprepared; and let us also hope that our Spirits will pass out of the mortal form to greet the beauties of the eternal world with unutterable delight and joyfulness.

Let us take up our cross daily, and bear life's burden meekly and calmly, striving to help each other on the way, disciplining self correctly; and observing a proper leniency towards the failings of others, never treating them discourteously, but always rebuking their weaknesses in a spirit of love and gentleness, and by so doing stimulate the good that is within us, which it is our privilege and purpose to foster into existence, and bring into life and form, so that it will have a comprehensive meaning in the world about us. What are the plaudits of the world compared to the Spiritual growth and activity of the mind? It is better that all things else should perish; but let not the mind run to neglect, or the seeds of a dissolute life be sown. Culture it pure and fair, and rejoice in its immutability of character, knowing that all of life's best actions live immortal, and that good, sweet, pure thoughts never die, no more than human souls. There is no death of any principle or any part or particle of Nature's wondrous survey. Change exists everywhere, and death is only change; the ordinary currents and events of life are stopped, and a new order of things established, but the principle that actuates is not destroyed; the Spirit possesses power to move right on and take up a new chapter, open a new leaf in the book of life beyond what it had before known, to discover for itself what lies beyond, and unravel its own mystery of being.

Death is life to the Spirit-life evermore. Immortality is a glorious theme; who does not love to think and talk about it? The fact that we are immortal, is not this enough to fill the soul beyond the possibility of dread at the dissolution of the mortal form? It is; and death, if rightly understood, is not a grim monster, but an angel of light unto our households and to every human spirit.

MAN, while he loves, is never quite depraved.

HE who boasts a multitude of friends has none. *Aristotle.*

## INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

## IN MEMORY OF THE ASCENDED WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

BY DR. D. AMBROSE DAVIS.

On, let a cenotaph arise  
In grandeur's grandest form,  
In memory of that child of God  
Who stemmed life's bitterest storm!

Nor hold the structure from on high,  
Or give it any bound;  
Let not its summit be the sky,  
Or basis be the ground!

But rear it to the sacred realms  
Where Angel-Spirits roam,  
And let the sparkling gems of worth  
Illuminate its dome.

Then hung from Heaven's apex down  
An everlasting scroll,  
And let the glowing emblem be  
The Light of a Martyr-Soul!

[For the Voice of Angels.]

## "BANNER OF LIGHT."

BANNER OF LIGHT!—Bring interior sight  
From the realms! We are taught there's no night,  
But the pure living ether of light,  
Shedding rays on our pathway so bright;—  
Bring us, we pray thee, the light.

Banner of Light!—To the breeze float knowledge pure  
Over our country; let the tidings be sure  
That ye send daily out from your store  
From the Spirit-friends gone before;—  
Bring us, we pray thee, pure light.

Banner of Light!—For years has thy flag been unfurled,  
Staff planted all over the world;  
Its motto when read bigots' lips has uncurled,  
While others, unceasing, anathemas hurl;—  
Bring us ever, we pray thee, pure light. B. M. S.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

## DARE TO DO RIGHT.

BY M. THERESA SHELLHAMER.

DARE to do right, whatever the cost!  
Though happiness, ease and social enjoyment  
Here from thy pathway forever be lost,  
Thy soul shall find better and purer employment.  
Be true to thyself, though anathemas fall  
Like arrows of scorn by calumny hurled;  
The "God-speed" of Angels responds to thy call,  
Far better than plaudits bestowed by the world.

Dare to do right! Let wrong and oppression  
Sweep from thy pathway their shadows at length;  
Let the good angels of Honor and Justice  
Be to thy Spirit a tower of strength.  
Dare to be true to thy honest convictions,  
Though others cavil, as surely they'll do;  
Thy own soul will give thee enough compensation,  
If to thyself thou wilt ever be true.

## VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

SOUTH ST. LOUIS, Oct. 20, 1879.

BROTHER DENSMORE,—In the VOICE OF ANGELS of Oct. 1st was a communication thro' M. T. Shellhamer to George from R. It was the "voice of an Angel" to me; at least, it was the voice of a dear departed friend, and I fully recognize all she says.

God bless you in your noble work! May your health be preserved until every dark place on earth is irradiated with the light of the Higher Spheres.

Fraternally yours, for the Truth,  
GEORGE W. RICHEY,  
No. 6814 Third Street.

WHO makes quick use of the moment is a genius of prudence.



## VOICE OF ANGELS.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION:

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

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D. C. DENSMORE, Announcer and Publisher.

NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS., NOV. 15, 1879.

## EDITORIAL.

## ANOTHER APPEAL TO OUR DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBERS.

DEAR FRIENDS,—In the first of October issue of this paper, I made a special request that if you wanted the VOICE OF ANGELS enlarged to sixteen pages on the 1st of January, 1880, at the same price it now is, it was absolutely necessary for you to pay up your arrears promptly; telling you, at the same time, that it would be unsafe to do so unless you speedily liquidated your liabilities. I also asked you in connection therewith to let me know by postal card or otherwise, by the first of next month, (December,) so that I could determine whether the proposed enlargement could be made at the above date, without interfering with its present healthy condition. But as the time draws near when preparations should be made, if it is to be enlarged at the time specified, and as no general response to either request has been made, I have serious doubts whether you can now do so in time to arrange matters to that end; as it takes four or five weeks to get ready for the change and to make the paper after it is ordered.

In making that appeal I only acted upon the principle which everybody will concede to be fair, just and right, whether they are indebted to the paper or not, namely, that "the laborer is worthy of his hire." This no one will question who has a spark of justice or one drop of the milk of human kindness coursing through his veins; and yet, after reading that humble call, a few took it in high dudgeon, and without paying a penny, or saying a word about doing so, discontinued their subscriptions. Some of these had been taking the VOICE for three years, and had paid but little; and one who had paid only 25 cents in almost four years, peremptorily wrote me, "Stop my paper!" as much as to say, "What right have you to call upon me to pay my honest debts?" But thanks to the workings of the law of progression, there are but few such in our day and generation. When I read those unkind mis-sives, I involuntarily said, "What was the use of creating such miserable characters?" when instantly a Spirit by my side said in loud, distinct tones, "To show people the difference by contrast between the good

and bad." Continuing, she said, "If there were no such characters, how could people tell whether they were either the one or the other?" This settled the matter; for I saw at once the force of the argument, as it agreed with teachings I had heretofore received, namely, that all conditions were necessary to produce higher ones, and were useful, no matter how unreconcilable some of them may seem for the time being.

In the olden time, when a few friends were discussing metaphysical matters, and failed to agree, one of them said, "Let us reason together." Now I propose to one of my irate brothers—for we are brothers, nevertheless—to reason with him, and see what it amounts to. Supposing, for instance, he was in my position, endeavoring with all his might to dispel Spiritual darkness with the calcium light of the Higher Spheres, and that he was printing a paper to that end, as I am, and supposing he had eight hundred or a thousand persons on his mail-list who were indebted to him from one to three years, and that he had no other resource to meet his maturing bills except what came from them, and that he should modestly ask his numerous creditors to pay up their arrears, as I did, and they should treat him as he has me, when suffering for means to meet current expenses;—I say, how would he relish such treatment?—especially if his health had been greatly impaired, if not permanently ruined, as mine has, through the delinquency of his patrons in paying their dues? He could have truly said to his delinquent patrons, "If you had kept paid up, I could not only have given you a larger and better paper, for the same price you are now paying, but could afford to have one or two assistants, which would relieve me of a great deal of hard work in my declining years."

In writing thus, friends, I do not feel to blame you; but my necessities are urgent, and unless you come forward and help me by paying up, so that I can have assistance, my health will fail me altogether. I know that for many years business of all kinds has been unfavorable for the poor to pay bills outside of positive needs; but better and more flourishing times have succeeded the long business depression, so that now there is no such excuse; and I earnestly pray that you will take advantage of the good times and help me to carry on my almost thankless task. If you cannot make it convenient to pay all at once without distressing your families—for I don't want you to do that—send a little at a time, and keep doing so; and

before you are aware of it, your accounts will be squared, our paper enlarged, and my vitality renewed.

I know by fatal experience how to sympathize with the poor among you; for I have been in the same condition most of my life; and I am glad I have, for by and through such experiences I am enabled to send out a stream of soul-love and sympathy to every poor and needy one of God's children.

Now I will again ask you, with that confidence existing between old and tried friends—for you all seem such—to let me know at the earliest possible moment whether you can cancel your liabilities before this year gives place to a new one or not; so that I can work understandingly. You certainly can do no less than that, as the expense will be but a penny.

To answer the question sometimes asked, "How is it I have so many in arrears?" I would say it comes from the fact that, after the time for which a subscriber had paid had expired, and as he did not order it discontinued, the inference was that the money would soon come, and I let it run on from months into years, with a vain hope that it would come in good time. But alas, how frail are human hopes! If I could find words to correspond exactly with my feelings, when looking at the long list of those in arrears, you would not blame me—if indeed you do—for making the above anxious appeal to your sense of justice. If you do, just realize in your mind's eye that you see me sitting here, writing the same names on the wrappers, month after month and year after year, every time saying to myself that "perhaps before another issue is out, or at farthest, before the year ends, all will square up their accounts and renew." So it has run on to the present time; and although the prospect for such an event now looks dark, yet somehow or other I am strongly impressed with the belief that my fond hopes will yet be realized, and that with few exceptions all will pay their dues before the next three months. If that should be done, I can make the contemplated improvement with safety.

If making the proposed change would benefit me personally, either in my pocket or otherwise, the case would be different. But the change, if made, would add much more work to my already overtaxed vitality, without hope of fee or reward, other than doing what I consider a sacred and solemn duty which I owe my Spirit-friends, to assist them, as best I can, in their laudable efforts to enlighten darkened minds. No one can charge me with being actuated



in my earnest endeavors by a spirit of cupidity or unwarranted personal aggrandizement.

Now subscribers are being added to our mail list day by day, which, with renewals, by observing the strictest economy, gives me sufficient means to meet current bills as they mature, notwithstanding the great number behind in their dues, and a very large free-list. This is very encouraging; yet with all this in my favor, when I look over the long list of those who are rightfully and justly indebted to me for services rendered, and then think if they would or could only pay up now, how much I could improve the Voice, I confess the thought causes a throb of discouragement, which for a moment makes a disagreeable thrill to rattle over my nerves, like a stream of electricity from a Leyden jar. But this feeling is temporary; for in such cases that little rosy, dimple-faced angel, "Hope," steps in, with a sweet, confident smile of success irradiating her cherub face, and says, "All is well;" and as hopefulness is the most prominent bump on my old cranium, the nerves cease their rattle, and all is quiet again; and seemingly in a moment of time, I take on fresh courage and renewed vitality, and trudge along with higher hopes to that bourne which all, and especially people of my age, are rapidly nearing.

Excuse me if I have been tedious; for the fact is that when I am writing to you, it seems as though you were personally present and surrounding me in my office, and that I was *talking* instead of writing to you; and as the conference seems so sympathetic and genial, I do not know when to stop.

Now, then, let us all join hands, as our interests in life are mutual, and with "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together," see if the united efforts of willing minds and hands cannot raise the money blockade before Christmas, so that we can give our little craft a larger and better suit of sails on its natal day, that it may rush over the mountain waves of ignorance and superstition more easily and rapidly than heretofore.

To sum it all up in one short sentence, we want to make a larger, better, and more useful paper—one that will take an honorable position alongside of the most favored Spiritual journals of the day—without increasing its cost; and we can do it, if those indebted to it will manifest the sincerity of their professions to truth and progress by liquidating their obligations.

Again asking you to excuse me if I have been too prolix, accept the highest consideration of your friend and brother,

D. C. DENSMORE,

*Pub. Voice of Angels.*

#### SPIRIT MESSAGES,

GIVEN AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE,  
OCTOBER 19TH, 1879.

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELHAMER.

INVOCATION. BY ROBERT ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN.

OH, Thou Eternal Fount of life and blessing! We offer to thee the adoration of our souls, for we are conscious of the deep debt of gratitude we owe to Thee. We would retrace our steps, and, if possible, count up all the teeming jewels through life Thou hast bestowed upon us; those treasures of truth which have unfolded our being and revealed thyself to our spirits. Oh, Thou wonder-working God! Thou art worthy the adoration of thy intelligent creatures everywhere, and we send forth one earnest cry to Thee that we may continue to drink at this fountain of life that ever reveals to the soul thy Infinite wisdom and boundless love.

We thank thee, oh, Parent of good, for this sacred hour, for the lesson it conveys and the enjoyment it affords; that here we may gather to gain tidings from the loved ones gone before, of that home beyond the river of death; and oh, we ask that the lessons they teach may sink deep within our souls, for the better working of our duties to ourselves and to others; that the light of love may stream out from this place and this hour into the homes where sorrow and weeping abide, because of the loved and lost. Oh, ye blest ones, we commend ourselves to thee once again, dedicating our lives to your work; may the future fields of usefulness spread out wide and free before us, may we remember your love and your fidelity in the past, that we may gain strength to go forward unflinching to the end.

We ask every blessing in the name and for the sake of those who need.

ABIGAIL DAVIS.

I WANT to reach my old home; I come back to tell my friends that there is an open doorway for the return of the Spirit after death. The Spirit does not sleep in the grave; it is not far away from home and friends; but I find it can return at all times to watch over those who linger here. This is the greatest lesson I have learned since my death, and to me it is so important I want to tell it to my familiar friends.

I have not been away long, only a little while; I broke down under the cares and ailments of physical life; yes, I am over fifty years old, nearer sixty. My name is Abigail Davis. I lived in Exeter, New Hampshire.

SAMUEL UPHAM.

YEARS have passed since I was called to a higher work, sir, and I do not know

whether I shall care to identify myself or not. In the earlier days of the movement, I was used by the invisibles as a Medium between them and the material world. Possessing a delicate organization, I could not stand the wear and tear, and so I passed over. But I found a higher work to do; I found I was so constituted that I could be of use to returning Spirits, by being a messenger for them, and I am happy in my work. In the earlier days, it required great nerve to face the world in the position of a Spirit Medium; today, it is not so. I know clouds of persecution and opposition arise; but I feel they are of use in developing the moral courage and physical energy of our Mediums. I come principally for myself tonight, and to say I am about to join the Spirit-band of this Medium; to join my forces with theirs for future work. Should my Boston friends see this, I send them my love and greeting.

My name is Samuel Upham.

LUELLA WHITING.

How do you do, Mister? What heaps of flowers the Spirits have brought you; do you see them? [Some of them.] I'm Luella Whiting. I died in Berwick, Maine. I was ten years old then; I'm ever so much older now, I guess. I want to go home. I want mother to know it too. Won't you send my love to them? [Yes.] I had two rabbits—one white one and one black and white one. They're dead ever so long ago. I haven't got any here; but there's plenty of birds here, beautiful singers. We don't keep them in cages; we let them fly free. No one kills them, either; guess they couldn't, if they tried. I had a string of blue beads; it broke, and I lost half of 'em. I was awful sorry, and when I came here the Spirits gave me such a handsome string.

Papa's name is John. I want to come and talk to him and all.

MRS. L. P. SMITH.

With great joy I come, thankful for the privilege, happy because I can send out one little word that my friends may feel I am not dead. It was hard to leave the dear ones, hard to feel the separation of earthly ties; but I find Spiritual claims bind me to them, that can never be severed.

I am a stranger here; it is just a little over a year since I left the worn-out body, and in that year I have sought to learn of eternal life, that I might unfold it to my dear ones. I feel the reaching out of desire to assure my husband of my presence, to tell him all material clouds pass away under the light of Spiritual life, and that pain becomes a thing of the past. I want



him to give me an opportunity to come to him as I wish. I thank you.

Mrs. L. P. Smith. My husband is George W. Smith, of Portland, Maine.

WHITE PANTHER.

Me come to send counsel to me Mejie Chief in the far West. Me Mejie Chief see the clouds gather, see the storm coming, and he say, Go to white squaw and send me counsel through the talk paper. So me come and me say, Make change, make um change in the wigwam, as me said; bring in the new element, and the storm will pass away. Make change before the snow lies deep about the wigwam, that the band may light your council fires good. Mejie Chief be no strong; me come to take strength from here back to the far West. He get magnetism from this, then he know what how to do.

Me Chief takes talk paper; he will see. Me be White Panther. Good Moon.

MESSAGES GIVEN OCTOBER 26TH, 1879.

SARAH VARNEY.

I HAVE been in Spirit-life a long time; many of those I loved are with me, but members of our family remain on earth, whom I would like to reach. Tell the dear girls that we are with them, all of us, who in the old days were wont to gather in a happy family. We are united in spirit, and by-and-bye we shall all meet where trials and sorrows come not to dim the lustre of the soul, but where peace succeeds the storms of earthly life. Their father sends his love. I am not able to say much now, but if permitted to come again will give more. I only came to send out our love to them.

My name is Sarah Varney. This will be read by those I wish to reach.

WILLIAM WHITE.

Now that I have been a resident of the Higher Life nearly a year, sir, I feel it is time I gave my friends some idea of my surroundings. I feel they have a desire to hear from me in regard to how I am situated, and I am happy to respond.

I am now a resident of Washingtonia City, a beautiful and extensive Spirit City, dedicated to Wisdom and Knowledge. There a Spiritual Council, composed of the most learned, philosophic and philanthropic Spirits, daily meets to devise plans and discuss principles which involve the interests, not of one faction or party, but of humanity at large. Under the sunlight of this exalted people, I am striving in my humble way to learn all that is possible of the laws of life, of the conditions surrounding humanity, and which has

brought mankind step by step out of the wilderness of ignorance and the bog of superstition. I considered my ideas liberal, and myself a thorough progressionist, when here; but, sir, I find in my new experience that true liberalism condemns the actions of no one, sits in judgment upon no principle or person but itself. I am striving to follow the lead of those wiser than myself; to understand the true harmonial Philosophy, which recognizes a unity of purpose, a perfect harmony running through all life, from its crudest form to its highest expressions.

Have I a house and social circle in which I move? I have a beautiful home, fashioned in complete accordance with my taste, unto which I am frequently adding some new adornment, as my love of the beautiful expands. I am surrounded by kindred souls, who are in sweetest harmony with my Spirit, and whose presence gives me a constant joy. Some of them I never met in earth, but who are drawn to me and I to them by the mutual attraction of sympathy. Others are my own loved kindred and friends, who preceded me to the Spirit-world.

I send out my love to my dear ones, and thanks for their attention to my wishes; kind remembrances to friends. I thank the Rev. Mr. Camp for his liberalism at my funeral.

I am William White, who passed out at Waukesha, Wisconsin, last January.

FLORA B. CARTMILL.

Oh, I am so glad to come again, sir, to send out one little token of love to my dear father and mother, whose feet are slowly nearing the valley which leads to life eternal, and to reunion with loved ones gone before; and to send our love and blessing to our dear brother, whose face is turned to the duties of life and a long existence in mortal!

I am Flora B. Cartmill. I come to bring all our love. Eva and Mary are with me; how often we return to the dear old home, never so prized as now, although always appreciated, to bring our hearts' wealth of love and pour it over the souls of those who linger there; and when they feel that we are present, and speak of us in tones of love, we are blessed and happy. A picture of the dear home adorns our Spirit-walls, and the faces of those we love shine out from the pictured doorway. It is beautiful; painted by loving hearts upon Spirit-walls, it is more enduring than marble or canvas.

The Winter time is coming; not so much the Winter of Nature, as the anniversary of that which to those we loved

seemed like a Winter of sorrow and pain; but the light of knowledge shone around them, the blossoms of faith and hope bloomed in their souls, and through sadness and tears, peace rested upon their lives. The days approach bearing memories of that time; but we will be at home to brighten the place and chase away all sorrow and gloom, and our presence will make the December days glow with beauty and joy.

To W. J. Cartmill, Tulare, California.

LILLIE C. STONE.

Oh, this is strange but sweet. Only a short time since I inhabited an earthly body; but it faded away, and my Spirit winged its way to heaven. All is peaceful and pure there; but I cannot stay without seeking to reach the ears of my dear parents, whose love draws me back to them, and whose sadness fills my soul with pain.

Dear father, darling mother, weep not for me; do not grieve for my absence. I am close beside you; and at morning and night I caress you with my Spirit-love. You are so dear, so dear, that I would give up all my heavenly rest to bring you peace! Call upon me where I can come, and I will bless you with a knowledge of my presence. I am weak, for I have not long been a Spirit.

My name is Lillie C. Stone. Father's name is Henry Stone. He lives in Boston.

MESSAGES GIVEN NOVEMBER 2ND, 1879.

LOTTIE HOUGHTON.

I WAS fifteen years old. I could not stay on earth, and when the beautiful Spring-time came I was taken away by the angels. My mother and father are living, and I want them to know I can come close to their spirits every day and whisper to them; but I am afraid they don't hear me; I'm afraid they don't realize how near I am; and I want them to know it.

I was glad when the long Winter was over; and now the winter of life is past for me, and they tell me I shall live in a sweet Summer-land, and forever grow more beautiful like the Angels.

My name is Lottie Houghton. Please send my love to all at home, and say I am not dead; I shall always live to watch over them and to meet them in heaven. I want to send this to my father, Mr. Horace Houghton, Boston, Mass.

DR. W. S. MUDGE.

BUT a few days have elapsed, sir, since I inhabited a bodily frame; I was hurried out by mistake, I think; at least I did not mean to take a fatal dose; life was too full of promise and expectation to me for



that. I was too young to be weary of life, and I want my friends, especially my Pennsylvania friends, those who knew and loved me in earlier years, to know that I did not commit suicide; I did take an overdose of poison by mistake.

I know nothing of this life as yet, only that it is life and seems very natural.

Some friends of mine in Pennsylvania read your paper and will see my message. I am Dr. W. S. Mudge. I died in Kansas City, Missouri.

JAMES MAHAN.

RHEUMATISM of the heart settled me; so it was called. I now know the Spirit-world wanted me and took that method of calling me home. I think it is not yet a year since I passed out from Boston; but should any of my friends desire to hear from me, I am willing, even anxious to respond. Years ago, in old times, I would have been called an old man. I remember when one who had passed his fiftieth year was thought quite aged. In these days we consider it to be the prime of life; and here tonight I feel in my prime. I do not come to give anything special, only to demonstrate my ability to return and my eagerness to respond to any call my friends would like to make.

JAMES MAHAN.

ANNIE THIRKITTLE.

How do you do? I'm real glad to see you. I want to send some words to my mother; she has such hard times. She wonders sometimes why I don't speak to her from here. I feel so sorry for her, and I want to help her lots; but it's rough work. I hope those people who call themselves Spiritualists will be kind to my mother, and I hope father will do all he can for her good.

I am so glad Robert has grown so strong, and I want him to go and see mother and help her. We might have a pretty, quiet home, if each one would work together and live harmoniously.

Tell my mother I often come to give her strength, and I love her; and when she comes to me, she'll have some rest. I'm waiting for her all the time. I think her flowers were beautiful, and they help me to come.

I send my love to all. How time goes! It's most thirteen years since I died. Robert, and Jane, and Lily, and Teresa, the little darling, have all grown up. I send my love to all—don't forget that.

Give my love to Miss Mitchell; tell her little Isabel isn't little now, but she sends her love. How pretty you've got everything here!

I'm Annie Thirkittle. Send to Mrs. Hannah Thirkittle, Vineland, New Jersey.

[Selected by M. J. K.]

### THE NOVEMBER GARDEN.

Poor old weeping, faded garden!  
Hear her moaning, "Well-a-day!  
I had friends and wooing lovers  
In the merry month of May;  
Now I'm lonely,  
With me only  
Lingers dark and drear decay.

"Roses, with their lips of velvet,  
Kissed me into Summer's noon;  
Dahlia promised faithful friendship  
'Neath the yellow harvest moon;  
Fair and fleeting  
Was each greeting;—  
Kiss and promise failed me soon.

"Artemisia, scorned in Summer,  
With her quaint and thrifty ways,  
Only she has not forsaken  
Through the dark November days,  
But to cheer me  
Still keeps near me,  
Cheerful in the white sun-rays.

"Yonder forest glows in splendor—  
Poets, artists, women fair  
Kneel before it, like an altar,  
Heavenly-lighted, blazing there;  
And its glory  
Gilds the story,  
Tints the picture, wreathes the hair."

"Oh, waiting, worn, forsaken garden,"  
Artemisia softly said,  
"Know you not there's glory waiting  
When those Summer-days have sped?  
A sequel glory  
To Life's story,  
A crown of crystal for the head?"

O'er the waiting, silent garden  
Came one starry, frosty night,  
Strange new robes of shining splendor,  
Crystalline and strangely bright,  
So morning found  
The garden crowned  
And robed in mystic robe of white.

Each leaf and bough and carved capsule,  
Seeded plume, grass blade and stone,  
With curious screen of spiders weaving  
In a resplendent rainbow shone.  
So, ere the morn  
To earth was born,  
The King redeemed her for his own.

—[Ethel Lynn, in N. Y. Ledger.]

[For the Voice of Angels.]

### INDEPENDENT SLATE-WRITING.

MESSAGE GIVEN BY SPIRIT OF TOM CROSSLEY TO HIS FATHER, DAVID CROSSLEY, OF TITUSVILLE, PENN., THROUGH MR. SOWER, MEDIUM.

[This message was written on a double slate, tied up, in the presence of William Barusdall and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman and myself, with the lamp upon the stand, so all could see, through Mr. Sower, Titusville, Penn.—D. CROSSLEY.]

MY DEAR GOOD FATHER.—The ignorant call me dead, and the great mass think me in hell; but your boy, the living Tom, whom you loved, still lives, with his intense nature quickened to divine intensity. I know my death was a hard blow to those who loved me—the idea of being crushed out of existence\*—but not so to me. Oh, beautiful death!—soft as a downy pillow! I laid down to sleep, to awake in the morning in that land where dear friends met me and the angels dwell.

Dear father, don't let me speak of all the trouble and dark hours I have caused you and my dear wife; let it pass. Mother and I are often with you. Oh, how I would like to have a solid talk with you

all, each and every one! and I hope you will give me an opportunity.

Dear father, talking is much easier than it is to write, and I think I could talk through him soon without help.

Give my love to my wife and children, to Jim, to all.

I am as ever yours, not in words only, but in deeds. TOM CROSSLEY.

\* Tom Crossley's death was caused by his being run over by the cars near this place.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

### THE REMARKABLE COMMUNICATION OF SPIRIT SALMON P. CHASE.

CONTINUED BY REQUEST.

GIVEN THROUGH MRS. EMMA CARTER, MEDIUM.

DEAR DENSMORE.—The part of the communication from Spirit Chase which has been published in the VOICE OF ANGELS has already created a sensation. As I look at it in print, it rises to more importance than I at first accorded to it. Even its turgidity vanishes, and I see more of the kernel of it than I did. The matter-of-course talk of Grant, containing the prediction of his being President that it does, has made a good many persons who have seen the communication think more profoundly than they did before. One editor of a Kentucky newspaper, to whom I showed the communication, said he would now alter his Blaine editorials, and for the future would go for Grant. It must be recollected that the communication and the Grant Presidential prediction was written by my sister, the Medium, before Grant arrived in San Francisco, on his return to this country. His after reception there and other places looks like the beginning of the confirmation of the prediction.

But without further comment, I will now add the rest of Spirit Chase's remarkable communication, for the good it may perhaps accomplish:

MR. CHASE TO ME.

"I look with pleasure upon my old home, its friends and its friendships. Each day brings to us a fellow-traveller who has thrown down his knapsack and doffed his shell, to spring up into Spiritual beauty; that is, to know one's self. When you see yourself as you are, you are a very different being from the man of your imagination. For instance, myself. In the material world I was but half understood. I knew that I possessed a great wealth of something that was perfectly useless to me, because I could not bring it out from the great depths of my soul. After I had grown old in material useful-



ness, and my shell had worn to a film; when my eyes had closed forever on everything I had labored and worked for; when nothing was left for me to put my energies upon:—I sunk to arise, and to arise was the glory of a new being.

"The roar of everything gross had left my brain. God's earth fell upon me like a grand panorama, the most marvellous to contemplate. I found myself a boy again. I looked back upon the path I had trodden, and I found I had been a useful actor on the stage of progression. Although a small item in the land of nations, yet I was marked as a benefactor. The stains I had to blot out were comparatively small. The wisdom I had to learn broke down upon me like torrents of rain, and I saw the mightiness of the life-being. On every side of me was wealth. I was stocked up with it, mountains high. Its golden showers filled my whole being. I was indeed in the perfection of manhood. Did I look upon myself as a stranger, out of place, and in a strange land? No; the most exquisite harmony swelled in my heart. Unrest became rest. My whole being was filled out, and every desire opened before me. The earth-life as well as the Spirit-life lay in the palm of my hand. I had lost nothing in my journey. The gain was two sights, the interest of two souls, two hearts' affection: for all God's creatures took possession of me, and I was the proud governor of a new-made self.

"In this condition I luxuriated and drank of its voluptuous ecstasies, until in my delight I had clasped all that was near and dear to me. The ties of unity and home, so long denied to me, lay all around me. The garden, its palace of luxuries, children and wives—wives, I say, because there were three of them, and children by two of them—which makes us socially united, as well as affectionally; and as they are highly cultured in intellectuality, we live in that wisdom of love which knows no jealousy. The inner light of man is the man himself! Those refined feelings which only touch us in the grosser life, bud out here in the most magnificent beauty. The softness of the air, the silvery light of the sun, the misty sparkling of the atmosphere, shedding a diamond beauty over everything; the soft texture of the human frame, and the tissue garments put on us by soul-love;—all this, with the warm pressure of true affection, fills us only with the warmth of heaven, which does exist, and belongs alone to the intellectual part of us.

"All this I have desired to tell you, be-

cause I know your interest in the revelation of Spiritual things. But yet it is not always thus."

Here I think I will stop citation for the present, and reserve the remainder of this remarkable communication for the future; as the father now reaches the subject of his daughter and her persecutions, and talks feelingly upon them.

I may give you the remaining and concluding portion hereafter, if it will be of interest, and I think it will.

In the meantime, as ever,

Your friend,

A. G. W. CARTER.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 31, 1879.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

#### A SPIRIT MESSAGE.

BRO. DENSMORE,—I send you for publication in the *VOICE* the following. Tho' of special interest to me, as a message to myself, it nevertheless has so much in it that is good and can be applied as a lesson to every one, that I cannot think of hiding it away.

What may appear strange is the fact that the Spirit communicating is a stranger to me, or rather, one that I did not know in mortal life. That fact increases my interest in the message, and as a supplement to many more of the same sort adds to the pleasures and joys of my Spiritual life.

It is due to you and the readers of the *VOICE* that you and they should be informed that a short time since, at the Sunday conference in Lyric Hall, I read the communication, when Dr. Knapp recognized the author of it as one whom he knew in this side of life, and from whom he had received one or two messages since she had passed to the other side.

It is also proper to state that the Medium was a Mr. Taussig, and the impartment was at my own residence.

In the hope that some relative or near friend may recognize it, I transcribe it, for public observation and instruction, as follows:

"Truth compels me to admit the beauty and absolute correctness of the Spiritual Philosophy. My name is Mary Kennedy. I am fondly attached to the work of redeeming the world from error and corruption. Justice demands that all men have an opportunity of developing their full character, and exalting themselves above the merely external desires of life. Do you not feel it incumbent upon yourself to make more and greater efforts to enlighten the masses of men on the importance of their relationship to each other,

and the consequences of an ill-spent life?

"Dear friend, do not shun the work marked out for you. There may be foolish people who will laugh at your earnest endeavors to convince them of their thoughtless and senseless course—driving as they are straight to misery, and contaminating themselves with unfavorable excursions.

"Since I have been in Spirit-life, I have learned so much that is of importance to men, that I cannot restrain the impulse to make them acquainted with the consequences of a perverted and ill-spent career.

"Send your words and thoughts into the world, and you will find yourself constantly reinforced and refreshed; because the many, who will intellectually inspire you in this work, are sufficient to give you comfort and support in the hour of trial. This will enable you to do your work with efficiency and skill,

"Let me adjure you to do your duty, as you hope for peace of mind hereafter."

If the above is not personal to me, then am I mistaken as to its intent and purpose; yet, if misappropriated, its publication may subserve a good end nevertheless.

Yours, &c.,

JOS. WOOD.

NO. 1506 NORTH 7TH ST., PHILA., Pa.

#### VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

THROUGH M. T. SHELLHAMER.

WHEATLAND, Col., Oct. 28, 1879.

D. C. DENSMORE:—*Dear Sir*,—I was both surprised and pleased to find in the *VOICE OF ANGELS* of Oct. 15th a message through M. T. Shellhamer from my father, Joel Jones, which was very characteristic of him, and for which I feel grateful to both angels and mortals. More from him and from my other Spirit-friends would be very thankfully received.

There were two mistakes in the message, which I will correct: His former place of residence was "Wolcott," instead of Welcott, and my middle initial is L., instead of J., as given in the message; but it is probable that both of these were typographical mistakes.

Enclosed please find twenty-five cents for extra copies of the paper containing the communication.

Truly yours,

MRS. HATTIE I. WOODWARD.

He is a slave who fears to speak  
For the fallen and the weak;  
He is a slave who will not choose  
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,  
Rather than in silence shrink  
From the truths he needs must think;  
He is a slave who fears to be  
In the right with two or three!

THERE are thousands of ponderous books, written by learned doctors, on the means of attaining happiness, which do not say as much for the peace of the soul, as this simple sentence of the Our Father—Thy will be done.



## BRIEF NEWS ITEMS.

STANDING BEAR, and "Bright Eyes," a young Indian girl, daughter of the head chief of the Ponca Indians, have been well received by the philanthropists of Boston. They come as the representatives of that tribe, to obtain sympathy and means to prosecute their suit against the U. S. Government, which has arbitrarily, and in violation of solemn treaties, removed them from their Reservation to an unhealthy district in the Indian Territory, where large numbers have already died. The case is a hard one, and appeals peculiarly to the sympathies of all Spiritualists.

More interest is being taken in Spiritualism in Worcester. Regular meetings are held in St. George's Hall every Sunday. Mrs. H. Morse of Detroit has spoken for two Sundays, and other prominent Spiritualists are expected in the future.

A Free Circle was opened at the office of *Mind and Matter*, Philadelphia, on Monday, Oct. 27, and will continue on Mondays, at 8 P. M., until further notice. Alfred James sits as Medium, and a portion of the time will be given to the answering of questions by the Controlling Spirits.

Among the papers announced for the present season to be read before the British National Association of Spiritualists is one on "Startling Evidences of Identity," by Mrs. J. William Fletcher; and later on, "Some of the Ghosts I have met," by Mr. J. William Fletcher. There are also a large number of other most interesting and important papers which will be given during the session.

George P. Sicken, the father of Gen. Sicken, is hale and hearty at the age of eighty-four years. He is a Spiritualist, and enjoys a matinee by the old masters every afternoon. He has only to rap on his table, when Beethoven, Mozart or Mendelssohn will appear and direct an invisible orchestra. The old gentleman frequently expresses surprise that his visitors do not hear the music as well as himself.—*Transcript*.

The First Society of Boston Spiritualists hold free meetings every Sunday afternoon at Parker Memorial Hall. The public respectfully invited. Services commence at 2 3-4 o'clock.

Mrs. M. B. Thayer is now in Springfield, O., holding a series of private seances.

The Spiritualists of Beverly, Mass., hold meetings every Sunday at Bell's Hall, at 2 1-2 and 7 1-2 P. M.

On Tuesday night, Oct. 28th, a Free Lecture Association was organized at Miller's Falls, Mass. The audiences at Miller's Falls are large and enthusiastic.

A memorial has been presented to the British National Association of Spiritualists, headed by Mr. W. H. Harrison, protesting against the present method of government and demanding a complete change of base.

Mrs. James A. Bliss has returned to her home from a very successful engagement in New York City. She has received calls from friends in Ohio, New Jersey and the District of Columbia, to visit them and hold materialization seances, but has been obliged to decline them all on account of present delicate state of health.—*Mind & Matter*.

You never will be able to reach and elevate the whole human race until you can take from men the imperfections that come by the first birth.—*Beecher, in Banner*.

READ IT. Therein lies the truth. Conditions of birth make or mar. That is the lesson to be instilled, ground into mankind, until they are made to feel the responsibility.

THE law of the pleasure in having done anything is, that the one almost immediately forgets having given, and the other remembers eternally having received.—*Seneca*.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

## A SPIRIT COMMUNICATION.

TO MANY FRIENDS.

WALKING around as an investigator, I popped in for the first time since leaving earth-life, to say something. I was looked upon before I left the scenes of earth as a believer in nothing, and considered a fool by some. Yet I have been a deep thinker all my life, and therefore said but little at any time. I sometimes thought I was what some would call a Medium, for I saw and heard some strange things at times. But I now see how it was; I was too positive for that; but I could see further than most people.

I am around my home most of the time; but never in the home of the hardware merchant on Main street, Carondelet, Mo., as was reported by an inmate who claims to be a Medium, but is not. You see I have learned a thing or two, since leaving the form.

To my wife I will say, if I could have seen before I left the form what I now see, I would have arranged things different; but I will have to let it go now, and let the boys go and work for themselves, as I had to do. Let them know they will have to depend on themselves, and not on what I left them, or on you. Let them make heaven or hell for themselves. It is as one makes it on earth, not in Spirit-land. As they sow, so will they reap.

I find I have to work out my own salvation. I have found things different from what I expected. I find God in everything; but not in the shape of man, and sitting on a throne. The Spirit-home is beautiful for some, but dark for others. The old priests, with their false teachings, are in the dark. They keep things in the dark as long as they can. Look at the Catholic Convents, with their high walls, their churches, their dark corridors, and the vaults beneath—what are they for, think you? I know now very few Catholics return, and then for some devilment, depend on that. I could write page after page on this subject, if I had space.

My friends may hear from me again, if this is published, and get more next time from

L. T. W.

MANY persons are puzzled to understand what the terms "fourpenny," "sixpenny" and "tenpenny" mean, as applied to nails. "Fourpenny" means four pounds to the thousand nails, or "sixpenny" means six pounds to the thousand, and so on. It is an old English term, and meant at first "tenpound" nails (the thousand being understood,) but the old English clipped it to "tenpun," and from that it degenerated, until "penny" was substituted for "pound."

When a thousand nails weigh less than one pound, they are called tacks, brads, etc., and are reckoned by ounces.

## ANOTHER VERIFICATION.

PORTLAND, Nov. 3, 1879.

MR. DENSMORE,—Your last paper (*VOICE OF ANGELS*) was brought to me to see a communication, through M. T. Shelhamer, from my daughter Agnes. My daughter Agnes left her mortal body for her Spiritual Home nine years ago this month. This is the first time during that period she has communicated with us through a paper. We accept it as from her, and thank you for furnishing the means.

Yours, truly, J. M. PECK.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

## MESSAGE FROM BARNEY WILLIAMS TO HIS WIFE.

BRO. DENSMORE,—I send the following and submit to your good judgment to do with it as you please. I am not quite certain that it will be proper to publish it:

"My Dear Wife,—I wish you to heed the sentiments and emotions that are struggling in your breast for expression. They are the inborn instincts of the soul, developing themselves grandly and beautifully to your consciousness.

"When you meet with some one who has some realization of these unfolding processes of the soul's inner life, take that one by the hand, and desire them to impart to you, by Spiritual sympathy, some of their own experiences, desires and hopes. Fear not to ingratiate yourself with such an one; for thereby you establish a Spiritual fellowship, which will result in your own soul's unfoldment and enlightenment; for by this Spiritual sympathy your own inner consciousness will be strengthened, and you will be enabled to realize that you are distinctly and essentially a separate existence from your earthly surroundings.

"I am with you—near you often, not always. I shall guide you through the remainder of your life as well as I can.

"I am sincerely attached to you, and feel that my mission on earth will not be ended until you have joined me.

"Dear wife, remember me as your true and loving husband.

"J. BARNEY WILLIAMS."

L. TAUBSIG, Medium, May 19, 1879.

The Spirit communicating was well known in life to the people of the United States and of foreign countries also; enjoying a reputation for the almost inimitable power he exhibited in the delineation of Irish character upon the mimic stage. It is not too much to entertain the opinion that some one or more of the profession—



and they are, as a class or body, more or less under Spirit-influence when acting—will accept this as coming from a friend and brother, to a companion, who in life shared his honors, as well as his hopes and fears.

Yours, &c.,

Jos. Wood.

No. 1506 NORTH 7TH ST., PHILA., Pa.

## SECOND SIGHT

SCOTTISH legends abound with instances of second sight, oftentimes supported by a formidable array of evidence; but I have met only one individual who was the subject of such a story.

She was a woman of plain practical sense, very unimaginative, intelligent, extremely well-informed, and as truthful as the sun. I tell the story as she told it to me. One of her relatives was seized with rapid consumption. He had for some weeks been perfectly resigned to die; but one morning, when she called upon him, she found his eyes brilliant, his cheeks flushed with an unnatural bloom, and his mind full of belief that he should recover health. He talked eagerly of voyages he would take, and of the renovating influence of warmer climates. She listened to him with sadness; for she was well acquainted with his treacherous disease, and in all these things she saw symptoms of approaching death. She said this to her mother and sisters, when she returned home. In the afternoon of the same day, as she sat sewing in the usual family circle, she accidentally looked up—and gave a sudden start, which immediately attracted attention and inquiry. She replied, "Don't you see cousin ———?"

They thought she had been dreaming; but she said, "I certainly am not asleep. It is strange you do not see him; he is there." The next thought was that she was seized with sudden insanity; but she assured them that she never was more rational in her life: that she could not account for the circumstance, any more than they could; but her cousin certainly was there, and looked at her with very pleasant countenance. Her mother tried to turn it off as a delusion; but nevertheless, she was so much impressed by it, that she looked at her watch, and immediately sent to inquire how the invalid did. The messenger returned with news that he was dead, and had died at that moment.

My friend told me that at first she saw only the bust; but finally the whole form became visible, as if some imperceptible cloud, or veil, had slowly rolled away; the invisible veil again rose, till only the bust remained; and then that vanished.

She said the vision did not terrify her at the time; it simply perplexed her, as a thing incomprehensible. Why she saw it, she could not explain better than why her mother and sister did not see it. She simply told it to me just as it appeared to her; as distinct and real as any other individual in the room.—*The Psychological Review.*

NEXT to faith in God is faith in labor *Bovee.*

**ABOUT WOMEN OF TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.—** The man who meets and loves the woman of twenty-five is truly fortunate, and she is equally fortunate in meeting and loving him, says a writer in a feminine journal. At that age she seldom deceives. She may not have, she is not likely to have then, her first sentimental experience; but such experience at such an age is more than sentimental and rarely ever fleeting. She looks back at the youths she imagined she was enamored of between 16 or 18 or often 22, and they are more than indifferent or repellant to her—they are ridiculous; and in some sort she, as she then was, is ridiculous to herself. She cannot but be grateful to her destiny that her sympathies and affections have been reserved for a worthy object and a higher end. At 25, if ever, a woman knows and estimates herself. She is less liable to emotional or mental mistakes, she is far surer of her future, because she feels that her fate is, to a certain extent, within her own hands. Not only is she more lovelier and more lovable, broader and stronger than she has been, but her wedded happiness and powers of endurance are in a manner guaranteed.

WHEN a man's temper gets the best of him it reveals the worst of him.

## "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:

Joseph Kinsey, Cincinnati, Ohio.	\$2.00
Mrs. Luseba Hurd, Willoughby, Ohio.	1.00
Mrs. O. Whitney, Greenville, Cal.	0.12
Wm. Murry, Salem, Mich.	0.35
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Send age, sex, if married or single, with 25 cents, (stamps,) to Mrs. A. R. F. ROBERTS, of Canby, 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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