



VOL. IV. { D. C. DENSMORE, }
PUBLISHER.

NO. WEYMOUTH, MASS., DEC. 1, 1879.

{ \$1.68 PER ANNUM } NO. 23.
{ IN ADVANCE }

VOICE OF ANGELS.

Enlarged from 8 to 12 pages, formerly issued from No. 5 Dwight Street, Boston, Mass., will after this date be published at *Fair View House, North Weymouth, Mass.*, the 1st and 16th of each month.

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

" D. K. MINER, Business Manager,

D. C. DENSMORE, Amanuensis and Publisher.

Price yearly,	-	-	-	-	\$1.68 in advance.
Six months,	-	-	-	-	.83 "
Three months,	-	-	-	-	.42 "
Single copies	-	-	-	-	.08 "

The above rates include postage. *Specimen copies sent free* on application at this office.

All letters and communications (to receive attention) must be directed, (postpaid,) as above, to D. C. DENSMORE, Publisher.

LITERARY.

OUR CHURCH.

THROUGH TRYPHENA O. PARDEE

Up the winding slopes of Worship-sense
A marvellous angel led the way.
With words of solemn eloquence,
So grand, we drank in all he had to say.

"There's a God that marked this straight-made path.
Whose distance-guides point 'heavenward true.'
Pass yonder gate, the bar of faith,
I'll guard you till its portals you're safe through."

With a doubtful stoop we gazed afar
Through mists and fogs and hazy light,
On kneeling down in fervent prayer,
To know for certainty that all was right.

Oh, the promise-gems he held aloft,
Each haloed with the word, "Belief,"
And through the mists he pointed off—
"Yon horrid crucifix is sin's relief."

"Vain thy worship to Almighty God,
Unless thou firmly dost believe
God's justice gave his Son the load
Of all men's sins—to die that we may live."

Inspiration beaded on our brow,
The mists turned blackness worse than night!
Oh, God of goodness, is it Thou
That bids this angel so our heart affright?

Lord, we can't believe Thou dearest thus;—
And lo, another angel came!
The wavering darkness glimmering burst,
And o'er his head we read glad Reason's name.

"Superstition told of proven faith
Hath told thee of its mystic bar;
Each tinelled bauble perisheth
At faintest gleams of Truth's no'er setting star.

See the dotted land with church-reared spires—
Oh, loving God, can they be thine?"

Low whispers answer our desires—

"They vaunt my name; they surely can't be mine."

"Noah the glittering domes in freedom's sun
I hear the money-changer's chink,

The poor man's tramp and helpless moan,
Whose lips no sacrament's allowed to drink.

And the selfhood lent from mine own face
Is blotted, leaving dreadful scare;
They cringe when asking priests for grace.
Who scowl at the dingy garb he wears.

Those bright crystal panes that sparkle high,
Those velvet desks and pulpits rare,
The pews whose jewelled bosoms sigh—
No friendless sufferer's heart can enter there.

"Comfort ye my people," everywhere!—
"Who calls my freezing hungry lambs?
Oh, ask me not if mine they are—
I know them not—they're only shame."

Stay, blessed Reason!—turn thou not:
How durst thou thus converse with God?
Reply so sweet can't be forgot—
"God's Love fills all immensity abroad."

Ignorance wore this dim misty veil,
And drew the line 'twixt man and man;
Made stern beliefs God's laws assail.
And creeds to bind another's heart and hand."

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

MESSAGE FROM ROBERT HARE TO DR. FAHNESTOCK.

[THROUGH DR. O., CONTINUED.]

DEAR DOCTOR,—We have arrived, then, in the investigation of our subject, at that point where the progressed development of the individual capacitates him for the reproduction of his species—or when pure spirit has become so materialized that division and impartation of itself may take place. There may be some difficulty in properly understanding this subject. I will try to explain. One point keep in mind, that the division of spirit (unlike matter) does not lessen its quantity, as this is a property it does not possess. "It (spirit) spreads undivided—operates unspent." Hence the phrase, diffused, or spread, would be more appropriate than divided—provided you can attach the idea of distinctive identity to the portions diffused or spread. In order, then, that pure spirit may diffuse, there must be something else present, for which, chemically speaking, it has an affinity—and this something is found in the spirit-material substance constituting its distinctive coverings. When these, then, have been organized by progression to the reproducing point, the individual is said to have arrived at the age of puberty. The male supplying by the act of coition the living, psychal germ; the female

the matrix and the nutritive elements, to be used by it in its progressive uterine development.

You will observe that the absence of motion (as some understand it) in the embryotic germ, is no proof of the absence of life; because muscular contraction cannot exist, before the development of fibre. But a series of organic motions are in reality going on from the instant of the parental emission of the psychal germ, all indicative of its living identity. (If this were not so, why, let me ask, was that penalty inflicted on Onan—Gen. 38:9, 10?) Let it be observed that the simple act of coition does not necessarily eliminate with or in the spermatic emission this psychal germ; for, if this were true, every emission must necessarily produce a soul. But certain mental conditions, as well as physical states, are absolutely requisite to the production of the result. These conditions being present, and the psychal germ having been eliminated and deposited, this germ from that moment becomes a distinct, living soul, independent of any considerations of physical developments or progression; and as such is capable of sustaining that relation in the Spirit-world.

It is true that, like the unplanted seed-germ, creation loses the advantages in its case of reproduction and use; but this loss cannot by any possibility cause that to perish which in its nature is indestructible.

You will perceive, then, that the old notion of abortions produced before the fifth month being innocent, is without justification in fact. The uterine, as well as the separate development of a deposited psychal germ does not, then, you will perceive, by physical progression eliminate spirit; it only produces that Psycho-spiritual condition necessary to psychal elimination and moral use; which condition must itself be dispensed with, when its objects shall have been accomplished, and when the psychal germ, untrammelled by physical incumbrances, shall pass from this probationary sphere.

ROBERT HARE.

From what has been said, the following propositions become self-evident:

First. Pure spirit is capable of indefinite ex-

tension, or diffusion, without loss of substance or change of essence.

Second. Man's present sphere is one of elimination, reproduction and use.

Third. Spirit is the cause of progressive physical development; the object, use and reproduction.

Fourth. When the object of progressive development shall have been accomplished, physical disunion is the next progressive step.

Fifth. Spirit is not dependent for identity on development, from the instant after its elimination.

R. H.

LANCASTER, Penn., April 12, 1880—Evening.

CIVILIZATION:

MESSAGE NUMBER TWENTY-EIGHT.

SPOKEN THRO' J. M. A. TO S. S. A., AT DIMON, KANSAS, SEPT. 27, 1879.

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

We ar glad to congratulat yo upon the suc-ces of our enterpris, which is ner at hand—theo the tim seems long that we hav spent in preliminaris. We ar glad to se the fruition of our hopes clos at hand. We wish to se yo comfortabl and hapy in yor hom in Mas., for the present, or as soon as yo can reeh the sam. We hav much to sa, but not now. Ther ar som things to be recht between now and Spring, to mak the wa esier for yo to bild up Hom-Scool conditions.

We shal mak an apel, we think, befor long to the friends of Spiritualism and Spirituality everywher. The tim has nerly arivd for Spiritualism to becom an organic power in the world, thro' local asociation, on the productiv, distributiv, equitabl and fraternal basis; and we hop to tuch the warm harts and wiling hands of som of the many friends of progres, scaterd throout the world and redy to respond, when ritly apeld to for definit, practical aid, in the esential work which lies before them, if tha wud becom realy upblders of humanity and co-operators with the Angel-world for the inushering of the rein of pec on erth and good-wil among men. The whels of tim must not rol bakward and envelop humanity in the darknes and mists, superstitions and crueltis of the "Midl Ages"; but practicaly such ma be the cas, if Spiritualists, if the realy progresiv element of society, be not redy soon to institut ASOCIATIV LIF upon the planet—for self-protection, mutual advancement, and the succesful inauguration of a system that contans within itself the germs of universal prosperity, absolut liberty, justic, purity and rituaness.

Awak, O Spiritualists! if ye wud discern the signs of the tims! The trumpet cal of angels arouses ye to action, in the pecful work of soci-etary reconstruction, on the immutabl basis of Spirituality, which is Nature, refind, educated, harmonized.

THE essence of true nobility is neglect of self. Let the thought of self pass in and the beauty of a great action is gone, like the bloom from a soiled flower.

HE that precipitates a return does as good as say, I am weary of being in this man's debt.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

HOW SHALL WE SPELL?

BY JAMES MADISON ALLEN.

PLAN NO. ONE.

Thos ho, having lerned the comon speling, wud nevertheless be glad to exercis the "inalien-able rit" to the yus of *comon sens*, evn whil rit-ing or printing English with Roman letters, ma in larg part acomplish their emancipation from speling-bok and dictionary bondag by adopting the foloing plan, to wit:

FOLO THE "DICTIONARY" SPELING, EXCEPT

1. Lev out "silent," superfluous, yusles letters. For *won* sound yus but *won* leter, (except mainly in the case of *sh, th, wh, ng*.)

2. *Substitut a* for *e*, as in "sleigh, they"—sla, tha; *o* for *eau*, as in "beau"—bo; *o* for *aut*, as "hautboy"—hoboy; *f* for *gh, ph*, as in "tough philosophy" (!)—tuf filosofy; *t* for *ed*, as in "wished"—wisht; *wo* for *o*, as in "one"—won; *yu* for *u*, as in "use, union"—yus, yunion; and mak *any other* similar substitutions yo may think wil bring the speling nerer the pronun-ciation.

By this mod of speling, a riter or compositor wil acomplish as much in eit ours as in nin by the old method; and the cost of books, maga-zins, newspapers, etc., wil be redust in the sam proportion—amounting in the agregat to a sav-ing ov milions ov yers and hundreds of milions of dolars in a singl generation. Why ned any won continu under bondag to the fashionabl or-thographic "trals, flounces, furbelos and fixings," when a "dres" for the languag is at hand, mor simpl and rational, and every wa beter?

The riter has for som tim bin in the habit ov placing at the hed ov his letters, in corespondene, the words, "Can't aford silent letters," or "Ples excus me from riting silent letters"; which re-levs him from the o'herwis stigma of "ilitera-cy." Lik the funy Josh Bilings, ho considered himself "a litl ahed of Jorj Washington," be-caus whil the later "cud not tel a li," he "cud, but he wudn't"; so any won ho chooses ma sat "I can rit yusles letters, but I won't!" Why not hav an "Anti-Silent-Leter Asociation"? Ech member agreing to omit yusles letters in privat riting and corespondene.

The mod of speling herby illustrated is about as nerly corect and natural [*i. e.*, as nerly in acordanc with the pronounciation] as is practic-able with an alfabet which has but 26 letters—a litl mor than haf enuf to represent al the sounds of the languag.

PLAN NO. TWO.

The plan of spelling, "No. 1," while meeting in the main one of the requirements of true or-thography, viz.: *one sound, one letter*, fails to meet the second requirement, viz.: *same sound, same letter*. The same sound (in common spell-ing) is often represented by different letters in different words, and even by different letters in the same word; and the same letter represents different sounds at different times. We there-fore need to go further in our work of rectifica-tion and emancipation, and if we do not discard entirely our present (Roman) alphabet, at least enlarge it by adding a sufficient number of new

letters to make the whole number just equal to the number of elementary sounds heard in the language; and then assigning to each particu-lar letter one unvarying sound, and to each par-ticular sound its own unvarying letter. This will enable us to reduce English spelling from a chaotic mass of absurdities and contradictions to a simple, reliable, rational system; and the art of reading and spelling English would be-come one of the easiest of human attainments, instead of, as now, one of the most difficult. How to add so many new letters without de-stroying the mutual harmony of appearance, is a somewhat difficult problem. It may be quite well done, I think, as follows: *firstly*, let the "new" letters be derived from the old, by turn-ing or clipping them, using accout-marks, small capitals, italics, etc.; *secondly*, give to the old letters the value they most frequently have in the old spelling, and to the new letters such values as that when put into words the general appearance shall be as nearly as possible like that to which the eye has been accustomed; so that, *thirdly*, any one familiar with either style of spelling can read without difficulty the other. Let us now bring together our material, fix the values, and for convenience put the whole in table form, thus:

ALLEN'S EXTENDED ALPHABET, OR AT-AY-AH;

[For spelling English words as they are pronounc-ed, with common letters.]

1. CONSONANTS.

The consonants b d f h j k l m n p r s t v w y z sound always as in bay, day, fay, hay, jay, kay, lay, may, nay, pay, ray, say, take, vale, way, yea, zany.

c sounds always as in ocion, vicious, t in no-tion, sh in she, s in sure; never like k, as in can, and is named "she."

g sounds always as in gavo, go, gig; never like j as in age, George, and is named "gay."

j undotted j, sounds as French j in jour, English z in azure, or s in vision, and is named "hay."

s clipt at bottom, sounds as th in there, thy, and is named "the."

ll clipt at bottom, sounds as Thayer, thigh, and is named "thee."

u. (ũ) turned fi (or Spanish n) sounds as ng in singing, or n in ink, and may be called "eng."

tc sounds as tch in itch, ch in each, and is named "che."

wh sounds as in which, why, and is named "who."

'l sounds as le in riddle, and is named "l."

'm sounds as m in rhythm, and is named "m."

n sounds n in ridden, and is named "n."

2. VOWELS.

The vowel-letters a o i o u have always their so-called "short" (more properly, *light*) sounds, as in mat, met, mit, Mott, mud.

æ, (or accented a,) sounds as a in ale, make, able, ay in may, ey in they.

ø, (ē) invorted a, sounds as ee in eel, feel, e^o bo, i in machine.

i, (or accented i,) small capital i, sounds as i^o icy, y in my, ie in die, uy in buy.

o clipt small capital q sounds as o in old, ho^o on in oak, ough in dough.

u, (or soft u,) inverted m, sounds as u in mule, mure, ow in mew, eu in feul.

A inverted v, or small capital A, sounds as a in arm, papa.

undotted i sounds as i in bird, birth, y in myrrh, o in her, ni in squirm.

turned e sounds as ough in ought, aw in law, au in haul.

clipt A inverted, sounds as o in whole, only, smoke, comb, on in cloak.

Q sounds as o in do, to, oo in ooze.

Q inverted Q sounds as the diphthong ow in how, now, ou in out, ough in bough.

U, (or broad u,) small capital U, or u clipt at bottom, sounds as u in full, oo in good, ou in could.

The heavy vowels I A M U O Q I B U are named by pronouncing them. The light vowels u a e i o Q U are named by pronouncing them with a following t-sound, thus, ut, at, et, it, ot, ut, ut.

The accented letters, Spanish n, a with downward accent, o with horizontal accent, i with upward accent, u with horizontal accent, u with circumflex accent, may perhaps be thought preferable to y m u i u i u, but are not at hand in every printing-office. Doubling a letter prolongs its sound; as (if the distinction be thought necessary) aa kaar, faar, saar, (care, fair, there).

With this alphabet, the whole art of pronouncing and spelling English words may be "put in a nut-shell." Thus:

Rule First, for the Reader.—PRONOUNCE all the letters you see.

Rule Second, for the Writer.—WRITE all the sounds you hear, and no more.

Rule of Accent.—Words of two or three syllables have their accent on the first, of more than three syllables on the last but two. Words forming exceptions to this rule have their place of accent indicated, by placing before the accented vowel a turned period, (').

Special forms for capitals discarded. A word may be "capitalized" by commencing it with a full-face letter; and may be "emphasized" by spacing, full-facing, italicizing, spacing and full-facing, or spacing and italicizing.

There being no silent letter nor variableness of value, a word at the end of a line may be divided in the midst of a syllable as properly as at the end of it.

We are now ready to illustrate the practical working of "Plan No. Two":

Su ekatended alfabet prov'idz æ letir for etc elementeri sônd ov su iyglic laygwej*. Su æm letir haz olwæz su æm sônd, su æm sônd tæks olwæz su æm letir. no silent letirz, no ambiguiti. no unsirtenti hō tq spel or prondns. bi sis metlud sar iz no tædius læbir ov "lirniy tq apel" bi su m'emōriziy ov etc separat wîrd ov su laygwej; for etc wîrd "spelz it'self," and etc buk iz, so tq spæk, æ "pronqnsig d'keuneri." It rem'qvz su teuf obatak'l tq su edywukæcun ov nætivz and tq su spred ov qr laygwej am'uy

* The letters d and w would more fitly represent the diphthongal consonant here represented by j.

forœnirz. overi printiy ofis kontmæz ov su letirz ov su alfabet, and overi printir hq teqgez kan at wuna ywæz it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TURNUED AWAY.

It may have been. Who knows? Who knows?

It was too dark for me to see:

The wind that spared this very room

Its low last leaves, could hardly be

Bolder of voice than he.

A foreign prince here in disguise,

Who asked for shelter from the rain.

(The country that he came from lies

Above the clouds,) he asked in vain,

And will not come again.

If I had known that it was He

Who had not where to lay His head!

But my Lord Christ it cannot be—

"My guest-room has too white a bed

For way-side dust," I said.

—(Mrs. S. M. B. Platt.)

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

MEDICAL HINTS.

BY M. THURRA SHELHAMER.

IN coughs, pulmonary complaints, or sharp defluxions upon the lungs, the following daily drink is most excellent: Boil three ounces of roots of marshmallow, one ounce mullein leaves, and one ounce good raisins in three pints of water, till one-third is consumed, allowing it to stand some time to settle before using. Sugar may be added if desirable.

A DECOCTION OF SARSAPARILLA, for strengthening the stomach, purifying the blood, and improving the general tone of the system, may be prepared as follows: Take two ounces fresh sarsaparilla and one ounce shavings of guiacum, add three quarts water, and boil over a slow fire; towards the end, add one ounce sassafras and three drachms licorice; strain. To be drank freely during the day. This drink is most excellent in a humorous state of the blood.

A GOOD GARGLE FOR INFLAMMATORY QUINSY of the throat, or for cleansing the tongue and fauces in fevers, is prepared by mixing one and a half drachms nitre and one ounce pure honey with six ounces cold water.

OBSTRUCTIONS OF THE KIDNEYS and attendant passages may be removed, if attended to early, by taking two teaspoonfuls, two or three times a day, of the following mixture, which any druggist can prepare for you: Six ounces mint water, six drachms vinegar of squilla, half ounce spirit of nitrous ether, one and one-half ounces syrup of ginger; to be well shaken.

A GOOD COOLING AND DIURETIC POWDER for fevers, or obstructions of the kidneys: Ask your druggist to pound together four ounces gum arabic and one ounce purified nitre, and divide the whole into twenty-four powders: one powder to be taken twice a day.

A LAXATIVE AND AROMATIC POWDER, for flatulency and constipation, may be made by pounding and mixing well together, two drachms each of rhubarb, cinnamon and sugar—the pulverized ingredients are the best, dispensing as they do with pounding. A teaspoonful once a day is a dose.

IN connection with the above and all other medicines, which only assist nature to throw off accumulated matter, and regain her equilibrium in the system, perfect cleanliness, good air, outside exercise, plain and wholesome food, early hours, and plenty of sleep, must ever come in as attendants.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

ANSWER TO DR. A. S. HUDSON'S CRITICISM OF SPEAR'S MODE OF CURE.

BROTHER Hudson is a stranger to me, and I never knew but a few men that bore his name. Over fifty years ago, I knew the Rev. Eli Hudson, who, when the water froze in his pump-logs, stood over them and prayed, expecting his prayer would thaw the ice in the logs beneath; but he failed, and he said his failure was for lack of faith. That may look very foolish to some; but in our opinion it was no more foolish than it is to try to drive diseases from the system by poisonous doses, that are more detrimental to the system than the diseases that such doses are given to cure.

Our unfortunate brother commences by a puff on Brother Denmore, because he failed to cure some that he thought he could cure, and that was consoling to Brother H., and looked to him like science and sound philosophy. And is it really so, that a medical doctor thinks failures are the result of science and sound philosophy? If that is so, medical doctors are of all classes of men the most scientific, and have the most sound philosophy; for they meet with the most failures. We had supposed that science and philosophy were preventatives of failures. Brother H. was consoled by Brother Denmore's failures, because such would be likely to give him a chance to peddle out some of his poisonous drugs. It is not a very good spirit that rejoices at the failures of those that are trying to do good.

Brother H. seems to think that my contributions spoil good paper and the little respect that even children have for drugs. Thank him, for giving me the credit of spoiling the little respect that children have for drugs; for that is just what I would like to do, even if I do spoil a little "good paper" in doing it. When I have spoiled as many sheets of "good paper" as medical doctors have killed of human beings by giving them poisonous drugs, I will stop writing. A medical doctor of high standing said, "We have killed more with our drugs than it would require to people any State in the Union." New York contains about five millions. Another eminent M. D. said, "It would be better for mankind if all of the drugs were emptied into the sea, but bad for the fishes." It is reported that medical doctors killed so many with their drugs in France, that for a number of years they were not allowed to practice, and that there were less deaths in France then, than when medical doctors were allowed to practice.

Medical doctors get their living by the ignorance of those that they doctor; and while their drugs kill their patients, they get a good living by dealing them out; and it is not at all strange that one of them should be so overcome, while reading what would enable people to cure their

diseases without drugs, that his blood would cease to flow freely, he being partly paralyzed by the thought that his means of living would be injured, and a "cold" would be the natural consequence. No one will ever take cold while the blood circulates freely, and the system is free of diseased, or worn-out matter.

Brother H. wants to know if I can tell when there is a surplus of bile in the stomach. Bile has no business in the stomach in any quantity, as it injures the appetite, prevents the gastric juice from flowing into the stomach, and retards digestion; and as the gall empties into the duodenum about three inches from the outlet of the stomach, and its office is to stimulate the bowels, not to assist in digestion, it never flows back into the stomach except when it is in excess, and of poor quality; therefore, there is no difficulty in telling by the countenance and pulse when there is a surplus in the stomach. But when one is so filled with diseased, or worn-out matter, that a crisis is induced by reading about how others have been cured without drugs, and terminates in a "cold," and runs off in blackness at the ends of the fingers, even at the point of the pen held in the fingers, we know, without seeing the patient, or feeling the pulse, that there is a surplus of bile in the stomach; that is, if the symptoms are reported correctly.

Brother H. kindly informs us that all that the medical world know of bile it learned of one man. If that is so, it seems to account for the ignorance of the medical faculty. I once heard a man say that it took everybody to know everything; and I have thought that there were some things that are not yet known to any but the Great Infinite.

Brother H. wants to know if bile can be dissolved; speaks of it as though it were the same as water, or alcohol. Water dissolves by being exposed to the rays of the sun, and becomes a mist. Alcohol dissolves when the water, that holds the gases in combination, of which alcohol is composed, is dried away; the gases separate, and the alcohol is no more. Alcohol is one-half hydrogen, one-third carbon, and one-sixth oxygen; and it is the hydrogen that is left in the blood of the inebriate, that causes his blood to burn, giving off a blaze. Water is composed of only two gases—oxygen and hydrogen; but bile is composed of four gases—oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbon. Carbon is a poisonous gas. Gall is something besides water, and becomes a hard, solid substance when the water is dried out of it. After it leaves the gall bladder, it is called bile, and is a tough, ropery, or stringy substance, and adheres to the stomach, and acid is all that is yet known that will cut it up, or dissolve it, and free its hold on the coating of the stomach. Water is taken up by the absorbents and carried into the blood, and disseminated through the system; but bile is not taken up by the absorbents like water, but adheres closely to the stomach. If bile is a solvent of itself, perhaps brother H. can tell us what it is a solvent of. We know that bile is partly dissolved by water, but not fully, and it requires acid to cut it up, and set it free. It does not pass at in digestion.

It is reported that Elder Swan said, "Oh,

Lord, shake my daughter over hell till she will squeal like a raccoon, but be very careful and not drop her in."

I don't know whether Brother H. has been shaken over the sulphurous lake, which makes him have such a dread of sulphur.

Sulphur is, like calomel, an alterative; but not like calomel in its dangerous, or bad effects; and humors seem to dread its approach as much as our Brother H. seems to.

After a lady had been doctored by a very knowing M. D. a long time, and he had given her up to die of consumption, she commenced taking sulphur and molasses in moderate quantities, and in four days her cough was cured, and she was fast gaining in general health. A very large proportion of those that die of consumption, might be cured by taking sulphur and molasses, to dislodge a scrofulous humor from the lungs, before ulceration commenced. Brother H. need not be afraid of sulphur, unless there is so much internal fire as to cause it to ignite and burn. In such cases, I never recommend it.

We thank him for his good will in giving his mode of curing quincy; but as we have a way of curing such diseases without poisonous drugs, much sooner than he claims his mode of cure can, we do not expect to have occasion to use his prescription.

If Brother H. knows anything that will benefit mankind, we want it. No matter if we do happen to know of something better; for we believe in free speech and a free press.

I am expecting to write more about how to cure diseases without the use of poisonous drugs; and if Brother H. thinks my articles spoil good paper, and the little respect that children have for drugs, I propose to him, if he won't read any more of my articles, nor hear them read, and will send me his bill of the fractional part of the paper of the next volume that my articles spoil, together with his address, I will remit the pay for the same, so that he may not suffer loss by what I write.

Medical doctors have got their living quite too long by keeping their patients in ignorance, and they dislike to have the people know how to cure their diseases without calling upon drug doctors; and especially when the respect that children have for drugs is spoiled.

Now, as Brother H. has got a little in advance of the medical world generally, we hope he will continue to progress, not having given up all hopes that he will make a useful man yet; but his low witticisms not being in good taste, may detract from the good that he might otherwise do.

JACOB A. SPEAR.

The following is an easy way to rid a house of rats and mice: The latest expedient for ridding a house of rats is furnished by a writer in the *Scientific American*, who says: "We clean our premises of these detestable vermin by making whitewash yellow with copperas and covering the stones and rafters in the cellar with a thick coat of it. In every crevice where a rat might tread we put the crystals of the copperas, and scatter the same in the corners of the floor. The result was a perfect stampede

of rats and mice. Since that time not a foot-fall of either rats or mice has been heard about the house. Every spring a coat of the same yellow wash is given to the cellar as a purifier as well as a rat exterminator, and no typhoid, dysentery or fever attacks the family."

(Selected by M. T. S.)

SOME DAY.

"SOME DAY," we say, and turn our eyes
Toward the far hills of Paradise.

Some day, some time, a sweet new rest
Shall blossom, flower-like, in each breast.

Some time, some day, our eyes shall see
The faces kept in memory.

Some day their hands shall clasp our hands
Just over in the morning lands.

Some day our ears shall hear the song
Of triumph over sin and wrong.

Some day, some time—but oh, not yet;
But we will wait and not forget.

That, some day, all these things shall be,
And rest be given you and me.

So wait, my friend, though years move slow,
The happy time will come we know.

(For the Voice of Angels.)

THE REMARKABLE COMMUNICATION OF SPIRIT SALMON P. CHASE.

CONCLUDED BY REQUEST.

GIVEN THROUGH MRS. EMMA CARTER, MEDIUM.

DEAR DENSMORE,—The more I read Spirit Chase's communication, the more I see in it; and its turgidity absolutely dissolves into terseness of expression, of great and comprehensive thought. Look at the terse, figurative expression, and the concentrated, comprehensive metaphor he sometimes uses. It is really astonishing! If the Spirit is not the one he purports to be, surely I cannot tell who it is. Here is the conclusion:

SPIRIT CHASE TO ME.

"We are sometimes shaken, brought back by the revolutions which shake our material web, when the enormity of all our passions takes possession of us. This in fact was one of the causes of our earnest desire to communicate back to our home foundation. We have a child, bro't up with undisguised freedom. We left her an orphan, in the charge of a barbarian, made so by the excess of gross passion and ignorance combined. She has children, who call from us our tenderest sympathy. We feel the injustice of her position, and denounce the press for making a tool of so frail a subject to defend their political intrigues. We made a sacrifice of everything that belonged to us for the good of our country. We thought to have died, leaving behind us a name unspotted—that our child, partner in our toils, would carry out our fair fame, and be held up by our people as one of the cherished daughters of the Rebellion of

61. But now, when every ear who can wield a pen, takes up her private affairs, and parades them before the public, the consciousness of shame comes over us, and we feel indignation uncontrollable, and can never rest until we see her severed from the bonds which bind her to so foul a prey.

"We did not intend to say so much; but as our ire strengthened our power to control, and grows stronger, we feel ourselves almost in the garb of our old body.

"It is not only myself feels this shame, but our partners in the Cabinet, with our honored Presidents, Lincoln and Johnson, feel it. The earth has not lost their influence. They will not see their labor frustrated. No usurper will ever take his seat in the Presidential chair, however much is spent to consummate that.

"And now, respected Judge, we will close, feeling better that we have unburdened our thoughts to you, knowing you can appreciate what we have said. A host of friends surround you, wishing you every prosperity. One thing I particularly wish to say to you, your riches are here, not there. You will find us all ready to meet you—a goodly company of like natures. As we have come, and know and see, so will you follow.

"Yours, most respectfully,

"SALMON P. CHASE."

This, then, is all of the communication. Was I not right in saying it is remarkable? So it is, in every point of view you look at it, I think,

Your friend,

A. G. W. CARTER.

CINCINNATI, NOV. 17, 1879.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

AN INSPIRATIONAL MESSAGE.

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

Come up higher! Exalt yourselves in righteousness, and take a new hold upon Spiritual things by your exalted idea, and by your nearer approach toward the true and beautiful life. Harbor no unclean thoughts about you; they are the moths that will breed pestilence and ill. Cultivate all the noble and pure attributes of your lives; these will be your adornments in the World of Spirit. Think not you are going to lose anything by your absorption from the mortal form; human beings are always human, and no change of conditions can affect a law that is infinitely stamped upon the character.

It is the nature of mankind to be progressive; hence man naturally and inadvertently grows toward that which is

good; but by a false and injudicious system of things, too little care being exercised in the mental and moral training, the mind is often robbed of its natural bent, and much harm and injury done. What we want is to cultivate nature in harmony with her own laws, and not be found fighting against her; it is unnatural and inhuman to our humanity. Any perversion of natural law brings suffering, and we pay a penalty, whether we transgress the law of life, that would lead us to good sound bodily health, and are weakly and effeminate thereby, or whether it be the moral law of our being that incapacitates us from clear thinking, and we are lost to our true estate of what is the birthright of every human Spirit, under the wise provision of Nature's gospel, with all her plans and purposes faithfully carried out.

There is no need of all this bubble and commotion that exists in the world of Bible theology. When a man dares to think for himself and express his thought to the world about him, it is his divinity that is being brought out, and he is emphatically a better man for rising up and giving use to that which is within him. It is not wise to preserve our powers latent within us, but to bring them out and let them fructify and bloom in the genial soil of earth. Perchance we may do some good to others, and by bringing our thoughts in contact with the world about us, we may help to soften its prejudices and to break down its strongholds of opposition and bigotry.

INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

THE BENEDICTION OF LOVE.

BY SPIRIT JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE, THROUGH MRS. M. T. SHELHAMER.

[Dedicated to the Readers of the Voice of Angels.]

When the soul of man incarnate
Thrills with ecstasy divine,
Drawing life and strength and gladness
From Love's rich inspiring wine;
When the spirit overfloweth
With Affection's shimmering dew,
And the inner life is quickened
With a sense of something new;—

Then a holy benediction
Rests upon the life within,
Casting benedictions of glory
Over all earth's noise and din;
Then a sacred dispensation
Comes to broaden out the view,
Through the veil of mists and shadows,
To Life's sweetest, brightest hue.

From the soul where Love abideth
Emanates a rich perfume;
In the heart that holds Affection
Flowers of peace and beauty bloom;
And though thorns amid the roses
Sometimes pierce with stinging dart,
Yet the sweetness of their beauty
Sheds a balm upon the heart.

For the soul is truly blessed
That can love in spite of pain;
And a holy benediction,
Like to sunlight after rain,

Purifies the clinging spirit,
Makes its heart to overflow
With the waters of Affection,
Blessing others in their woe.

So the Love that freely giveth
Brings a blessing in return,
Lifting even the soul in bondage
Nearer to that sunny bourne
Where the Angels praise in chorus
Him who reigns in peace above,
For His boundless gifts of glory,
For His matchless love of Love.

He who loves without distinction
All humanity abroad,
Walks in spirit with the Angels,
Dwells in sympathy with God;
And Love's holiest benediction
Breathes through all his throbbing life,
Drawing peace and calm submission
From all discord, pain and strife.

Love for human souls in bondage,
Sympathy for sin and woe,
Bring a blessing on the giver,
More than earth can ever know;
For his spirit is uplifted
Far above the common clod,
As he walks with man and Angels,
One step nearer Heaven and God!

[For the Voice of Angels.]

SPIRIT MESSENGERS.

BY M. LOUISE FRENCH.

JOYFUL hear we Spirit-tidings
From the realms of light and love,
Which the dear ones gone before us
Bring us from their home above,
As they send us words of greeting
From the happy Spirit-sphere—
Trusting words of cheer and wisdom,
Gently whispering, "We are here!"

Yes, they come through the VOICE OF ANGELS,
With their message sweet and glad—
Are they not our best evangelists?
Shall we ever more be sad?
And the influence, pure and hopeful,
From their glorious, radiant band,
Leads us ever onward, upward,
Till we reach the Better Land.

Oh I sit in silence musing,
While there comes a holier calm;
As I list, the heavenly music
Is to me a soothing balm.
Then the dear ones gather near me—
One I loved in childhood's day;
Her sweet presence is around me,
Though the years have rolled away.

Then they come—the well-known faces—
Father, mother, children too—
Smiling in their heavenly graces,
Oft present themselves to view.
Evanescence though they vanish,
But a glimpse, and all is o'er—
Still I know that they are living
On the sunny Golden Shore.

When we pass the vale of shadows,
When we reach fair Beulah's land,
Oh, how joyous then our greeting,
As we take our loved ones' hand!—
As we rise beyond the mortal
And the changing things of time,
Enter through the heavenly portal
To the beautiful summer clime!

WILDWOOD, West Groton.

You know that to give alms is nothing unless you give thought also; and that therefore it is written, not "Blessed is he that feedeth the poor," but "Blessed is he that considereth the poor."—*Ruskin*.

THE best way to enjoy things is to use them, and thus get the worth of our money out of them. There is no sense in gorgeous parlors kept in darkness.

THOSE men who are the most brilliant in society, are rarely amiable companions by the fireside.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION

FAIR VIEW HOUSE, NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS.

Spirit, by JUDD PARDEE, Editor in Chief.

" D. K. MINER, Business Manager

D. C. DENSMORE, amanuensis and Publisher.

NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS., DEC. 1, 1879.

MONEY-ORDER NOTICE.

THE VOICE OF ANGELS is published at Fair View House, North Weymouth, Mass., where all communications and articles intended for publication should be addressed; but as North Weymouth is not a Money Order office, all Money Orders must be made payable at the

Post Office at Quincy, Mass.

EDITORIAL

SPIRIT-GUIDES.

At the end of a business letter, received a few days ago, the writer asked the following question: "What use to mankind are Guardian Spirits, if they can't help us pecuniarily—at least, give us advice and counsel, by which we may get along better than most of us do?" requesting us "to answer it through the VOICE OF ANGELS."

The questioner evidently feels that the watchful care of disembodied Spirits over mortals should be exercised solely for the pleasure and profit of the temporal body. Spirit, although the first principle, the cause and potency of all life, permeating and controlling all things, is yet limited in its full expression by the barriers of crude materiality; and it is not always possible for disembodied Spirits, any more than embodied ones, to so sway and control the destiny of any human life, or to arrest disasters, or to alleviate physical suffering.

Each soul encased in a corporeal body has a certain amount of experience to gain, certain lessons to learn, and knowledge to acquire, before it can go on and up to higher conditions. It may be so circumstanced and conditioned on earth as to require strange, and often unpleasant experiences, in order to gain the necessary strength and wisdom it must have. Pain, sorrow and suffering may purposely be given the soul by loving guardians, in order to draw it onward towards the paths marked out for it to tread. Despair, disappointments and distress are the teachers who point it onward and upward to a better and more harmonious way; and the Spirit Guardians who watch over and care for it with immortal sympathy, undying love, and sweet tenderness, would not if they could avert those threatened evils; because they know that they are the true educators that will bring light, wisdom

and understanding to the struggling soul.

But it is not true that Spirit Guides do not stay threatened dangers, or ward off impending evils, that hang threateningly over their loved ones on earth. Thousands, yes, millions of cases might be cited, where mortals have escaped the serious dangers and crushing disasters, incident to material existence, wholly through the instrumentality of Spirit warning and advice; and would every mortal but heed the whispered admonitions within him, would each one of earth's children listen to the fraternal voice of warning sounding in his ears, instead of making light of them, and laughing them to scorn, as idle fancies of a muddled brain—if they would do that, much evil, pain and blighting sorrow might be averted.

The whole universe teems with Spirit-presence; mortality and everything in nature is swayed and worked upon by its influence; unseen Spirits walk the earth, whispering words of cheer and good counsel into the ears of all, and filling human hearts with beneficent thoughts towards the meek and lowly ones of earth.

Human incredulity—cultured skepticism, we would say—allied to selfish enjoyment, places a barrier in the way, that no amount of Angel-influence can overthrow. Vindictively, cruelly wearing the garb of offended justice, it stands in the way of Spirit-power; for this monstrous shape seeks to punish the crimes and evils of humanity, which result from blackest ignorance and superstition, fostered by selfishness, by the law of blood—"an eye for an eye"—retaliation forever; while angels would re-train, educate, and culture the souls growing rank and wild for the need of a sustaining prop, for lack of watering and weeding.

There is so much to be said concerning Spirit Guardians! They are all about you; the very trail of their spotless robes sways beneath your feet; and yet man, content to bask in his ignorance, turns away, and pays no more attention to the warnings, advice, or suggestions they are ever trying to impress upon him, than to the sighing wind or the rustle of the tiniest leaflet.

The span of mortal existence is but a drop in the great ocean of Eternity. Spirit Guardians realize this, and they make it their study to lead the souls of those under their charge over those roads that will strengthen and perfect them for the glory of life, even though the path is rough and thorny; though it be strewn with rocks, over which we stumble and fall. They guide us ever, never deserting, but always

breathing of the heights to be attained, and the crown of knowledge to be gained after the battle of life is ended.

CORRECTION.—The name "Dr. W. H. Garth, Laredo, Texas," a contributor to the "Tunie Fund," should have been "Dr. W. H. Gautt."

SPIRIT MESSAGES,

GIVEN AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE,
NOVEMBER 9TH, 1879.

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELLHAMER.

INVOCATION, BY ROBERT ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN.

INFINITE and Eternal Spirit! we lift our souls' sweetest adoration tonight in grateful songs to Thee. In review of thy care vouchsafed to us in the past, we bless thee for what that past has taught us of thy purposes and ways.

We thank Thee that we can sing our songs of rejoicing for what we have learned of the future!

We bless Thee that we know the loved ones gone before do live in a land of peace, and that they can return and point us to that home where sorrow and sighing are unknown!

Oh, for the knowledge of life thou hast revealed we praise Thee; and ever ask that thy messengers who know the way may continue to return and give to humanity the truth that shall fit them to live wisely and well.

We bless Thee for all thy love to humanity! Still continue to strengthen the weak and give succor to the needy ones, that the knowledge and hope of a better life may be scattered far and wide; that thine angels may have cause to sing to Thee a sweeter, nobler song of praise!

SUSAN H. DOWE.

GOOD EVENING, I would like to send a few words to my daughter Belle. I do not feel strong, but I think I can give what I wish.

Please to send my love to my sisters and brother. Father and mother and sisters all send their love also. I am often with my little Freddie, guiding and guarding him; I shed over his spirit the light of mother love, and I know his earthly course will be upright and just.

Be kind enough, please, to send my deep, abiding love to my daughter. Say that I am often by her side, to direct and sustain her. I strive to bring her strength from Spirit-life, and I always hold a blessing in my soul for her.

Whatever her course in life, I shall be near to guide and guard her. Her parents' blessing rests upon her from the Eternal World. All we ask is that our dear

children will ever so strive to live that when they come to us they will bring a record of a well-spent life.

I thank the good friends who have been so kind to my child; may their path be ever strewn with angels' blessings.

My husband is with me; he does not care to manifest, but he sends his blessing and love.

I could truly say, "I am going home;" and I did indeed find a home of rest. Dear mother, strong and beautiful, freed from the cares of physical life, and my sweet little Braddie, grown into beautiful youth, met and welcomed me at the gate.

My name is Susan H. Dowe. I thank you. Please mark my message and send it in care of Mr. Benjamin Clark, Washington, D. C.

DR. EZRA CUTTER.

This is novel, sir; but I feel it my duty to manifest. In our line of profession it becomes us to make known and profit by any new discovery we may make, for the benefit of mankind; and as I have discovered a truth in this Spiritualism, it becomes me to return and make it known; for I think the knowledge that our dear ones live after death, and can communicate to our hearts, will do more to assuage our griefs and heal our aching bodies, ill through heart troubles, than all the specifics the medical faculty can furnish.

I have not been in the Immortal World long as months or years go; but I have found work to do—real active work that calls out my best energies—work in the medical line. We have unexplored realms of medical jurisprudence yet to enter, which I feel will furnish a key to health, and teach humanity the wisdom of preserving health and the non-necessity for aches and illness. Therefore, I am learning, and hope in the by-and-by to give the results of my studies to others. I am well known in New Hampshire; long a resident of and practicing physician in Concord. I send fraternal greetings to all my friends.

DR. EZRA CUTTER.

LUCY PATTERSON.

I DON'T know about this; but there are those in the body who feel sad when they think of me, and I want them to feel at rest. I was told if I came here and spoke just as I would if I was in the body, I would feel better.

I don't know how long I have been away, but I don't think it is two years yet. I don't see very clear; the lady said I would feel better when I went away.

It was all dark to me, all sad. I thought I was better out of the world. I don't

think I am sorry for going out, but I don't see very clear yet. I think this is a pretty world, and there are kind people who try to help me; but I sometimes feel sad about the past. Every one is kind here and true; no one is false-hearted I think; and I am growing happy.

I was nineteen years old. I came from Bangor, Maine. My name is Lucy Patterson. I send my love.

SPIRIT VIOLET.

I WOULD like to say a word. I find I can come very easily tonight. Please give my love and the love of all who are with me to our darling parents, dear brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, cousins and friends. I remember each one with fond recollections, and often think of them in my own Spirit-home. Give my best love to my dear mother, and tell her I sympathize in her bodily pain.

Tonight, however, I come to send a few words of love and thanks to my dear Medium-friend, Mrs. Annie C. Rall, of Cincinnati. I appreciate the opportunities she has given me and others to manifest our presence through her organism. I bring her angel-blessings for all she has done for mortals and Spirits. I bring her kind remembrances and sweet love from loving friends in the Higher-Life. Her way is smoothed by angelic hands, which ever draw her upward.

She has seen me in Spirit in the past. I have drawn her Spirit out in quiet hours to my heavenly home. In the future she will see and recognize and tell to those I love the beauties of my Spiritual surroundings, and the developement of my Spirit-form.

I thank and bless and love you all.

SPIRIT VIOLET.

RED-WING.

RED-WING comes to talk to the pale-faces of the talking sheet. He comes to ask them to give out kindly words and pleasant thoughts to his red brothers on the plains. Red-Wing's brothers are worn and harassed; their papooses and squaws are starving before them; their lands are taken away, and they have no place of rest; their blood is on fire; they are tortured into retaliation; but the good Father who reigns above knows the red-man is not to blame. He is unjustly dealt with. The Spirit-faces are gathering for a mighty work, and Red-Wing comes to ask the pale-faces to think and speak and act kindly towards the red race, that on the waves of their sympathy the Spirit-World may gain power to do its work for the poor Indian. Red-Wing brings blessing to the Coun-

cil and to the people. May every heart grow glad with news from the Spirits' Hunting Ground, where the red-man and the pale-face rest in peace!

MESSAGES GIVEN NOVEMBER 16TH, 1879.

MARY GORDON.

I WANT to send a word to my son, who reads your paper. I have never come in this way before, though I have been away from the body many years. I have dear children with me; daughters, who send out their sweet love. My husband is also by my side, and sends the message that he sometimes returns to instruct and direct Will in the way he is to travel. The years fly swiftly by, and ere long all we love will join us upon the other shore. Even now the autumn of earthly life falls upon my son, and I want to say to him, Fear not; shadows of doubt, clouds of trouble, unfulfilled hopes, sometimes come up before you, and you wish you could leave earthly life; but wait, my son, wait patiently; the day of a new life shall yet dawn for you. Then you will know why your earthly life has been as it has; you will understand the reason why joys you longed for were denied; and in the company of those nearest and dearest to you, you will grow satisfied with all that has been yours.

My name is Mary Gordon. My love ever goes out to all my children. My son will see this and understand.

JOSEPH ROBERTS.

EXCUSE me, sir, if I tax your time; but it would give me pleasure to say a few things to my nephew. [You are welcome, sir.] I know how hard Fred is obliged to work day by day. We all know that his labor is wearisome and heavy, and we would help him if we could. I thought that I had provided somewhat for that; but I find that unless one divides his property, or places it where he wishes it to go while in the body, to superintend it himself, he cannot always be sure of having his wishes regarded and justice done. Now, I would have some things connected with my worldly affairs different, but I am powerless to do as I wish; for there are a set of positive minds in the way, that I cannot influence. But I want to say, I am working for something good; I shall bring light and help to F, and aid him in more ways than one.

My sister sends her love, and tells F. that health and strength will come to his home; but by-and-by it is possible the Spirit-world may think best to draw a dear one home. If so, the consolations of

Spiritual Truth will be the sustaining power that will say, "All is well." At present, we see nothing but restoration and vigor.

Mary bids me send her love, and her father also wishes to be remembered.

Joseph Roberts, sir, to F. H. Groves, Saxonville, Mass.

NELLIE MANSFIELD.

[A very sweet Spirit.] I do not know much about material things; I only know them as they appear Spiritually. I was almost born a Spirit. I never had a name on earth. But I have lived, I have grown into young womanhood in the beautiful Summer-land. All the powers and possibilities of the Spirit, contained in the germ of life within me, have been developing and unfolding, and I know what it is to feel the depths of human affection, the height of Spirit-sympathy.

My parents little dream that I so often come to them—not a blighted bud, but a maiden grown into maturity. They sometimes read your paper, and I have seen the half-formed, unexpressed wish arise, to hear from some loved one. And so I come to tell them that every one they ever loved, who passed from earth, dwell in a home above, and wait their coming; that life is eternal, and every hope that proceeds from aspiring souls ripens into fruition beneath the mellowing light of heaven; that I come to draw from their parental love rich strength that feeds my Spirit, and to impart peace and affection to them in return.

My parents live very near Boston. My mother is Helen Mansfield. I am called Nellie Mansfield in the Spirit-world.

WHITE FAWN.

WHITE FAWN come from far to the Council. White Fawn comes in justice to the Squaw Medies in the far West. White Fawn say Medies are true, are honest; for White Fawn has come and walked in material form and Squaw Medi was no fraud. White Fawn know Powell, Spirit-Chief; know Powell Chief to be strong, to use Spirit for good work. Me say, Chiefs be brave, be true to Squaw Medies. Spirit Council is in session, and great forces flow out to Ponce Lodge, that shall bring strength and new power. Me say to Medies, Fear not, gentle Squaws; those who are for, are far more than those who are against you. Be true to the Spirit Council, and the Great Spirit will bring you love, protection, strength and peace. Ponce brave in Spirit-love, send approving blessing.

To me own Modi me send greetings, and say White Fawn works.

Chief send this talk to James Hook, Terra Haute.

EVA MAY.

I'm going to send a letter to papa; so here goes. Dear papa, I bring you oceans of love and rivers of sympathy. The Doctor says, "Keep your head cool and feet warm, and eat plenty of apples." He's working for the poor; so am I. And so if you feel you can give me a Christmas box this year, just send it to the Tunie Fund.

Aunties send their love. Herbert is round lately; he is strong now, and he has joined a band to help on the temperance work; he just goes into it, too—no half-way; and he has helped more than one poor Spirit to throw off the desire for something to drink.

Uncle Joseph is working through a Medium in New York, healing persons by magnetism. Gusta sends her love, and wishes you a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." Her and I come real often to see you; we go to meeting and the Lyceum with you sometimes. I think you heard us singing the other night.

Well, I must close. Good-bye, with love.

Eva May, to L. C. Clark, Boston, Mass.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

THROUGH M. T. SHELLHAMER.

YATKA CITY, KNOX CO., ILL., NOV. 6, 1879.

D. C. DENSMORE:—Dear Sir,—I write you to say that in the VOICE OF ANGELS, No. 21, the Spirit-message, through M. T. Shellhamer, from Mrs. C. S. Roberts, is true in all particulars, except that one of the initials is wrong; that probably comes in copying.

I enclose you one dollar, for six months' subscription to the VOICE OF ANGELS. You may send me two or three extra copies of No. 21, for the odd change, if you choose. I have not much wealth, but at the end of six months may be able to send more. Thanks to you for sending the copy, also to the Medium, for the great satisfaction and gratification afforded.

Hoping and trusting Mrs. Roberts will still continue to visit your Circles, and that she will be permitted to communicate again, (which I have no doubt she will.)

I am very truly yours,

CHARLES L. ROBERTS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

INDEPENDENT SLATE-WRITING.

MESSAGE FROM THE SPIRIT OF J. BARNSDALL, TO W. BARNSDALL, OF TITUSVILLE, PENN., THROUGH MR. SOWER, MEDIUM, SECOND MESSAGE FROM THIS SPIRIT, GIVEN THIS WAY.

DEAR friends, as man grows into a clear perception of his true relation to the external world, to that world of matter in which he finds himself merely a worker, not an absolute owner or controller, he unfolds, at the same time, a more distinct

understanding of his relation to the interior of the universe, those principles through which all thought finds expression, and those laws under which all matter is molded in infinite variety of form. Investigate the truths of Spiritualism, and you will gain strength and knowledge fearlessly to pass through that which man calls death, but which we call life.

Accept my thanks for all kindness tendered us.

WRITTEN IN PRESENCE OF

Amos Chaso, aged 120 years;
T. T. Smith, aged 30 years;
Rebecca Kellogg, aged 53 years;
E. S. Anderson, aged 82 years;
Eddie Roberts, aged 10 years;
Gertie Farrell, aged 13 years;
Emma Whitmore, aged 33 years.

Spirit Writer, JOHN BARNSDALL, aged 73 years.

These Spirits are known in this place, and all but one of them it is learned gave their true age. Mr. B. cannot get any account of that one.

[This message was given, as here copied, in full sunlight, in the presence of William Barnsdall and wife, and six more persons, being written on a closed, tied up double slate, under strict test conditions, the slate-pencil being a small piece; it filled the slate; through Mr. Sower, Medium, Titusville, Penn.]

Remember and make all MONEY-ORDERS for the VOICE OF ANGELS payable at the Post Office at QUINCY, MASS.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

"LITTLE HELEN."

PHILADELPHIA, No. 1506 North 7th Street.

BRO. DENSMORE,—"Little Helen" is still the busy spirit of former days. She is ever on the alert to come where I am in the presence of a Medium, and not unfrequently when I am absent. The little angel-bird comes with a happy message to every one whom she finds true to the laws of nature in works of wisdom and love. On Wednesday last, at the afternoon Circle of Mrs. Powell, Helen came in a most joyful mood, and while holding both my hands, and manifesting the greatest delight with her "Grand-pap, Grand-pap," three growing natural plants were put upon the floor near my foot, and also a number of single roses. These were all fresh, and apparently just taken from the pots, and the roses fresh cut. One plant was for me, and the other two were designated by the control for two ladies.

While upon the subject of plants, allow me to state, that I have received twelve at different times when in the presence of Mrs. Powell, and the majority of them in and during daylight—several of them from

Helen. A few have come at our Spiritual Conferences on Sunday afternoons at Lyric Hall.

I am half inclined to think that Helen has transferred her interest from the "Angel-Voice," to "Mind and Matter," or, perhaps, only temporarily devoting herself to the latter. And why so? Because on several occasions she has referred to the Phila. paper, and indeed, has promised a poem for publication in it, as soon as she can have access to the Medium with favorable conditions. I hope she has not deserted the "Angel-Voice," which has been so pre-eminently the "letter-sheaf" of the "Little Spirits."

Here and now let me say that, in this communication, Helen has for the first time complained of or deplored the want of sympathy on the part of her mother; although she has not unfrequently referred to the indifference of her father and mother. The spirit of the message is full of sweet and tender regard for the mother; and its strong appeal should be a lesson to all mothers to heed the signals of love from their little ones of the "Golden Nest," in the Beautiful Beyond.

When questioned, Helen stated in reply, that Mary, her guide and teacher, helped her with the message.

Yours, etc.,

Jos. Wood.

Mr. TAUBSIG, Medium, March 10, 1879.

The following is the message of Little Helen to her mother, referred to in the above letter:

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—I am sorry you do not entertain a better opinion of my appearances: you do not appreciate these manifestations at their just value. I am Helen. My desire is to give you a full and complete manifestation of my presence. There is a wonderful magnetic connection between us. My nature requires the sustenance, companionship and sympathy of all my friends and relations.

"Death does not disassociate minds, if it does bodies. You would not treat me with scorn and contempt if I was living, and your indifference gives me pain and sadness; it disturbs the equilibrium of my life, and lessens my usefulness. Do not allow the false sentiments of society to deter you from a true gratification of your soul's desires. There are magnetic currents that attract me in various directions, and with these I must comply; because it is incumbent upon me to make my life as useful as possible. "Do not treat me as an intruder, but give me the love and welcome which is food and sustenance to my soul."

[For the Voice of Angels.]

OCTAVIA'S PRAYER.

'Tis the postman, with a letter
From my dearest, far away,
'Telling me he's doing better—
Will be home at some near day.

Left his friends, familiar faces,
Blessings, glories, all behind—
And the many vivid traces
Bearing record in my mind.

Now, ye gods, that proved so loving—
Loving in the days of old—
Always with the righteous moving,
Adding goodness manifold—

On my knees, I put a query
To ye, gods, that ruled the Past:
Do ye hearken to the weary,
As the Prophets that did fast?—

As the souls, devout and lowly,
Living lonely in their cave,
Where abode Thy Presence holy,
And thy Angels counsel gave?

Be as loving to my dearest!—
He hath left me lonely here;—
When in danger, be Thou nearest,
As the Prophets Thou wast near.

Now, ye gods, my query ended,
Hear him, if he faintly call—
Hanging from a web suspended;
Lift him up, if down he fall!

Let no Cleopatra's beauty
Keep this Antony from his Rome!
Poor Octavia lacks not duty—
Lend him, gods, I beg you, home!

[For the Voice of Angels.]

SPIRIT ECHOES.

NUMBER FIFTEEN.

BY SPIRIT VIOLET.

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELHAMER.

MORTALS cannot conceive the beauty and impressiveness of the lessons taught the children in our Spiritual Lyceums—expressed in words that convey to the young mind only ideas of purity and goodness, and illustrated by forms of beauty as found in the delicate, fragrant flower, the leaping stream, or the enchanting scenery of woodland life. In every thought expressed, in every musical chant, there runs a line of devotional gratitude and love towards the dear Father whose boundless care is exhibited throughout every form of life, and whose love permeates all things, that lifts the spirit into an atmosphere of contemplation, and brings it into a receptive condition favorable for the inflowing of high and holy influences from above.

And so every child develops its highest attributes of love, veneration and gratitude, and passing out to scenes of earth, becomes a messenger of immortal life to earth-bound souls, and a helper to the weary and the sad.

Oh, ye fathers and mothers, who weep in sorrow today because some darling has been taken from your earthly homes; did you realize how tenderly your loved one is cared for, into what a beautiful school your child has entered, to prepare him or

her to become a glorious messenger of life and light and peace to the weary and the sad, you would not mourn, but would rather rejoice that you had been permitted to offer up to the service of the Lord such a beautiful and pure missionary of love.

These Spiritual Lyceums, unlike your earthly gatherings of like import, convene daily; and the children and leaders, in constant association with each other, grow so in harmony together in sympathy and love, that they become a perfect whole, each one fitting naturally and beautifully into his or her place; and hence are enabled to perform an unequalled amount of good for humanity; and I have found that to these bands of holy angels, together with the efforts of the red race—our Indian brothers—belongs the credit of swinging back the pearly gates of immortal life, and setting them forever ajar, for the benefit of those who linger yet in mortal clay.

I would like to give you a specimen of the golden chain recitations I listened to at the Lyceum of Spring Garden City. The Guardian of the School recited the first line; the teachers of the various groups or classes followed on, in concert, with the second line; then the children of the first group recited the third line; the scholars of the second group the fourth line; and so on, until all had taken part in the golden chain recitations and become impressed with its beauty and devotional tendency; when all joined in the recitation of the last four lines.

I give it as nearly as I can through another organism:

Spirit of Life and Love!
To Thee our souls we bring,
And lay them on thy Fount of Truth,
Our purest offering.
Spirit of endless Peace!
Who worketh all things well,
To Thee our souls' divinest praise
In songs of gladness swell.

God of the wise and good!
Who rulest by perfect law,
Thy vast creations show thy power
Without a single flaw.
The storms and tempests sweep
Impurities away,
And after darkness brightly shines
The golden light of day.

The green fruit and the scar
Are but unripened good,
And every crude, imperfect life,
When rightly understood,
Will teach the human soul
Progression's deathless power
To beautify the living form
With perfect fruit and flower.

Father! we bring to Thee
All that our souls contain
Of love and reverence and joy,
Without one touch of pain;
And oh, we ask of Thee
Thy blessing evermore,
That we may walk still close to Thee—
Thou whom our souls adore.

THE load will be too heavy for us if we add to its weight the burden of to-morrow before we are called to bear it.

BRIEF NEWS ITEMS.

The developing circle held at this office every Tuesday evening by Mr. James A. Bliss, is very largely attended by ladies and gentlemen who are being rapidly developed into all phases of mediumship. Many are entranced and while in the unconscious condition give tests of a most remarkable character. The spirit-guides of Mr. Bliss work through him in a most positive manner and the results are very satisfactory to all interested.—*Mind and Matter.*

On Sunday morning next, we understand that Robert Harford Hare, Esq., of the Philadelphia Bar, son of the late Robert Hare, professor of chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania, will begin a series of lectures before the First Association of Spiritualists at Eighth and Spring Garden streets. Mr. Hare has for several years been investigating Spiritualism, and last Summer he spent three weeks at Terre Haute, where Mrs. Hare obtained, with her own apparatus, photographs of some thirty-five Spirits, twenty-five of which are recognized.—*Mind and Matter.*

A noble English woman, Miss S. Rye, has done one of the grandest deeds of the age. Thirty-two times has she traversed the Atlantic, with a cargo of street waifs, who were collected from the slums of London. For ten years she has labored in this way, and she has the satisfaction of finding her wards are leading orderly lives in good homes in Canada.

The eulogy delivered by Mr. Wendell Phillips at the Broadway Universalist church, South Boston, Thursday evening, Nov. 13th, on the "Career and Fame of William Lloyd Garrison," was a masterly production, and will be read with interest all over the civilized world. A synopsis of the discourse will be printed in our columns next week.—*Banner.*

The Philadelphia Christian Association, says a Boston daily, recently refused their hall to Rev. Mr. Giles, the eminent Swedenborgian. Dr. Magoon, of a Baptist Church, on hearing of it, tendered him the use of his church. When the time for service arrived there was such a crowd to hear him that hundreds were unable to obtain admittance.

R. M. Adams, of Vineland, N. J., is now busy fitting up a hall for spiritual meetings, in that city, by directions of his Spirit-guides.

Spiritualism can demonstrate to science that revelation is not contrary to and at war with nature; that inspiration is an actuality; that so-called miracles are not violations of but occurrences in strict accordance and conformity with natural laws; that existence beyond the grave is not an illusion but a fact—real, palpable, and tangible.

The third annual Convention of the Spiritual and Liberal Association of Texas assembled at Rankin's Hall, in the city of Hempstead, Texas, Oct. 30th, at 7 o'clock, P. M. The Convention was called to order by the President, William L. Booth. The sessions continued for three days.

Miss Mary F. Eastman and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe are preaching acceptably in various liberal pulpits in Massachusetts and Rhode Island from time to time.

Efforts are being made, we understand, to induce Prof. Denton to visit Australia and lecture.

J. Wm. Fletcher, now in London, proposes to visit the United States next Summer.

J. M. Peebles, now lecturing in San Francisco, is drawing large audiences.

THE best receipt for going through life in an exquisite way, with beautiful manners, is to feel that everybody, no matter how rich or how poor, needs all the kindness they can get from others in the world.

[From the *Religio-Philosophical Journal.*]

WHAT MADE ME A SPIRITUALIST.

I was born in Ohio, in November, 1831, of Christian parents, and have lived a sober-minded, truthful life ever since I was married in Illinois, in 1854; moved to Kansas in 1857; enlisted in Company C., 12th Kansas Infantry, August 23, 1862, and served nearly three years as a private soldier. My wife died in June, 1863. My captain was assassinated on the 2nd of April, 1864, near Hot Springs, Ark., and in February, 1865, I married his widow, and have lived in Paola, Kansas, ever since. During the summer of 1870, my attention was called to phenomenal Spiritualism, by certain peculiar circumstances or occurrences, which seemed worthy of attention, and in council with my wife, who was a materialist at the time, we decided to sit in circles and try to discover its truth.

As I was an ardent believer in the Christian religion and holding the office of Elder in the Christian Church, I began this new work by devout prayer, and by placing the Bible upon the centre of the table in our circle. Four persons formed the same, and for fully one year, two evenings each week, we met in our own home, and at neighbor L's. Some important, even startling phenomena occurred; but we all suspended judgment as to the cause of it; yet still thinking, waiting, testing, counselling, wondering, while I still held firmly to the faith of the church. One very hot day in August, 1871, an old lady came to our house, on foot, an entire stranger, and seemingly overcome with the heat. She approached where I was working among my plants in the front yard, and after looking about at the house and the surroundings, she said: "The angels sent me to this house." I was somewhat startled by her remark, and my wife hearing her announcement, stepped to the door and invited her in, calling her grandmother. I stepped to the well, and got a cup of water and gave her a drink. She was sitting in the big chair; the doors and windows were open, and the sun shining in at the south windows. The old lady said: "I came to bless this family. The angels have directed me to this house. I know nothing of the work I am here to do, and I would gladly shirk from the task if I could, but I am in their hands and must do their work." She had laid aside her bonnet, and she now leaned back in the rocker, placed her feet on a chair, a shudder passed over her person, a convulsive twitching of her limbs occurred, her hand was placed on her breast, she became rigid and death-like, her eyes fixed and staring.

I thought she was dying from fatigue and heat, and picked up a cup of water to throw in her face, when a significant rap came on the table, and admonished me to desist. I sat the cup down and began chafing her temples to revive her; again the rap said, "No." My wife, overcome with the scene, left the room, and I was alone with what I regarded as the corpse of a stranger. I examined the form before me, and pronounced her dead. On examining her features carefully to decide whether I could recognize her, I was struck with the resemblance to my wife's mother, who died the year before

with cancer; but this was not her body, and this dead form was an entire stranger; something must be done. While these thoughts came hastily through my mind, I noticed signs of returning life—the limbs relaxed, the same tremor came over her, the features seemed rounded up, the eyes began wandering about the room, the form sat erect, and her eyes' met mine. I stepped to the door and called, "Wife, come here." My wife came from the adjoining room, and when she saw the form before her, she staggered back as if falling. The Medium said, "Why, Sarah, don't you know me? I'm your mother. Here's Tom. God bless you, my dear children." We took her offered hands, for we both felt that it was mother B. We sat by her side, and while she held the hand of each, she talked to us for one hour. She told us of her death scene, or what she called the "second birth" or spiritual resurrection; of her recognizing all her friends who attended the burial of her body; of her meeting with the relatives and friends who had preceded her to Spirit-life; of her beautiful home in the Summer-land; of the many scenes of beauty that she had surveyed since leaving the earth; that she had often been in our home, but could not make us recognize her presence; that through the persevering efforts of Captain B., in inspiring this Medium, she now had an opportunity to identify herself tangibly to us. She said that this was the happiest hour of her existence. She admonished us to lead good lives, to be ever faithful in our duty to the poor, the sick and dying; that the last kind act to the dying would never be forgotten in Spirit-life. Turning to my wife she said, "Only a short time, Sarah, and you will be with me."

Finally she said, "Now I must go. My Medium is nearly exhausted and I can stay no longer. I will come again and visit you. Be good and kind to each other and the children. Tell them of this visit by grandma when they are old enough to realize it. Now good-bye," she said cheerfully.

The hands now relaxed their hold upon ours, the form sank back in the rocker, the limbs became tremulous, the right hand was placed upon the breast, the form became shrunken and stiffened in death; the life forces ceased their action, the body seemed dead, and for thirty minutes was motionless and rigid before us. Again the features changed their identity, the form revived, and here sat our former visitor, the stranger woman, that I now felt was a witch! We retired to the dining-room, and at dinner she told us of her experience during the time of the trance; that she was off with her Spirit-friends in heaven, having a good time; that she did not want to come back to her old wrinkled body; that the other old lady might have her body; that it fitted her better than herself.

After dinner we again sat in the parlor. I felt disposed to treat the whole thing as a huge sell; that in some mysterious manner we had been duped, and that the scene was at the best an unreal vision that had no basis in any fact. The old lady said that she knew nothing of what we saw; that the scenes she witnessed were real, or else there was no reality in earth

or in heaven. While this familiar conversation was going on between us, our visitor stopped short and said, "All right," as if in response to some one invisible to us. Her right hand struck a violent blow over her heart, and she fell back as if dead. I said, "Now wife, stay, and let's see what this thing is." My wife thought her dead, and for some time she did seem to be so. I began now to wonder who would come next. Am I to have a visit from my mother? The form now began to show signs of life. The features underwent a sudden metamorphose, and there sat before us the full rounded form of Captain B. The eyes wandered inquiringly about the room for a moment, then fell upon the face of my wife, and tears of gladness glistened in them as he clasped our hands in his, calling us familiarly, "Sarah, Tom!" He was overcome with emotion, and for some time did not speak. "Now," said he, "I want to talk with you face to face. I can hold this Medium for perhaps one hour. I wish you to satisfy your minds as to my identity. When you are perfectly satisfied as to my identity, that I am indeed Captain B., then is my work in that direction done. I have been in your home a thousand times. I know of all your joys, trials and cares. Since my birth into Spirit-life, I have contrived many ways to identify myself to you so that you could recognize me when I was here, and now I think I can accomplish it. If I fail, I will try again. Test me in any way you choose." My wife said, "It's Captain B.; I'm satisfied," and they talked of old familiar scenes.

Finally I said, "If you are my old Captain, you went to hell when you died, for you were an unbeliever, and you were immoral and bad in your habits in the earth-life." Laughing, he said, "No, Tom, not the hell you and I used to talk about. There is no lake of brimstone and fire, and I'm surprised that you still believe in such a delusion; but there are regrets and remorse; that is the hell I've had—regrets that I threw away so many golden opportunities in the earth-life; remorse that I gave loose rein to my appetites; that my own conduct led me into circumstances whereby my earthly life was brought to a tragic end; but (he soliloquized) I did not believe in any future life, and thought I might as well enjoy the few short days of earthly existence and have a good time. Now, I have reformed and am trying hard to bring to your knowledge the fact that we all live forever."

"Well," said I, "where did you go when you died?"

"Where should I go but to my old home where the attraction was? I went straight home. You know, Sarah, that I was there. I made the noises about the house, and the lights in the windows, and tried hard to get the neighbors to investigate, that I might prove it to you then that I was there, but they got scared, and I gave it up as a bad job."

"Well, Captain," I said, "you remember your assassination, and you know, perhaps, the man who shot you. Will you tell me who killed you?"

"No, Tom, I will not, for he is still on your plane of life, and I shall never inform on him. I'm opposed to capital punishment. I don't

want his body hung, for it would only make him mad and not kill him. That's the way society makes its devils. It hangs its criminals; the criminal still lives; his soul filled with intense bitterness, he seeks for vengeance, and through the law of psychological impression or inspiration, which is well understood in the upper spheres, he exerts his efforts in bringing every possible evil upon the people of earth-plane."

I asked him many questions regarding our former associations in camp life, all of which he remembered. He spoke of some incidents which I had forgotten. Looking me squarely in the face, he asked, "Tom, do you know me?" I said, "Yes, it's Captain B., once Captain of Co. C., 12 Kans. Vol. Inf. But I'm dumbfounded. How is this thing done? By what process?" He laughingly said, "I persuaded the old lady (my Medium) to go off on a visit, and I stepped into her house to stay while she was gone. She is having a good time with her friends, and so am I; but I must go. I may come again. Good-bye, and God bless you." He grasped our hands, a tremor passed over the form, the eyes glared upon us, the form sank back in the rocker, and seemed to shrink away—became rigid, lifeless! Again the form revived and our strange visitor sat before us. She said to my wife, "Who is this big Dutchman that was here while I was away? He's the most positive person I ever met. He's deviled the life out of me for years to come here. Now I hope that he'll let me rest awhile. Have you his picture? I handed her our family pictures. She readily handed out the picture of Capt. B., and said he was shot dead at a pine tree, away down South, during the war, and that he had been visiting her nearly ever since his death. She gave her name as Rachael H— of P—, Mo., and to our family was an entire stranger.

In the above narrative I have given a simple statement of facts, as I witnessed them in my own home in broad daylight. The same phenomena was witnessed by my wife, and we concurred in recounting every important feature of the occurrences. An account of these things was sketched by the undersigned soon after their occurrence, and the manuscript was laid aside. Wishing to leave the record for others' use or benefit, when I shall have gone on from the rudimental state, I send this to you, asking you to publish it in your paper. Many other startling things have been presented to me by my old Captain, which will, perhaps, never be written.

Kind reader, there is no condemnation in my philosophy for those who believe not; reject, if you will, this simple narrative, but try to have charity for its author.

J. T. HAUGHEY.

PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.
THROUGH MRS. SARAH A. DELAND.
MESSAGE TO D. C. DENSMORE.

LEOMINSTER, AUG. 23, 1879.

BROTHER DENSMORE,—I send a communication that came through my wife, while I was reading the VOICE OF ANGELS.

JOHN DELAND.

"VOICE OF ANGELS! yes, Voice of Angels, do I hear! Sweet voices of Angels from the heavenly spheres! May it spread from pole to pole! Tunie is doing a great work in the heavenly spheres. She takes the poor beggars by the hand, and points them to joys that await them in the Spirit-land.

"Work on, work on, ye angels of light! and the work you have begun will spread and spread, until all shall be brought within the fold. She says, Dear father, do not despair; for the angels are hovering near to guide and direct you in the path of wisdom and truth.

"May God bless Brother Densmore in his work!
WILLIAM WHITE."

[For the Voice of Angels.]

LETTER FROM IOWA.

DEAR BROTHER DENSMORE—Enclosed I send you a two-dollar money-order to continue the VOICE for another year—the surplus to be used as "Tunie" may direct: hoping that enough of its patrons will do likewise to enable you to consider your recent anxious inquiry and very reasonable requests, relative to paying arrearages, renewals, etc., fully and satisfactorily responded to. And, Brother Densmore, why should we not do so with pleasure?—for most assuredly we have much to hope and believe that it will continue to speak out in the future, in its own kind spirit and generous tones, as in the past—joyfully proclaiming a continued existence and a universal immortality—together with an endless Progression for each and every one of earth's children, whether dwelling on the hill-tops or in the caves; on the broad and beautiful plain or in the dark and gloomy cavern; in the fruitful vineyard or the barren waste.

Although but few, as yet, compared with earth's thronging millions, have *consciously* heard and realized these angelic anthems, yet let us hope, as we most trustingly believe, that these charitable, and therefore elevating tones, these kind, and therefore uplifting and harmonizing notes, may continue to descend from the mountain-tops on the "evergreen shore," like the dews of heaven on the parched ground, until every Gethsemane valley and barren desert shall be filled and attuned with the hopeful and peaceful melodies of the "spheres" of a bright and happy Summer-land.

Yes, believe me, Brother Densmore, had I not recognized the above to me desirable and sacred teaching and doctrine as being agreeable to, and harmonious with, the philosophy and teachings of what I understand included in the term "Spirit-

ualism," then had I not proclaimed her hal-
lowed name, espoused her sacred cause,
moved in her holy calling, nor labored in
her much-neglected vineyards. There-
fore, when I hear a person calling him or
herself a Spiritualist, and at the same time
defining it (Spiritualism) without using the
adjective "charitable," both as a prefix and
affix—i. e., in his premises and conclusions
—I at once conclude that he ascribes to
him or herself a sad and glaring misnomer.

During the past year, I have noticed
with deep regret an apparently steady in-
crease in the element of *uncharitableness*
in our ranks, especially among the erudite
or learned, as we are wont to call them.
If this spirit of envy or denunciatory crit-
icism is continued much longer, the most
unhappy results must and will follow.

Not unfrequently, our would-be leaders,
whether purely literary Spiritualists or
Mediums and editors, show about as much
familiarity with envious or defamatory
language in their criticisms, as the most
conservative, or, as I might add, *unscrup-
ulous* in the ranks of "old Orthodoxy,"
against phenomenal Spiritualism—the Me-
diums through whose instrumentality alone
our future immortality has been demon-
strated, and the competent, honest wit-
nesses, who declare what their "eyes have
seen, their ears heard, and their hands
handled!"

Does a Medium give expression to a new
or novel thought, clothed in its *external*
language not precisely attuned to the rules
of Cambridge or New Haven, grammatically
considered—or some distinguished person-
age, (made so in consequence of his or
her mediumistic qualities while on earth,)
announces himself present as the author of
a given communication—that does not *demon-
strate beyond the shadow of a doubt* that
he *knows everything* in heaven above or
earth beneath in relation to Spiritualism,
the control of Mediums, their brains,
tongues, hands, feet, etc., etc.; and there-
fore, should he make his "appearance" in
an unlocked room, as once "a man of sor-
rows and acquainted with grief"—and
should the witnesses dare to declare that
"We heard his 'burning words' through our
open ears, and saw his beautiful form with
our open eyes"—then it is we hear be-
lievers, Mediums, editors, etc., etc., crying
out, "Deception," "hypocrisy," "fraud!"—
as though, of course, *they* never did or do
say anything that friends or foes could or
should regard as otherwise than truly gen-
uine, fair, and unmistakably unerring,
giving *sure* signs of an exalted, if not
angelic origin!

We might name a number of our worthy
Mediums, their intelligent hearers, their
competent and impartial witnesses, who
have been treated little less than as mere
tricksters and pretenders—seeking, as it

were, after *nothing* worthy either our or
the public's confidence or consideration:
who, nevertheless, if they had meted out
to them their *deserving measure* of truth
and justice, would stand "head and shoulders
above" many of their critics.

But, Brother D., as I am warned that
I may be growing tedious, and as I do not
write to provoke discussion, and having
extended my remarks into a lengthy arti-
cle, instead of a business note of the ten
first lines, as I intended in the beginning
—yet, nevertheless, I feel that Brother
Pardee will pardon me for asking room to
mention one, who, as I believe, (and if I
am wrong in this, he will set me right,)
comes fairly under the head of the class
last above cited, as being in advance of at
least some of her complaining critics—the
remarkably noteworthy inspirational speak-
er, Mrs. Richmond. It seems to me, that
no truth ever stood up and out in a more
conspicuous attitude than the fact that most
if not all of the criticisms against this
gifted lady, as a worthy and reliable mouth-
piece for highly intelligent Spirit friends
and relatives to their sons and daughters,
husbands and wives, etc., etc., in the earthly
form are not only unwarrantably unjust to
the woman in question, but as humiliatingly
damaging to the truth, and the cause in
general! For, when we have shown to
our own and unbelievers' satisfaction that
Mrs. R. is and has not been one of the most
worthy inspirational Mediums, and as such
worthy of at least an average amount of
credit, whether in and of our ranks, or to
or for the public in general, and fully de-
siring encouragement, support, or honor,
if you please—then will we have also
shown, *and more clearly*, too, than any
carping unbeliever has yet done, or is
likely to do, that "Spiritualism" is a *most
stupendous and unparalleled delusion, a sad
and inexcusable humbug*.

Shall we, *who know better*, believe this?
Nay, verily, the priests, Carpenters, Bish-
ops, Cooks, etc., etc., to the contrary, not-
withstanding.

A. HARVEY INGLEDUE.
ALBION, Marshall Co., Iowa.

"TUNIE" FUND.

WE have been requested by the Band controlling the des-
tination of this paper to call upon those of our patrons who are
able, to contribute to a fund for sending the *VOICE OF AN-
GELS* 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:

Mrs. S. A. Ashley, Felton, Cal.,	\$0.50
B. Tanner, 67 W. Liberty st., Baltimore, Md.,	0.23
A. Turner, Norwood, Mass.,	0.35
A. Friend, Yreka, Cal.,	0.25
Chas. A. Brown, Henly, Cal.,	1.00
A. Harvey Ingledue, Albion, Iowa,	0.35
Geo. E. Skinner, Elmira, N. Y.,	0.35
"A Friend to Humanity,"	15.00

C. E. WINANS,

Test Clairvoyant and Business Medium.

He can diagnose disease, read the past and future by a
lock of hair; also give advice in business matters. By re-
mitting one dollar and two three-cent stamps will insure
prompt attention. Direct all letters to Edinburg, Ind.

LUTHER PAINE,

Clairvoyant & Magnetic Healer

Address—EDINBURGH, JOHNSON CO., IND.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, A Large Eight-Page Weekly Paper, De- voted to Spiritualism.

Established in 1865, it has overcome all opposition and
has attained a standing and circulation unprecedented in the
history of liberal publications. The most profound and bril-
liant writers and deepest thinkers in the Spiritualistic ranks
write for the JOURNAL. Through able correspondents it has
facilities unequalled for gathering all news of interest in the
cause, and careful, reliable reports of phenomena.

NEW SCALE OF PRICES.

(Strictly in advance; paper to be invariably stopped at the
expiration of the time paid for.)

One copy one year,	\$2.50
" " six months,	1.25
Clubs of Five, Yearly Subscribers, sent in at one time,	10.00
Clubs of Ten, Yearly Subscribers, sent in at one time, and an extra copy to the getter-up of the Club,	20.00

Hereafter we shall make no charge to the subscriber for
postage.

Remittances should be made by Money Order, Registered
Letter, or Draft on New York, payable to

JNO. C. BUNDY, Editor.

MERCHANTS' BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

BANNER OF LIGHT, THE OLDEST JOURNAL IN THE WORLD DEVOTED TO THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY.

ISSUED WEEKLY

AT NO. 9 MONTGOMERY PLACE, BOSTON, MASS.

COLBY & RICH,

Publishers and Proprietors.

ISAAC B. RICH,	Business Manager.
LUTHER COLBY,	Editor.
JOHN W. DAY,	Associate Editor.

Aided by a large corps of able writers.

The Banner is a first-class, eight page Family Newspaper,
containing forty columns of interesting and instructive read-
ing, embracing a Literary Department; reports of Spiritual
Lectures; Original Essays, upon Spiritual, Philosophical
and Scientific Subjects. Editorial Department; Spirit Mes-
sage Department. Contributions by the most talented
writers in the world, etc., etc.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, IN ADVANCE.—Per Year, \$3.00;

Six Months, \$1.50; Three Months, 75 cents.

Postage fifteen cents per year, which must accompany
the subscription.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Money Order on Boston,
or a Draft on a Bank or Banking House in Boston or New
York City, payable to the order of Colby & Rich, is prefer-
able to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost
or stolen, it can be renewed without our loss or the sender's.

Specimen copies sent free.
Advertisements published at twenty cents per line for the
first, and fifteen cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

MIND AND MATTER.

A SPIRITUALIST PAPER, PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN
PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

A SPECIAL INDEPENDENT AND LIBERAL SPIRIT-
UAL JOURNAL.

PUBLICATION OFFICE.

Second Story No. 713 Sansom Street,
Philadelphia.

J. M. ROBERTS . . . PUBLISHER AND EDITOR.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

To mail subscribers, \$2.15 per annum; \$1.00 for 6 months;
57 cents for 3 months, payable in advance.
Single copies of the paper, six cents—to be had at the prin-
cipal news stands. Sample copies free.

CLUB RATES FOR ONE YEAR.

Five copies one year, free of postage	\$1.00
Ten " " " "	11.00
Twenty " " " "	20.00

This is a splendid opportunity for News Agents in all parts
of the country to realize a handsome profit, without invest-
ing their cash capital.

THE SPIRITUAL RECORD.

The above paper is published weekly, at 14 Canal St.,
Chicago, and will contain in each issue the Mediumistic Dis-
course of

MRS. C. L. V. RICHMOND,

Before the First Society of Spiritualists of Chicago, the pre-
ceding Sabbath. It will also contain news of the Spiritual
World of interest to all believers.

Price two dollars per year; single copies five cents.
Wholesale prices, postage prepaid—100 copies or less, \$3.00;
200 copies, or less than 500, \$2.50 per hundred; 500 copies or
more, \$2.00 per hundred.

All orders should be accompanied with money order or reg-
istered letter, and addressed to

COLLINS EATON, Sec'y, 14 Canal St., Chicago.

Mrs. Ira B. Eddy,

BUSINESS AND TEST MEDIUM.

666 Fulton St., Chicago, Ill.