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LITERARY.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

OUR CHURCH.

THROUGH TRYPHENA C. PARDEE

[CONCLUDED.]

"LOOK above thee on yon sapphire dome—
Our Father's church that bounds all life—
Bids all his children call it "home";
His wisdom measures all their souls alike.

The great universe, beatified
With his eternal wasteless thought,
Holds all on Time's abounding tide
Heirs natural—not miraculously bought.

All minds unite in one great whole—
The church of dear humanity;
Life's tender light gilds every soul,
Upflowing to God's throne unceasingly,

And lifting grateful hearts in praise,
As each their shining pathway treads,
Fond heart-throbs proving God's own ways
To shores immortal, where no sorrow threads;

And wafting o'er the lilies waves,
Where angels life's sweet trophies fling,
Shout now, "No victory hath earth's graves,
Cold death can boast no more his bitter sting."

Hail, signs of human brotherhood!
Tall minarets of lucid light,
And azure gateways opening broad,
Downsifting dew-baptismal visions bright!

Times when no sister's eyes shall weep
For wrongs the tempter's bait hath wrong,
When newborn babes may sweetly sleep,
As heaven-lulled ones by angel-welcome sung;

When mothers feel no sting of sin
Because no father loves her child,
Nor outcast's wall nor drunkard's stain
Shall curse this earth with horrors drear and wild.

For man shall foster perfect Love,
And guide his sisters' trusting feet—
No murderous wars his bravery move—
For Life's great worth shall be his study meet.

When God's good will on earth is done
By loving human hearts and hands,
Heaven's joyous worlds join ours in one—
One hour-glass counting time and eternal sands.

Strong eagle-wings of common sense
Bury man to flowery heights sublime,
God's simplest laws the eloquence
Unfolding wisdom's charms, to bless all time."

Oh, Reason! give this Church a name!
"UNIVERSAL INVESTIGATOR!"
Seek Nature's truth—Love's noblest aim—
Life's highest good—thus worship our Creator!"

Hail, Living Church, not made with hands!
Thy burnished walls God's human souls!
The universe thy pastoral lands—
Unbounded Thought the priestly office holds.
ELLINGTON, N. Y. Nov. 9 1879

EXPLANATORY.

THAT our readers may understand our heading, I will say in the first place, that it is a scene I witness at every regular *seance* for Spirit-communications. As will be seen, I am represented sitting at a table, writing out what each Spirit has to say. Mr. Pardee, Spirit-editor of the *VOICE*, is sitting at the other side of the table, directly in front of me, with his left hand resting upon some books; while D. K. Miner, Business-manager, is seen standing at my left, some distance back, holding in his right hand a roll of paper; between the two latter, my angel-daughter Tunie is in the act of introducing a Spirit from the lower planes of Spirit-life, who is anxious to communicate; while directly back of them are two Spirit-friends of the communicating Spirit. All the other Spirits witnessing the scene compose the band of young ladies, often referred to in these pages, who employ their time in hunting up those needing aid, and assisting them to take the first step to a higher condition; many of whom are very low in Spirit-development; and not a few find out for the first time that they are disconnected from their earthly bodies, who think they are dreaming, and will soon wake to consciousness. Everything looks so natural, it is useless to tell them they are in Spirit-life, without giving them proof of it, which sometimes takes several sittings. When their Spirit-eyes are opened in reality, they then wake up to their true condition, and see things do go on; if

not as before, they go on in accordance with natural law.

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

[For the Voice of Angels.]

MESSAGE FROM ROBERT HARE TO DR FAHNESTOCK.

[THROUGH DR. O., CONTINUED.]

SEEKERS AFTER TRUTH.

Rise above the oppressive cares of life, with its clashing inconsistencies: call in the wanderings of the mind: fix it on scenes beyond the confines of this mundane atom known as earth; and now you can calmly view and appreciate the soul-sickening panorama.

'Tis the Sabbath; princely churches raise their steepled spires to heaven, clothed with costly decorations, the echoing reverberations of their ringing bells proclaiming their pretensions to God-appointment and indwelling divinity. Contrast this grandeur, this pomp, this display, with your recollections of the lowly babe of Bethlehem, who, although filled with the fullness of the "Godhead bodily," was so poor that he had no place to lay his sacred head. (Here, seeker, is the first matter of rejoicing: God is richer and better able to live in fine houses than he was 1800 years ago.)

See that purse-proud mass of living animalculi, whose faultless attire is of the finest texture; no wonder it shines and glistens. It was woven by extortion and usury, and sponged by the tears of disinherited orphans. By his side are his wife and daughters, the daguerreotyped likenesses of himself, the personified representations of the goddess fashion, the sublimated quintessence of human inconsistency and moral retrogression. Their steps are directed to the most fashionable among the fashionable temples, where marbled altars, with frescoed ceilings, teach humility. Turkey carpets, damask cushioned pews, with locked doors, and silver collection baskets, speak the cheapness and freeness of the gospel *sold out* within. See the trio have taken their places among the living aristocratic animalculization. Mark the motto above the altar—"The Lord is in his holy tem-

ple, let all the earth keep silence before him." Hark! hark! gently, like the "house of God." Hark, the swelling notes of the mighty organ break the silence and announce the worship of Heaven's King. Listen, 'tis an anthem—a man-constructed anthem, whose senseless repetition, accompanied by sacred pauses for inspiration, and as supposed to expiate Heaven's Majesty—to please Jehovah, who said, "When ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do." Oh, how eloquently the speaker declaims against the love of the world, its fashions and customs, its pomp and wealth; how clearly his eyes, veiled by his gold-mounted glasses, catch each varying emotion of his hearers, while the diamond studs visible in his bosom and the occasional display of his jeweled chronometer, so gracefully returned to its resting-place, prove how deeply he feels how sincerely he practices the doctrine of self-denial. Warned with his subject, how vividly he depicts the consequences of oppression and extortion; how earnestly he advocates charity to the poor, contribution to the freedmen and foreign! But what seems that interruption? Oh, it is only the serene remoting that gray-haired threadbare uniform from the pew of Hon. Mr. Somebody. True, he was perfectly orderly, Eusebius attentively, disturbed no one; but then, who knows that his glibness might not have vitiated the aristocratic organisms of the embryonic *corpus comitatus*, by a too close proximity to their maternal matrix? The certainly vain for Mr. Somebody to plead in justification of revealing the fact that Mr. Somebody's father acted as his grandfather's waiter, or that the Bible taught that "God had made of one blood all the nation who dwell on the earth." His great mistake consisted in his supposing that the God of the Bible had a place of worship there at all. Are you sick of this picture? From this, then, learn wisdom. The original of the sketch, less highly colored, 'tis true, but not the less carefully developed, is in your mind.

Act wisely; avoid the rocks on which others founder. Sell humbly on the sea of time to that source from which there is no material return.

ROBERT HARR.

Lancaster, Pa., April 25, 1880.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

A HINT TO SUFFERERS FROM NEURALGIA.—Several evenings since, I was attacked with a severe dental neuralgia. After resorting to friction, hot and cold applications, etc., without obtaining any relief, I lay upon my bed trusting that sleep might come and give me relief. Still the excruciating pain continued, and while I was suffering the "torments of the doubly damned," undecided whether to arouse some tired druggist for a bottle of chloroform or chop my head off, (with a decided preference, however, for the chloroform), I suddenly remembered me of what I had read of an anæsthetic which we always carry with us. Thereupon I began to inflate my lungs to their utmost capacity, and then forcibly blow out all the air I could. Immediately the pain began to lessen, and after a few repetitions of the process, it had entirely

ceased, being displaced by a delightful tickling sensation in the gums, and furthermore I know not for how long time it takes to tell it I was sound asleep, awakening next morning delightfully refreshed and without a symptom of my ailment left. Hence you see, I was not simply temporarily relieved, but entirely well again. I wish other sufferers would try this and report results.—Letter to the *Louisville Medical News*.

CURE FOR FROSTED FEET.—Three years ago, says a correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune*, I was a constant sufferer, having had my feet badly frosted the previous winter. The suggestion was made me by a friend to bathe my feet in a decoction of oak bark. Knowing that the leaf contains a much larger proportion of tannic acid than the bark, my mode of cure was in accordance with that fact, and I may summarize it as follows: Take a five-gallon wooden jar, fill with freshly-gathered oak leaves, and cover with water. Set on the back part of the cook stove, where it will be subject to a steady heat, but not brought to a boiling point. In four or five days the preparation will be ready for use. Let it be as hot as the feet can bear, and let them soak from twenty to thirty minutes before bedtime. With four or five applications the cure is complete.

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

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

CURE FOR CROUP.—Two teaspoonfuls vinegar, one and one-half soda, to be drunk while flaming: the feet of the patient to be immersed in water. If immediate relief is not obtained, repeat the dose.

TO PURIFY OFFENSIVE WATER.—A bushel of hard-wood ashes suspended in a cistern of one hundred barrels' capacity will accomplish this object with entire satisfaction.

BEANS AS FOOD.—There can be no better food than beans. They are full of nourishment and warmth. They are also probably the cheapest food used in this country. But to be really valuable they must be well cooked. As they are often brought on the table, they are bad for the stomach and bowels, because they are not cooked enough. Boil them till you can't discover the shape of a bean in a big dish-full, and they are then just ready to eat. The old distich which we here quote, simply means that you can't cook beans too much:

Beans porridge had been porridge cold,
Beans porridge in the pot some days old.

NOTHING is right in itself; neither is anything wrong in itself. That which produces good results in an individual is right to that one, although it may be wrong to millions of other men.—*Becher, in Banner*.

(From the *Belgian Philosophical Journal*.)

STORIES OF THE SUPERNATURAL

TOLD AT THE TABLE OF A FRENCH NOBLEMEN.

A FEW years ago, when in Europe, I took dinner with a relative of the famous diplomat and politician, Prince Talleyrand, who lived stylishly in one of the aristocratic quarters of Paris. After the repast, the party began telling yarns highly flavored with the supernatural. The following are some of the best of them:

My host, who was by the way a marquis, told a very curious story of his kinsman, Prince Talleyrand. The prince, in his youth, was enamored of a certain very beautiful countess, who was beheaded during the reign of terror. One day as the prince was out driving in the Bois de Vincennes, many years afterward, the coachman suddenly stopped, and Prince Talleyrand looking out of the window to see what was the matter, saw two ladies standing by the side of the carriage. One of them held the head of the dead countess at the carriage window and then withdrew. The prince, in the greatest consternation, called out to the coachman to know the cause of his stopping, whereupon the latter, with a gesture, pointed to the two figures, which were still visible. The prince drove hastily home, and calling his sister apart, related what he had seen; in the most terrible agitation. "My grandmother, who was this sister, told me this herself," quietly remarked the marquis on finishing the narration.

"But I have a more weird story than this," resumed the marquis, after the conversation that his strange recital gave rise to had died out. "One in which I was a principal actor myself." It happened during the French expedition to Mexico, while the American civil war was raging. The French army was encamped before Puebla. One day the hostler of the marquis's horses—the marquis was an officer of cavalry—came to his tent and informed him that a civilian was desirous of being presented. The marquis left the tent and followed the hostler to one of the outposts, where was found the unknown visitor. He was dressed in black and had white hair. He informed the marquis there was to be a battle that afternoon. The marquis, not a little surprised by his strange appearance and the confidence with which he predicted a battle, invited him into a tent where the fellow-officers of the marquis's regiment were dining. The marquis placed him by his side at the table. Pointing to a certain officer who sat opposite, the visitor said that he would be killed in the approaching battle, and told three others that they would be wounded, designating in each case the particular spot where the wound would be received. He also informed the marquis that he would be wounded, and was careful to say just where. While this conversation was going on, the bugles blew to horse, the officers hastily mounted and rushed into the battle, which had already begun. The old man in black was not thought of until after the fight, when the marquis found that everything that he had predicted had come true. The battle had occurred, he himself was wounded in the

very spot foretold, the three other officers were also wounded, and in the places designated, and the officer who was to die had been killed among the first in the onset. But the most curious feature of the episode is that while the hostler remembered the strange visitor, how he had demanded the marquis and how he had himself brought the marquis to him, and while the sentinels from the extreme outposts to the heart of camp all recalled the circumstance of a civilian dressed in black and with white hair having asked for the marquis, of such a regiment and squadron, none of the wounded officers had any recollection of the visitor or of the scene in the tent at dinner. "My fellow-officers laughed a good deal at my credulity," said the marquis as he finished, "but the features of this apparition are still indelibly fixed in my mind; they were those of Prince Talleyrand."

It was now the turn of the marquis's wife, and she gave this odd concatenation of mysteries, all of which happened during a single journey from Florida to Paris.

The marquis and his wife were living in Florida. The marchioness was to take the steamer on a certain day for New York. An old negress of a superstitious nature urged her not to go, as she feared there was danger. Little attention, however, was given to the words of the negress. But, on the afternoon of the day before the marchioness was to sail, a cat came up to her bedroom, carrying a dead owl, and put it in the middle of the bed. A servant threw the owl out of the window, but in a few minutes back came the cat with the same owl, and again placed it in the middle of the bed. This time the owl was ordered to be thrown back of the barn, a long way from the house, but in a half-hour the cat again appeared with the dead bird and placed it in the old place. In the evening, while the family were at dinner, a crash was heard in the next room, the parlor, and on entering it, a strong, good-sized table—which the marchioness still has, and which she pointed to, in one corner of the room, while telling the story—was found upside down in the middle of the parlor. Who or what had tipped over the table was the question. The room was completely shut up at the time, windows and doors closed for the night. The marchioness, now somewhat nervous, declared that if the mirror, which covered the inside of the top of the table, was broken, she would not sail. On opening the cover, the mirror was found to be intact. She therefore sailed and arrived safely at New York. But the Atlantic was still to be crossed. For this purpose she had bought a ticket by Inman line, and was walking down Broadway the day before the boat sailed, when on meeting a friend, he suggested that she change her ticket for one by the Hamburg line, which would land her directly in France, and thus save the traversing of England by rail and the crossing of the channel. She consented, the friend made the change, and she sailed on a Hamburg boat, the Inman steamer, on which she was to have taken passage, leaving at the same time. The two boats kept in sight all the way down the bay, but parted at night. When the marchioness landed in Europe, she heard that the other

steamer was still out, and no tidings have ever come of her to this day. It was the City of Boston.

During the voyage, the man-servant of the marchioness came to her one day with a gold nugget, saying that a passenger in the second cabin had sent it to her. She sent the ore back. The servant soon returned, and said that the passenger insisted upon her receiving it. So the marchioness, thinking the would-be donor was poor, returned the nugget with a hundred francs. Again the servant came back with the message that the man would not receive the money, and wished to give her the gold. But the marchioness, somewhat vexed at the man's pertinacity, ordered the servant to return the nugget and bother her no more. A week or so afterward, when at home in Paris, the servant one day produced the nugget, saying that the man would not receive it, and threatened to throw it into the sea if it was not placed in her hands. "Here is the identical piece of ore," said the marchioness, returning from an adjoining room with a rich lamp of the precious metal.

(Selected by M. J. K.)

THE TWO LIGHTS.

"When I'm a man," is the poetry of youth.
"When I was young" is the poetry of old age.

"When I'm a man," the stripling cries,
And strives the coming youth to win—
"Ah, then I shall be strong and wise—
When I'm a man!"

"When I was young," the old man sighs,
Bravely the lark and sunset sing
Their carol under sunny skies—
When I was young!"

"When I'm a man, I shall be free
To guard the right, the truth uphold."
"When I was young, I bent no knee
To power or gold."

"Then shall I satisfy my soul
With yonder prize, when I'm a man."
"Too late I found how vain the goal
To which I ran."

"When I'm a man, those idle toys
Aside forever shall be flung."
"There was no poison in my joys
When I was young."

The boy's bright dream is all before,
The man's romance lies far behind.
Had we the present and no more,
Fate were unkind.

But, brother, biding in the night,
Still count yourself not all unblest.
If in the east there gleams a light,
Or in the west.—Blackwood's Magazine.

THE USE OF LEMONS.—Lemonade is one of the best and safest drinks for a person, whether in health or not. It is suitable to all stomach diseases; it is excellent in sickness. The pips crushed, may also be mixed with sugar and water and used as a drink. We advise every one to rub the gums daily with lemon juice to keep them in health. The hands and nails are also kept clean, white, soft and supple by the daily use of lemon instead of soap. It also prevents chilblains. Lemon is used in intermittent fevers, mixed with strong, hot, black coffee, without sugar. Neuralgia may be cured by rubbing the part affected with a cut lemon. It is valuable, also, to cure warts, and to destroy dandruff on the head by rubbing the roots of the hair with it.

[For the "Voice of Angels,"]

THE NEW DISPENSATION.

NUMBER EIGHT.

It is not the object of these articles to narrate the first events that occurred in the endeavor of the Spirit-world to make known to earth the facts of its existence, only so far as it may serve our purpose in bringing out as clear as possible the great change these facts must bring to the world of humanity, in all that has to do with us in our relations one with another; so far as those relations have been influenced by religious conceptions founded on religious formulas that were not true as facts, wearing into our social structure, a system of ethics as false to human interests as the religious beliefs were from which they originated.

Those who commenced with the first advent of this Spirit-world manifestation can remember how vague the mind of any thinker was who thought of the existence of soul-life outside of the heaven or hell to which Orthodox teachings had consigned human life after death. Therefore it was no wonder that these first reports from communicating human life to us still in the flesh created confusion in the mind—here, as it did in the mind of the investigator mentioned in No. 7 of these articles.

And it is no wonder that the strong religious thought conceived it to come of fraud or the devil.

Even as late as 1858, we attended a series of debates in which the ground taken by the opponent was that all there was in all the manifestations was wholly fraud and deception, and there was nothing else to it.

This first ten years of its existence brought nothing to the mass but this idea of it, or some force besides what it really was. Yet to thousands it brought convincing testimony in messages of love from departed loved ones, and a narration of incidents, that could not be explained except it was what it purported to be.

In the winter of 1858, we had a communication through a Medium with whom we were but little acquainted, she knowing nothing of our past experiences or family, from a beloved mother. We talked with her for an hour, in which incidents were brought up in past history we had forgotten, and some which only myself and mother ever knew, and some facts we knew nothing of at that time. It was very strange; and if some ten years of preparation had not modified previous conceptions, it could not have been be-

lieved, and if believed could not have been understood.

My mother was a kind, loving woman, a good Christian of the Baptist persuasion, and died, after years of suffering, ripe in the Christian faith and expectations.

Under the powerful magnetic force of Elder Jacob Knapp, the well-known Baptist revival preacher, at about fourteen years of age the writer became converted, and joined the Baptist church. After studying the Bible, especially the New Testament, we conceived the idea that the worldly practice of professed Christians and the teachings of Jesus did not agree; also that the great change said to take place at conversion in one's own nature had not come to us as fact. So we concluded to withdraw from this religious business entirely, and did so, but not without a sore struggle between myself and my parents, who were honest and sincere and rigidly devoted to their religious conceptions. It was the temptations of the devil, they said, to drag me down to hell. So they prayed for me, and besought me to return again to the fold; but my firm convictions of what Jesus had taught, and what I saw myself to be, prevented me from playing the hypocrite in the role of the church; so I had strength to keep out, for which I am very thankful today.

Mother in this communication said she could not be happy in the Spirit-world until she had made a confession to me: said that in the position I took in that religious experience I was right and she was wrong, and because of it the chain of sympathy was in a measure broken between us, and her happiness depended on her coming to me and making this statement. This was a surprise to me—to learn that a mistake made in the sincere idea of being right should debar a soul from rising in the after-life until that mistake was rectified. This will be more apparent when it is understood that a determined persistence between a parent and child to hold each to their own views created a wide breach in family sympathies that lasts today between the living, but is mended again between those who have passed beyond the river, but not without a severe struggle between myself and father, (he as a Spirit, and I still flesh-bound.) Even in this there is quite a history. He was a strong-willed man, and persistently opposed every step we took from leaving the church, through the literalist stage of thinking, through Spiritualism and Socialism, as long as he

lived, and at death still more powerful as a Spirit in his opposition, because my religious socialism takes that form of thought that demands the reconstruction of the whole order of present things. He became a member of the Loyola Ignatius-band, detailed to oppose every move that I made, and through that came in contact with higher influences, and was finally redeemed and brought into subjection to these higher Spirits in February, 1878. Since then, by his will-power he has done efficient service in opposition to that Jesuit band which I believe is in the heavens at this time very much broken up.

Returning to my mother's communication: Besides making this confession of the effect of her opposition to my religious course, she stated what she found at death and her entrance into the Spirit-world. Like the masses at the time, her inheritance in the Spirit-world was a complete surprise to her. She said she found no heaven, as she had been taught; no personal God; no hell. She found a natural world, and God personified only in created life, and everything different from what she had expected.

Even as a Liberalist, ten years before, I undoubtedly should have found myself in the condition investigator did, stated in No. 7 of these articles.

Against a disbelief in a future life, and against the strong wrong belief of a Christian ideal of that existence, with a determined opposition to revelations that come to us from that state, Spiritualism has in thirty years encircled the globe, achieved what no other ism ever did in thirty years. This shows its potentiality, its mighty inherent force.

As we have stated before, it is no wonder the religious and infidel world made strong efforts to crush it out; because these revelations in their wholeness completely overturn the foundations on which these beliefs rest. To accept Spiritualism is to cast aside forever the whole Christian formula as it now stands. Not that this formula is without truth in the abstract; but because these abstract truths are not placed, as facts demonstrate, correctly.

In these communications it is proved that character is not changed by passing out of the body, that a human being in all its characteristics is the same, whether in the body of flesh we now occupy, or in the Spiritual body, which is nothing more nor less than a body of flesh composed of elements in another school of progression. That is all.

Then again information reaches us that

there are a vast variety of these schools or states in the Spirit-world, or "many mansions," to which each at death gravitates; that each soul goes to that school its inherent qualities represent.

Now we have from these different schools in Spirit-life communications. Each school represents a certain classification of thought. This is all natural and right in the scale of progress. These classifications of thought as presented through these communications being diversified, no one school exactly agreeing with another, has been the cause and is the cause of the division of thought among Spiritualists. Spiritualists even now do not fully understand this, and for the reason that they are divided up among or belong to these different schools or degrees of soul-progress, each one giving the form of thought its school represents.

Before these communications came, the idea was that in this flesh-life only was there progress. After death the condition was inevitably fixed. It took a long while to make headway against this falsehood, and to put in its place a Spiritual world, with a graded system of schools, into which each at death entered, not to stay there forever, but to grow, to expand, to learn—learn all the lessons this school presented, and then naturally enough to pass on to the next, and so on, *ad finitum*, through a never-ending career, we term immortality.

How often it is jeeringly thrown in the face of Spiritualism—"Why, you don't agree among yourselves!"—and this as a break-down argument. And why? Simply ignorance of the facts of the Spirit-world and the destiny and track of a human being along the course of his immortal career.

But is there no agreement among the Spiritualistic fraternity? Most certainly. Well, is it like or anything like what the religions of the time have taught us? Scarcely a thing of agreement. In common with the religions which it believes, it demonstrates the fact of a life after death; and here all ideas in common end. It does not believe, but it demonstrates that there is no such being as a personal God. No Spirit has ever seen such a God or ever saw or heard of a Spirit who has. God, in the Spirit-world and among Spiritualists who have fully outgrown all antecedent teachings, is the combined life-force of the universe, both material and Spiritual, and is personified only in his revelations in what we call life.

Spiritualism reveals that a personal God as understood is a physical impossibility.

In this all agree. There is oneness in the revelations from the Spirit-world that there is no heaven or hell, as taught by the Christian religion. The same also as to the idea of a Trinity of the Godhead of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost—no such God being found as understood by these beliefs.

Instead of a heaven and a hell, which by the Christian world was held to be the destiny of every human soul, it is demonstrated that the Spirit-world is a natural world, similar to this, with similar scenery, only more refined and beautiful, according to the degree of its progression, in which human soul-life enters, as before stated, and progress from one state to another, never for an instant retrograding. In this Spiritualists generally agree. Salvation and redemption by the vicarious atonement, as firmly taught by Christianity, and as understood by them, is reported from the Spirits all along the line to be one of the great delusions of the age—not a particle of truth in it. This negation of it comes from thousands who have thoroughly tested it—trusting it while here, resting entirely upon it for salvation, and found it a great mistake, and to them a great disappointment.

This continually coming to us from that life where all the value of these beliefs are tested, Spiritualists *en masse* not only disbelieve this atonement and salvation by proxy, but utter their protest against its baneful and delusive teachings; because it instils into the mind that by this atonement and a belief in it the consequences of sin are obliterated and no penalties follow. This being before the mind of the masses is a constant and perpetual bull of indulgences and invitation to sin, if propensity leads that way, with only the idea that if you repent it will be all right, which is a very easy thing to do—only in the Catholic case a confession to the priest, with some money or other penalty attached.

The constant and repeated reports from all parties and from all sources in Spirit-life send back to us this reply—You cannot violate law, cannot sin without you must pay the full penalty, and no atonement will save you except the atonement you make yourself; and Spiritualists *en masse* understand and believe this and accept it in place of the Christian idea and Christian delusion.

About this we shall have more to say in the future, at some point in these articles when we will endeavor to place before the mind the relative difference between Christianity *per se* and Spiritualism.

N. D.

INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

TO D. C. DENSMORE.

Holy angels watch and guard thee!
Keep thee safe from every ill;
Cherish, strengthen and sustain thee
To pursue thy labor still;—

Till the darkened minds are lighted,
And the souls in bondage now
Shall become like thee clear-sighted,
And no more in ignorance bow;—

Till the weary and sad-hearted,
Who are mourning loved ones lost,
Shall know those from whom they're parted
Only have Life's river crossed;—

That they still can come at pleasure,
With their messages of love,
And bring to them rich treasure
From their beauteous home above.

Holy angels grieve and bless thee,
Give thee health and joy and pance,
With their loving hands uphold thee,
Till thy earthly work shall cease!

CHARLEMONT, Mass.

JEAN.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE WEB.

BY VIENNAH L.

SPIN ye a thread from the flaxen bark,
Make a fine web of linen.
To clothe a bud just oped to life
With purity of feeling.

Then spin again from the cotton boll
A web, both strong and fleecy.
An invalid's form to clothe and warm,
When the air is cool and chilly.

Then spin again from the brown cocoon
A web of silken texture,
To drape the form of the gladsome bride
When kneeling with groom at the altar.

Then spin a web of golden wool,
Close textured the silver filling,
To drape the soul as it leaves the clay
And enters the New Life—willing.

Then gather each web on the "other side,"
And build a home of beauty;
Now—clothe the naked, the hungry feed,
Combining earth-pleasures with duty.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

CONTRASTS.

[D. C. DENSMORE, Publisher.—The following lines were written after reading a poem on the birth of a child, supposed to have been born under favorable conditions, Spiritually and materially. The writer drew the comparison between the advent of this child and one born under opposite conditions—in poverty, and by the laws of man illegitimate:]

Thou little wail! cast upon the shore of time;
What is thy fate?

For if the usual course of life be thine,
Hope love and hate.

We know that thou, by sad experience' test,
Wilt ever need

All the love that to the rest
Has spread its shield.

Thy advent here is heralded by none;
For where the joy!

Poverty has turned the heart to stone—
'Tis all alloy.

Yet could that mother with clairvoyant eye
The future see,

She would exclaim that all is right,
As well as we.

For Nature's God ne'er violates a law
For weal or woe;

The principles of life admit no flaw,
No friend or foe.

For we are all one great whole—yet all in part
Do fill a sphere

Of action, of which the loving heart
Illumed appear.

Who knows the purpose of an unseen God?
His every act

Testifies his love to him who bears the load
As much a fact

As to him who in his palace sits in state,
And issues forth
The mandate which doth claim the fate
Of real worth.

"Man's inhumanity to man" full well we know,
And what the cause.
The attempt on another all our sins to throw
May bring applause;
But when we learn that God is just,
Knows no elect,
The blind from off our eyes will fall, we trust—
Wisdom direct.

"Man's inhumanity to man" is not the whole;
As in the past,
Put woman's inhumanity to woman on the roll—
The real outcast.
Oh, woman! if thou wouldst worship at virtue's shrine
And feel impressed,
Then in thy acts let virtue shine—
'Tis then confessed.

If bleeding hearts and blighted hope
Can have no claim,
Then where the encouragement to cope
In virtue's name?
On the record in the temple of our faith
Stand enrolled
The names of each and every loving wail—
So we are told.

And angels stand with outstretched arms to greet
On the other shore,
And in the halo of that love so sweet
Nevermore
Do they know sin, but learn that each and all
By stern decree,
That as they rise they often seeming fall
In each degree.

JERE. E. GOODRICH.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., Oct. 23, 1879.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

SNOWFLAKES.

BY VIENNAH L.

We come, we come, with flying feet,
From that silvery cloud you fain would meet,
And fluttering downward, dancing, glancing,
Silently settles cold on thy cheek—
A pure white flake of snow—'twas there, 'tis here;
Its form is gone, alas! alas!—the beautiful messenger—
Loved, seen, and gone! Naught but a pearly drop remains.
'Tis not a tear-drop, tho' 'tis like in form and substance;
No briny particle enclosed, no grief or joy encased;
In its pure, frail home 'twas born in yonder sombre cloud,
Thou likedst not; yet 'twas beautiful. Thou lovest
All things of beauty, rare and sweet; yet that cloud
Was laden to thee yesterday. To-day the diamond sparklet
Cometh forth, and gently falls upon thy upturned brow,
And there dissolves into a miniature lake, so tiny.
Only felt, is scarcely seen.

Is it not a cheery lesson?
Wilt thou not its import heed?
In the coming hour of darkness
Light is breaking—wilt thou read?
Read, as oft thou doest for others,
When thou pointest out the right,
Hidding live as sisters, brothers,
Saying, "Faint not, there is light!"

Let the lessons thou oft teachest
To life's suffering, sorrowing ones,
Give thy own heart strength and courage,
Fearing naught—but press thee on!
On, though illness oft o'ertakes thee;
Thou canst conquer in the fight;
Will—the force that e'er should aid thee—
Courage have—the road is bright!

THY who reject the supernatural, claim to be the only philosophers in these days, when as Peter Parley says, "every little child knows all about the rainbow." Satisfied with the tangible enclosures of their own penfold, these are not aware that whosoever did know all about the rainbow, would know enough to make a world. Supernatural simply means above the natural. Between the laws that govern the higher and the lower, there is doubtless the most perfect harmony; and this we should perceive and understand, if we had the enlarged faculties of the angels.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

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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 Boston, Mass.

EDITORIAL.

FRIENDS AND PATRONS OF THE VOICE OF ANGELS:—We need not remind you that with this number ends the present year, and the fourth of its existence. Although we have had to encounter the usual vicissitudes incident to a work of its kind, yet we are happy to announce to our numerous patrons that notwithstanding all this, we have made a permanent and substantial gain over last year's operations, not only in a financial point of view, but also in disbursing the bread of life among thousands of earth's children, who were famishing for Spiritual food. This is a very encouraging outlook for future operations; and now, as we are entering our port of departure, from whence we sailed one year ago, we feel stronger, and better able to overcome whatever trials, disappointments and vicissitudes may be in store for us, while climbing the rugged sides of the mount of progression.

Notwithstanding we have met and overcome some adverse circumstances on the voyage just ending, we have been enabled to make our semi-monthly calls—as you all know—with the promptness and punctuality of a well-adjusted timekeeper.

As a further proof of our growing prosperity, we have been able—notwithstanding the hundreds on our books who are greatly behind in their dues—to meet all liabilities at maturity. Considering we are yet in our infancy, and that we have used no extra exertions to bring about this healthy state of things, the inevitable conclusion is, that the VOICE OF ANGELS has arrived at its present favorable condition entirely upon its own merits. This contemplation is very satisfactory, and it needs no prophet to foretell its further usefulness, in supplanting the darkness of the past with the light of the present.

We have had it in contemplation for a

subscribers paid up their dues, to enlarge it to sixteen pages, the subscription price to remain as at present. But as there are so many behind in their accounts, we do not deem it wise or prudent to incur any extra expense at present. Hence we think it best for all concerned to postpone the contemplated enlargement until we can do it without compromising its present healthy condition.

Knowing that the cause of so many being behind in their dues is attributable almost wholly and totally to the depressed state of business the past three or four years, we find no fault with this state of things; and although business has greatly improved the present year, yet many have not recovered from their long inactivity, and still find it extremely difficult to discharge their grocers' and other necessary bills and to meet current expenses, much less pay for a paper, however much they might wish to do so; and we would not again refer to it, only to show that our little enterprise, gotten up under exceptional circumstances, must have gained a strong hold upon the thinking reading public, to enable us to meet and cancel all bills at maturity for four depressed business years. This being true, we feel confident that, with a little more exertion on the part of our friends and patrons, our little paper will soon take an honorable and conspicuous stand alongside of the most favored enunciators of our glorious philosophy. So cheer up, friends, and give us all the aid you can in improving its status, until it shall have reached the zenith of its destiny.

In conclusion, we desire to say to those of our patrons interested in the success of our enterprise, (and we hope this includes all,) to forward to this office all well-authenticated Spirit-messages for publication. We also solicit well-written articles from those still in a mundane body, upon any and all themes in accord with the original design of this paper; provided always that they embody in their make-up the broadest charity to all, however much they disagree in sentiment. We request this, so that we can present to our readers a variety of Spiritual matter at each issue, thus avoiding a sameness or monotony in reading articles of the same general character, month after month, which, if ever so good, becomes stereotyped reading, and after a while grows stale and objectionable to many.

It must not be forgotten that we alone are responsible for everything in the general make-up of the paper; our brother

to do with it, except in unimportant details, than any of its readers. Hence, if there is anything objectionable, the blame rests with us.

And now, dear friends, as the days go by, the year 1879 is rapidly drawing to a close; and as we give it a parting salute, blessing it for its experiences, its joys and sorrows, we trust and hope that with its demise will die away all old feuds, animosities, bickerings, and strife; that with the advent of the new year, an era of peace, of love, and prosperity, will dawn, which will prove a healing balm for the various nations of the earth; and in this spirit do we wish each and every one of earth a Merry Christmas and a good and Happy New Year! exclaiming with the poet, that as the midnight bells ring out upon the frosty air, proclaiming at once the death of the Old and birth of the New Year, they are to be the heralds that shall

"Ring out the old, ring in the new;
Ring happy bells across the snow;
The year is going—let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true!"

BOOK REVIEW.

A MOST remarkable book, entitled "Substantialism, or the Philosophy of Knowledge," by Jean Story, has just reached us. Although want of time has prevented more than a cursory glance through its pages, yet from what we gathered, it well merits the term "remarkable." It is entirely original; and in discussing the philosophy of Life—to elucidate which is the great object of the work—deals with it in a masterly and comprehensive manner. It discusses all the great problems of the day without fear or favor, leaning on no authority in their consideration, claiming the inspiration of free thought as the only 'divine revelation.'

One of her reviewers says: "The author starts with 'a new basis of thought,' and treats all scientific and philosophical questions from a consequently different and more wide and all-embracing stand-point than that usually taken, and this is, that all substances being homogeneous, the laws of mind and matter are the same; that these two sciences treat of the same substance in different conditions," etc.—which fully agrees with the general aim of the work as we understand it. Its scope is so broad and comprehensive, it must be read with deep thought to be fully appreciated. To give even an iota of the reasoning used in elucidating the great immutable, unchangeable laws and principles underlying the Philosophy of Life, as treated in this remarkable book, would require more thorough reading and deeper thought than we have time to devote to it at present; and if we should attempt it, we doubt very much whether we could do its author justice. Hence we forego further remarks until we have more time at our disposal.

In concluding this brief and imperfect sketch of the work, as its price is within the reach of

to look into

the great truths it elaborates to lose no time in procuring a copy, as they will be amply paid for the outlay.

Cloth, 12mo, 784 pages. Price \$1.50, postage free. For sale at the Banner of Light office, Boston; R. P. Journal, Chicago, Ill.; and Mind and Matter, 713 Sansom street, Philadelphia, Pa.; and at the principal bookstores in our large cities.

HOW SPIRIT-MESSAGES ARE RECEIVED AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE.

PRESIDED OVER BY MISS M. T. SHELHAMER.

WE often receive letters from friends with money enclosed to pay for a communication from some loved one "gone before," just as they would send for a book or anything else, stating at the same time that if they get "a true message," they will subscribe for the *VOICE*. They seem to think that a dollar more or less has sufficient purchasing power to command their Spirit-friends, regardless of proper conditions, to show themselves, or in some way manifest their presence sufficiently clearly that their identity can be recognized at once. Nothing could be more erroneous to one who understands Spirit-control: for without a single exception, the Medium has no more to do in getting Spirits to manifest than those looking for a message. At least it is so with our Medium, who presides at the "Voice of Angels" Circle, other than holding herself ready to be used by any Spirit who finds conditions favorable for communicating with their earthly friends. As a rule, at our Circle every communicating Spirit is a stranger to all present, and the only way we know who the communicating Spirit is, where he or she resided before death, who the message is for, and where it is to be sent, is given by the communicating Spirit through the Medium.

AN EXPLANATION.

THE proof of Mr. J. Madison Allen's article, "How Shall We Spell," was sent to him, but did not get back in season for his corrections to be made; as we were late, and were obliged to go to press. Consequently, there were a number of serious errors in the article. Mr. Allen is now in Michigan; and as such radical changes as he proposes can hardly be properly understood and presented in our columns unless he is here to supervise and read the proofs, we think that perhaps it will be best to defer the matter of the needed corrections until his return to this part of the country.

NEW LIBERAL PAPER.

WE have just received the fourth number of a little eight-page paper, called the *Quarterly Review*, issued at Milan, Erie Co., Ohio. Although we have seen favorable notices of the little stranger in other Spiritual papers, yet a copy failed to reach this office until now. It is edited and published by R. P. Wilcox, a young man only thirteen years old; and from the appearance of the copy before us, is bound to make its mark in the world, as its youthful edi-

tor grows older and more experienced, and we predict for it a long and useful career. May it continue to unfold the living truths of our glorious philosophy, until all error, all superstition and ignorance give place to the light of higher spheres.

Price per year in advance ten cents. Advertisements inserted one year for five cents per line. All communications should be addressed to R. P. Wilcox, Milan, Erie Co., Ohio.

"MIND AND MATTER."

JUST as we go to press, we have received the second number of *Mind and Matter*, in its new dress; the first number failing to reach us. We shall be obliged to defer remarks until our next issue.

SPIRIT MESSAGES.

GIVEN AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE
NOVEMBER 23RD, 1879.

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELHAMER.

INVOCATION. BY ROBERT ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN.

OH, Thou Eternal Spirit, Author of time and all that time has revealed to Thy intelligences! We offer to Thee tonight the adoration of our spirits, and would pour forth in language our gratitude for the loving kindness vouchsafed to us who are gathered here at this time. We would make this a personal affair, this thanksgiving season of the nation; and would offer to Thee our thanks and praise for all that we are or may become.

We would review the past and gather up our teeming blessings; we would number our wealth and lay it all upon thine altar, and ask of Thee, oh, Parent of Good, to accept our thanksgiving and praise.

We bless Thee for friendship's ties and their endearments. We bless Thee for every sweet spiritual joy. May thy blessing fall upon our lives, and cause us to approach nearer to Thee. May the sweet flowers of hope and peace brighten every pathway of life's journey. May light still be showered on us by thine angels.

We ask that the future may be as the past; that we may ever be led by the spirit; and as we journey on our way, may we learn to walk obedient to thy will; that when the journey is completed, we may in the By-and-By join with Thee our song of thanksgiving and praise forever and forever.

MARY PHILLIPPS.

I AM a stranger to these things, but a desire possesses me to learn something of them. I want to reach Mrs. Annie Phillips of New York; to tell her life is going to be brighter for her in the new year. Troubles are now going to terminate, and her family will see better times in all res-

pects. I do not know as they will believe a Spirit can come back and talk, but all I want is to have them feel it may be so; for then we will be able to work much better for them. The events of last winter will not be repeated; so do not fear, but go on as cheerfully as you can, and only believe that the dear ones you missed out of your life are still hovering round; for then we can come close and direct you how to move.

MARY PHILLIPPS.

MRS. M. B. NICHOLS.

IT is with great joy that I return to manifest this night—great pleasure and joy—for I feel through all the fibres of my being that my dear husband is doing to disseminate the knowledge of a future life, and to inculcate the principles of a nobler, better life in the minds of those with whom he comes in contact. At this hour, the influence of his work, of his presence, goes out and falls upon those around him, silently lifting them towards the Summer-land; and I want to say to him, I am ever by your side, directing and impressing you. I come at morning and night, and it gives me great joy to know that you feel I am there. We bless you, and will sustain you through all your mortal work; and for the good counsel and the words of cheer you give to Medium-workers, we will give you more light and power and better evidences of the possibilities of the Spirit-world.

My name is Mrs. M. B. Nichols. When I was a little girl, I was sometimes called by the pet name of "Mattie," a contraction of Martha. I lived in Jersey City. I have returned frequently in various ways to my beloved companion, and it is always a great joy to do so. I know that I was mediumistic when here, drew Spirit-forces to myself; and it enables me to return now. I thank you.

I would like my message to go to Mr. S. B. Nichols, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CAPTAIN ALBERT FRENCH

BUT a short time since, I inhabited a mortal body; now I am free from fleshly incumbrances and can go where I like. I can't say I longed to die. Mortal life was sometimes rough; but all seas are at times choppy, and we learn to put up with it. But I have been over long enough to get the lay of the land, and I find it a pretty good country. No river pirates, no land bushwhackers that I can see; and so I put in an appearance here, that my friends may know that I am yet alive, though unseen by them. I would like to have some of them go to a Medium and give me a

chance to talk ; but if they are afraid to meddle with this, I'll forgive them.

Capt. Albert French, of Stonington, Conn.

DR. MERCY B. JACKSON.

FINDING there is a truth in this, I feel it my duty to return and announce it to my relatives and friends. I do not think they will like to have me speak of private matters through the public press, but if they will afford the means, I will endeavor to come and relate to them that which they wish to know.

If Miss Parker should see this message, and will visit some good, reliable Boston Medium, I shall be most happy to take her by the hand and converse with her on matters appertaining to my profession. I say Boston Medium, as I feel I could come better in Boston than elsewhere. All my energies are intensely alive at this time ; all the faculties of my mind are in active motion ; I have not laid down the work of my life, but I am now a student in a Spiritual College, where I am seeking new information upon the ailments incident particularly to my own sex ; and I know now even better than I did before, that two-thirds of these diseases proceed from a disturbed mental state, acting upon the nervous system.

By-and-bye, I hope to be of use ; not by coming back in this way and speaking my thoughts, but by directing and impressing with my will those noble women who are engaged in the study and practice of medicine.

The early trials, difficulties, obstacles to be surmounted, which I encountered, have peculiarly fitted me to go forward in the search for truth. I appreciate them all. I send out my warmest love to all my friends. I am, sir, Dr. Mercy B. Jackson.

HENRY L. MORRIS.

HENRY L. Morris of New York ; I have been a sojourner in the other life now some little time, but still take an active interest in whatever affects my family, to whom I send my love. My dear daughter has recently made a change, formed new ties, which draws me very close to earth now. All a father's love and blessing goes out to her, and settles about the new home ; and so I come, trusting I may be received, hoping that my friends and family will direct their attention to this, and strive to learn of the life to which they are going.

TUNIE.

Good evening ; I send my love to everybody. I wish all our dear readers a Merry Christmas, and not only a Happy New Year, but a happy year all through. I

thank them for all past kindness, for we appreciate every kind word and thought.

I expect our friends are going to try and circulate our paper next year, and to increase our subscription list, as Mr. Miner says business is coming up, and times are going to be better. So we are full of courage and hope.

I want to tell Mr. Wood that in Materializations and all other manifestations of Spirit-power, the clearer the atmosphere the better the Spirits can work. A cool, clear day is much better than a warm, moist one for Spirit-influence ; as the cool air vitalizes the Spirit, while the damp fog depletes the atmosphere of the electric forces that the Spirits use in manifesting. Smoke, especially dense smoke from burning oil, fills the atmosphere with murky vapor and an unpleasant odor, which is very disagreeable to Spirits ; and consequently they cannot work so well.

Little Helen sends her love to her grandpa. She is a very active little Spirit.

Please to give my love to Mrs. Susie G. Wagner, of Fort Seneca, Ohio. I have visited her and her family and got acquainted with her band. Dr. Rush was there, consulting with another doctor, when I was there. The Spirits are doing and mean to do a great deal of good through Mrs. Wagner.

Wm. Montgomery sends his blessing to his son William, and bids him not to grow weary ; says his interior being is developing, even though he does not discern Spirits ; he will find he will understand Spiritual laws better, and what has appeared strange will explain itself to him.

Mrs. Elizabeth Weston of Iowa sends her love to her family and blesses them. She guides them, knows of their sorrows and joys, and brings them peace.

Jennie sends her love to her mother. So do I, and to father.

TUNIE.

MESSAGES GIVEN NOVEMBER 30TH, 1879.

MRS. ELLEN FRENCH.

I AM so tired ! [You will get rested by coming here.] I hope so ; I am all tired out trying to make my friends know when I come to them. They don't hear me, and I am very anxious to have them go to a Medium and give me the chance to come and talk. I think my family would not be pleased to have me give their names in public, but I am intimately acquainted with a lady who reads your paper, and I want her to send it to my friends, and ask them to go to Mrs. White, a Boston Medium, because I am told I can come through her.

My name is Mrs. Ellen French. I don't know how long I have been dead ; somewhere near a year, I think. I lived in Quincy, Mass.

JULIETTE MANLEY.

As a duty I owe my friends, I return here, sir, to send out my greeting to them from this place. I know the difficulty Spirits have to overcome in communicating through a Medium ; I was a Medium myself, and I feel it my duty to come and manifest through another, testifying to the truth of our heaven-born philosophy.

I am happy in my work. I am at rest now ; on the shores of a beautiful lake I have builded my Spirit-home ; it is not as complete as I could wish ; its adornments not as beautiful as I want them to be ; but every day adds some new beauty to my home, as I go out into the valleys of sin below me and whisper words of hope and cheer to poor souls dwelling there. And oh, how truly do I find that much of the sin and ignorance of earth-bound Spirits has been caused by the conditions of want and poverty pressing upon them, forcing them to tread a darkened path and to revel in misery and vice ; and so I pity them for what they are, and it takes but a little while to lift them higher ; for just as soon as they begin to realize their condition, and crave for knowledge, do they begin to learn and to rise in spirit. True, when knowledge comes to them, begins that remorse and repentance for the past which tortures them with anguish ; but it is good, for it sloughs away the old tatters of vice, the old passions and selfish desires, and draws them upward.

Now I feel it would be wise for us all to strive to prevent precious human souls—while yet in the body—from sinking down beneath the dark waters of ignorance, indifference and sin ; and to do this, those who have the light should speak words of hope and kindness to all they meet. Let each one do something to assist the needy ; if it be but a penny or a loaf, give it in love and kindness. Assist the unemployed to find honest labor. In short, let every one this cold winter give what they can to bless those in affliction. If every one on earth who has a home, will give but a little to the homeless, Spirit-life would hold less of the unfortunate who come because conditions force them out.

I waft my tender love to all dear to me. Tell my New York friends they shall yet hear from me again.

Sister Pardee, to you I send the white dove of peace, the floral gift of Poesy ; and from my Spirit-home I waft you kindly thoughts, and enduring memories of the past.

To Sister Libby I also send my blessing. As the days go by, each one drawing her nearer the Golden Shore, I am with her, guiding her homeward. I thank you, sir.
JULIETTE MANLEY.

JOHN HOPKINS.

I COME from Cincinnati. I wish to make my presence known to friends of mine who read your paper. I lived a business life in the body, and I am active still, as idleness is no part of my constitution.

I hardly know how long I have been in this new world, as we measure time by events not hours; and so many wonderful things have come to me, it seems they must have taken considerable time. I was a church member, sir, and had no sympathy with this movement; but as I find a truth in it, I am glad to endorse it now. I believe I was thought a fearless man, one not afraid to express his sentiments; I remain so still. Death does not at all change the characteristics of the man, and he appears in Spirit the same, only more natural; retaining the human shape, as matter is only the mould of the Spirit.

Tell my very good friends I am glad to greet them, and to know of their happiness, and it would oblige me if they inform my relatives of my return.

JOHN HOPKINS.

MRS. JANE JENKIN HAMBLY.

I AM Mrs. Jane Jenkin Hambly. Once again I strive through mortal lips to send a greeting to my dear family. Changes will take place before long, changes that amid clouds will bring sunlight with them. Often I return to impress and guide these dear ones, and they feel that I am by their side.

Tell my dear husband I would send him a word frequently if I could, but he knows I am by his side and helping him on. Our Spirit-children send a blessing to all; they are beautiful blossoms in the garden of God.

My husband will never be strong again; health will never be what it was in younger days; but when the June flowers bloom, he will feel better and happier.

Again I bless each one, and bear them peace and affection. I wish this to go to D. W. Hambly, Snake Lake Valley, Cal.

M. D. RICHARDSON.

I PASSED away in what I might now call early life. I understood this thoroughly, as I was a Medium myself. I felt the invisibles around me, and in my illness I saw their bright faces bending over me. I knew that I was going to a natural home, and the last two years have been filled with joy to me.

I want to send a token of love to my friends everywhere, especially in Candia. I often return to work amid the old scenes, and it does me good when I can influence any one with my presence. Dudley is not idle; he is at work building a home in the other life, that will draw its beauty from the grateful glances of those he tries to assist.

Tell Mrs. Roberts I thank and bless her for her beautiful words concerning me. I sometimes influence her, and bring her an inspiration from the higher realms.

Please sign me M. D. Richardson.

WILLIE LEWIS.

I'M a little boy; my name's Willie Lewis. I lived in Roxbury, Boston Highlands. The man says. Please tell mamma I'm a big boy now. I come to her. I tried to show myself once. I bring her some pretty flowers. I'm a real good boy now, and I want her to think of the grown-up son she'll meet when she comes to see me. Auntie sends her love, too.

I don't know what else to say, only I guess mother had better go to a Medium and let me and auntie come to her. My papa's name is Mr. William Lewis. I was named after him. Well, good-bye. Say I send lots of love.

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

G E T H S E M A N E .

BY MRS. E. M. RICKES.

DEPTH of anguish! well I know
How its waves the soul o'erflow;
How with blinding pain inwrought
Comes each lonely, bitter thought.

Depth of anguish! God alone
Hears the weary Spirit's moan:
Pitying, hears it mournfully
Pleading—pleading to be free!

Depth of anguish! can it bring
Strength for all the suffering?
Can the heavy, chastening rod
Bring us nearer still to God?

Will the trying flood and fire
Give more wisdom, lead us higher?
Could we not the grand heights gain,
Only through sad, cruel pain?

Depth of anguish! hard to bear,
Bringeth peace, through trust and prayer;
If the Father had not led,
We might well be crushed instead.

Depth of anguish Christ endured;
All temptation's arts withstood;
In the lonely midnight hour
Proved his mighty Spirit's power.

Depth of anguish!—speak it low;
Calm the tempest of thy woe;
Hear a voice say, "Peace, be still!
Soul, rebel not!—'tis His will!"

THE Buddhist has his God, but he is subject to conditions. He delights in the homage paid him, even to the sacrifice of human life. The Turk has his God, and he possesses all the elements necessary to constitute a man and exemplary Turkish character. His place of abode is the harem, where countless numbers of slaves do his biddings.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

SPIRIT ECHOES.

NUMBER SIXTEEN.

BY SPIRIT VIOLET.

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELFAMER.

IN walking through the streets of beautiful Zencollia City, I have observed the perfect freedom of its inhabitants, the undisguised manner of living, the open frankness, and the confidence which each one seems to repose in his neighbor, and also the unceremonious hospitality of each household; for every passer-by is welcome to enter, rest, refresh himself, and examine whatever excites an interest in his mind.

And I have noticed this, because at first it appeared very strange to me—so at variance with the customs of mortals, who shut themselves up in their homes, becoming sometimes too exclusive and ceremonious in their bearing towards others.

But I have learned that while it would be unwise and unsafe for mortals to leave their homes open to the inspection of every curious passer-by, and imprudent in the extreme for them to invite every stranger into their households, it is perfectly safe to do so in the Spiritual City Zencollia, whose inhabitants are all pure and spotless, who have become purged from all gross and carnal appetites and habits, who do not gossip and slander, who love each other, whose families are bound by the closest ties of tender sympathy and affection, and whose lives are so pure, so devoted to the welfare of others, they have nothing to conceal.

Every home is a shrine of prayerful praise; every family bows at the altar of Infinite Wisdom; each inhabitant has some lesson to repeat, or some experience to rehearse to the new-comer into these high streets, that will be a guide to his feet; every habitation contains something of interest to the stranger who may have but recently ascended to the upper courts of Zencollia. And there is no risk in entertaining the stranger; for no impure, selfish, worldly-minded Spirit can enter Zencollia; he could not breathe in its refined atmosphere, the brilliancy of its light would blind him. For while it is true that exalted Spirits can descend to lower spheres or conditions, where grossly minded intelligences dwell, surrounded by the darkness which their mental state throws off, and there minister to the necessities of these earth-bound souls, yet it is as impossible for these selfish Spirits to ascend to the upper heights as it is for mortals to pierce the heavenly worlds with their material bodies; for as the physical keeps you down to earth, so the weight of passion keeps these Spirits also down.

Therefore no impure Spirit enters Zenobia, and none fears to entertain the stranger: also, the inhabitants of that celestial city are possessed of clear vision, and they can readily read the interior thought and desire of whoever comes their way.

The dwellers in that happy city associate together in groups, all working for the common good; each one obeys the law, each one assists in framing the law, all contribute to the welfare of the people, the beautifying of the city, the maintaining of open, free schools of instruction, and in upholding a good government.

I have often thought of the beauty and glory of this sweet life, wishing that I could cause mortals to view it as I do—to view and to emulate. To bring down something of the sort on earth; for then there would be no need of prison-walls, no cause for corporeal punishment, but love and justice would reign supreme, and the millennium, so long foretold by prophet and seer, would dawn upon the new earth.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

SOUTH ST. LOUIS, NOV. 17, 1879.

BROTHER DENSMORE,—This is to acknowledge the communication, through M. T. Shelhamer, from L. T. W. He was a particular friend in life of the writer's, and his communication was characteristic of the man.

Let me thank you again and again for the to us precious privilege of receiving those dear remembrances.

He heads his communication, "To many Friends," and as one of them, I am glad to hear from him.

Yours in truth,

W. B. PERRY, No. 6814 Third St.

KIND WORDS FROM WISCONSIN.

WAUKESHA, WISCONSIN, NOV. 21, 1879.

MR. D. C. DENSMORE:—Dear Brother,—From time to time, as I peruse your welcome VOICE, I feel gratified to know of its success. The many phases of the subject which it submits to the reader proves but the statements made by all thinking and rational minds, that Spiritualism is gaining ground, and that the truth is being seen and adopted by many who have heretofore paid no attention to its teachings. The Message Department is one eagerly read by myself, as there has appeared a name, though not quite correctly printed, of one whom we hope is near and dear to us, passed to Spiritland some years ago. We hope the communication will appear soon. The name Caleb Hutchins. The letters "on" (o and n) should be added, if it be from him. We are anxious to acknowledge and accept, if from him. We have many visits from him at our home.

I am quite interested, also, with writings from the pen of Mrs. J. A. Campbell.

I trust your health will be spared to you to carry out this good work. The Spirit-world will be with you, with power to give you help. In my own experience I have learned that kind words are never lost. Accept a few thoughts below in kindness sent.

Yours for truth,

MISS J. M. HUTCHINSON.

KIND WORDS TO D. C. DENSMORE.

KIND words—but small they seem,
Given to another.
Yet full well their value knows
The sister or the brother.

Spoken lightly, yet what weight!—
Father and mother
Given to their little ones
Clustered there together.

When from the outside world
Round the hearth-stone gleaming
Wisdom from the good old Book,
Its truths to them revealing.

May these words a mission prove
Unto you, our brother!
Love and Friendship be with you
At present and forever!

THERE is something exceedingly arrogant and short-sighted in the pretensions of those who ridicule everything not capable of being proved to the senses. They are like a man who holds a penny close to his eye, and then denies that there is a glorious firmament of stars, because he cannot see them. Carlyle gives the following sharp rebuke to this annoying class of thinkers:—"Thou wilt have no mystery and mysticism? Will walk through the world by the sunshine of what thou callest logic? Thou wilt explain all, account for all, or believe nothing of it? Nay, thou wilt even attempt laughter! Who so recognizes the unfathomable, all pervading domain of mystery, which is everywhere under our feet and among our hands; to whom the universe is an oracle and a temple, as well as kitchen and castle-stall—he shall be called a mystic, and delirious! To him thou, with sniffing charity, wilt protrusively proffer thy hand-lamp, and shriek, as one injured, when he kicks his foot through it. Wert thou not born? Wilt thou not die? Explain me all this—or do one of two things: retire into private places with thy foolish cackle; or, what were better, give it up; and weep not that the reign of wonder is done, and God's world all disembellished and prosaic, but that thou thyself art hitherto a sand-blind pedant."

THE prophet Elijah has risen in the ancient English town of Chichester. He is tall and handsome, and wears a picturesque garb of sheepskin and high cowhide boots. He carries a staff and small horn and announces his meetings, which are held in the People's park, and are very largely attended. He says he was once a landscape painter, and eight months ago he had several visions, in which he was told to call himself Elijah at all meetings, as he was the real prophet foretold and promised in Malachi 4: 5. This verse is the whole foundation of his doctrine, which is to preach Anglo-Israelism to the English people, who, he states, are the lost ten tribes of Israel; and if they do not listen to him and in time return to Jerusalem, a great famine is prophesied.

MONEY-ORDERS.

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

BRIEF NEWS ITEMS.

EMER B. PHILLIPS, a prominent and well-known merchant of Boston, died in that city Nov. 26th aged 71 years, 4 months. He has been for many years a constant and firm believer in Spiritualism. He left a large property.

Merrick Hall, Quincy, Ill., was opened to the public and dedicated to Spiritualism, etc., on Sunday, Nov. 23d. A. J. Fishback officiating afternoon and evening to large and attentive audiences. He will hold at the same place a two-days' meeting, commencing Friday evening, Dec. 19th, 20th and 21st, to which all are cordially invited. The hall is a pleasant, well-lighted building—an honor to the lady who erected it to the memory of her deceased husband.—*Mind and Matter.*

A series of lectures on the Harmony of Science and the Religion of Spiritualism will be given at Lyric Hall, No. 259 1-2 North Ninth street, Philadelphia, at the Spiritual Conferences of the Keystone Association of Spiritualists.

The Directors of the Onset Bay Grove Association, at their meeting held at the Snerman House in Boston, the 5th of November, voted to build five more cottages at the Grove at once.

The Vermont State Spiritualist Association will hold its Quarterly Convention at Waterbury, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 2d, 3d and 4th, 1880.

Prof. Henry Kiddle, of New York City, opened the course of lectures of the Association of Co-operative Spiritualists of Philadelphia, Penn., Sunday, Dec. 7th, at Assembly Buildings Hall, southwest corner 10th and Chestnut streets; he will occupy the rostrum at this place every Sunday afternoon and evening during the month of December. The Society is in a most flourishing condition, and bids fair to accomplish much good the coming winter.—*Banner.*

Hon. David Gilchrist, a leading citizen of New Hampshire for nearly half a century, and a successful merchant in Franklin, passed to the higher life, Nov. 27th, after a long chronic sickness, aged 60 years. An early investigator of the Spiritual Philosophy, he became convinced of its truth, and firmly maintained his convictions.

The Paine Celebration will be held as usual in Paine Hall, Boston, on the 29th of January next. The Committee of Arrangements consist of Hon. Ellizur Wright, Messrs. Seaver, Verity, Ernest Mendum, John A. O'Malley, and G. N. Hill.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

MALDEN, MASS., NOV. 20, 1879.

DEAR BRO. DENSMORE,—I am happy that I can verify the communication, through M. T. Shelhamer, from Emma S. Dodge, in the Oct. 15th issue, as being satisfactory and correct in every particular, except that the initial of Mr D. was incorrect, probably an error of the printer. I prize all such communications as a rich treasure.

Respectfully yours,

MRS. J. B. SEVERANCE.

THE man to whom nature begins to reveal her open secrets feels an irresistible longing for the worthiest exponent—art.

[Selected by M. J. K.]

EXTRACT FROM AN ADDRESS BY
MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

THE New Advent of Truth—is it to come, or is it already here? Are mankind on the verge of that religious millennium foretold in ancient times, or are we to look for another and a higher evolution of spiritual power?

The churches are now shaken to their centre by the blast of popular inquiry, and proofs of the truth of the fundamental principles of religion are being demanded of the priesthood by their following, and the world outside as well, in a measure never before known. Reasonable investigation and reflection are the solvents which are making possible the grand advances of the hour.

The soul of man today cleaves the bonds that hold him in a material sense, striving to rift them in twain, that he may be truly free; the potency of material minds is surging around you; they are steadfastly working their way in the world; in the midst of this, man grows into form within, so that an eternal voice to the soul is heard and recognized, and skepticism is robbed of all power to harm the *real truth*—becoming rather an invigorating spring to human action in efforts to compass a knowledge of it and its blessing. Is spiritual truth more than mere phenomenal manifestations—is it undeniable, unquestionable? No longer need we go into argument in defence of the physical and mental manifestations; whatever their truth according to the idea of the past time, it is now near the end of those two thousand years in which the millennium had been foretold, and the very atmosphere of earth is redolent of signs and wonders proclaiming the approach of another avatar from heaven. The great planets Jupiter, Uranus, Saturn and Neptune, which have the largest power in the solar system, are now perfecting a perihelion unknown for the last two thousand years, and that coincidence of perihelion will bring about such changes in earth's conditions and surroundings—its magnetic and electric forces—as shall produce political convulsions, deadly epidemics, warfare, and divers other trials and dangers in your midst.

With this great physical culmination about to exert its power in human affairs, is there no great spiritual culmination also? Are not the conflicts between science and religion, the great agitation on all social topics, the wonderful power that now is working among the churches, modifying and even extinguishing the force of dogmas ancient as human tradition itself—that broader warfare which is going on in the world today, striking down all human creeds and building up the true religion of humanity—are not all these the indications of an approaching culmination on the spiritual side of being equal in degree to the physical wonder-signs of the present era? Is it not in accordance with the law of universal harmony that the movements of the nations of the earth are ordered in cycles, as are those of the planetary system? And if we follow closely the course of events, we shall find in the culmination about to ensue, a spiritual thought corresponding to those of the

physical universe, and that that physical universe itself is governed by law; and if there is a governing law, shall any person be bold enough to say that the *spiritual* is without law—that the great Guiding Power here falls off, and leaves man's better and interior nature to the domination of blind and hopeless chance?

Is it not rather the more apparent that the law rules with greater force and subtlety in the spiritual universe, and that that spiritual universe is held in its orbit and led to revolve around its central point as the planets are by the law of their own being? Is it not in accordance with reason that as constellations exert their influence upon the physical plane of human life, so spiritual constellations in their rising and setting, *i. e.*, in their revolutions, have their influence on the spiritual side of existence, so that man is moved by them to better ideas, and more progressive conceptions of his surroundings and capacities, in time, and regarding that eternal state of which the seen, the felt and the known (through experience) of earth are but prophecies? Who in the light of the past, and the experience of the present, shall say that spiritual constellations do not govern and control the course of human thought, make preparation for the destined cycles of time, and give to man what he can bear of spiritual truth, and at the moment when he is best fitted for its reception? If this be true, then do not the phenomenal signs of our era foretell the coming of Christ—he who said he would give you a Comforter who will tell you all things? Signs that the past has agreed to consider as prophetic of the latter days are in your air; by the process of time, and the revolving of the seasons, the hour draws nigh when the sun will occupy the position which he did two thousand years ago, and the planets that now draw nigh to a coincidence of perihelion will represent the position of the solar system at its highest point of magnetic and electric taxation. Does not the Bible say, for instance, that the spirit of God in these latter days shall be poured out on all flesh: that "Your sons and your daughters shall prophecy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men dream dreams?" Are not all these signs and others mentioned in that volume now regnant in the very atmosphere of earth today? and do not these stupendous conditions accord with those of the physical in foreshadowing the spiritual culmination of a chapter in human history?

Such an impulsion is regnant on earth today—it is not, as some suppose, the direct achievement of modern science or intellect. Each time this avatar has come to earth its advent has been after the same manner. Religion cannot be swept away—lifeless forms and symbols may totter, but the grand truths of inspiration will abide forever! Spiritual truth is the mighty key that unlocks the treasures of the universe. A greater degree of spiritual knowledge exists today than ever before, and which had it existed in the same degree in ancient times would have astonished the world. *Each one of you* becomes a herald of the New Dispensation; all your power is appreciated and appropriated; formerly only the oracles could

speak the messages of the gods; but today the voice of the multitude of witnesses is heard in the land; the churches are yielding the conflict; their creeds are less and less important of position; humanity rises up to take the place of dogma; the time which Swedenborg saw and recognized as the second advent or coming of Christ—though he shared in the mistake of his predecessors in regarding it as the final avatar—is at hand. The second advent about to occur is not the literal coming of Christ as he came before; it is the representation of a spiritual force and a kingdom of thought that does not belong to the limited range of human senses, but exists every where, permeates all things, and uplifts humanity by the culmination of the conditional disturbances in the world today.—*Banner, Jan. 4th, 1879.*

THE night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one,
Yet the light of a bright day dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one,
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

LISTENING to the magnetic voice of Mr. Sankey, one can but wonder at the power he holds over a congregation. Every one feels for the time being that Divine revelations are made through the perceptions of harmony, and religion is taught the soul through music. How can men be vile and sinful, or indulge in wild and wicked thoughts, with rich strains of melody rolling through their ears upon their souls, speaking of love and humanity?

Music quickens our desire for virtue and holiness, and calls into action all the divine energies hidden away in every soul, nerving the humblest and weakest to battle against sin and wrong-doing. A soft, sweet voice penetrates to the soul, suggesting ennobling thoughts and developing higher aims and inspirations, exciting in the sinful soul a longing for infinite perfection.

Oh, give us more music and less religious theories. Tell us of Christ and his lovely and loving life, and the creation of beauty and expression of harmony through the sweet power of music. Give us the sound of singing voices, that teach us of goodness and incite us to piety and moral excellence.

The world is wicked, men are sinful, and women weak. We need some great and holy power to replenish our failing love from the fountain of Infinite Life and Love. Heaven and harmony are one. The thoughts of the angels are musical. Let all listen and sing, "Peace on earth and good-will to men."

Man is the connecting link between the two worlds. In him is the material and Spiritual harmoniously blended. Below him are the lower forms of life, and above him are the higher and spiritualized forms developed into perfected beauty. The angels and archangels, Saviours and prophets, are joined by golden links to the vast chain of immortality, and become partakers of the Divine perfections.

HOW TO DRY FLOWERS WITH SAND.

THERE are many of our brilliant flowers—such as dahlias, pansies, pinks, geraniums, sweet-williams, carnations, gladiolas—which may be preserved so as to retain their color for years. White flowers will not answer for this purpose, nor any succulent plant, as hyacinth or cactus. Take deep dishes, or those of sufficient depth to allow the flowers to be covered an inch deep with sand. Get the common white sand, such as is used for scouring purposes; cover the bottom of the dish with a layer half an inch deep, then lay in the flowers, their stems downward, holding them firmly in place while you sprinkle more sand over them, until all places between the petals are filled, and the flowers buried out of sight. A broad dish will accommodate quite a large number. Allow sufficient sand between. Set the dish in a dry, warm place, where they will dry gradually, and at the end of the week pour off the sand and examine them. If there is any moisture in the sand it must be dried out before using again, or fresh sand may be poured over them, the same as before. Some flowers will require weeks to dry, while others will become sufficiently dry to put away in a week or ten days. By this simple process, flowers, ferns, etc., are preserved in their proper shape, as well as in their proper color, which is far better than to press them in books. When arranged in groups or mounted on cards or in little straw baskets, they may be placed in frames under glass.—*New England Farmer.*

It is deemed incredible that people in magnetic sleep can describe objects at a distance, and scenes which they never looked upon while walking; yet nobody doubts the common form of somnambulism, called sleep-walking. You may singe the eye-lashes of a sleep-walker with a candle, and he will perceive neither you nor the light. His eyes have no expression; they are like those of a corpse. Yet he will walk out in the dense darkness, avoiding chairs, tables, and all other obstructions; he will tread the ridge-pole of a roof, far more securely than he could in a natural state, at midday; he will harness horses, pack wood, make shoes, etc., all in the darkness of midnight. Can you tell me with what eyes he sees to do these things? and what light directs him? If you cannot, be humble enough to acknowledge that God governs the universe by many laws incomprehensible to you; and be wise enough to conclude that these phenomena are not deviations from the divine order of things, but occasional manifestations of principles always at work in the great scale of being, made visible at times, by causes as yet unrevealed.

MONEY-ORDERS.

All Money-Orders for the Voice of ANGELS should be made payable at the
BOSTON POST-OFFICE.

BE ACTIVE.—The common duties of mankind were no more true in David's time than now, and no more true now than they will be a thousand years hence. Man must work. God gives the ground, the sun, the rain, but we must work. We must co-operate with God, that we may have fruits and food to eat. Knowledge can be acquired only by means of study. The divine economy allows no exemption and no respite from labor except the night for rest and the Sunday in which we shall lay aside all secular work.

CRAVING FOR SORROW.—There is a curious tendency in humanity to crave sorrow in a hidden and unconscious way, that does not need to find words, betrays itself in actions. It is like the physical longing for salt; pure joy and peace are savorless without this pungent flow of tears; there is no relief to sculpture without shadow, no delight to the eye like dawn, and yet dawn implies darkness, inevitably.

DEPEND upon it that revelation, if needed to-day, will be given to-day. Indeed it is being given, and Spiritualism has come to lead humanity "out of the darkness into His most glorious light."

"TUNIE" FUND.

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

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

Miss C. Sanders, Oak Grove, Dodge Co., Wis.,	\$0.36
Charles Thompson, St. Albans, Vt.,	0.17
Mrs. C. H. Barker, 166 School st., Lowell, Mass.,	0.35
Miss C. Sanders, Oak Grove, Dodge Co., Wis.,	0.81
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and receive Spirit-communications.

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NOTICE.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

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

Pub. Voice of Angels.

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