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### LITERARY.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

#### "THE SABBATH WAS MADE FOR MAN, NOT MAN FOR THE SABBATH."

THOMAS TRYPHENA C. PARKER

MEASURE the hours that fly apace  
Into the past, where time nor space  
Can ever count their moments more;  
Treasure the days with rapturous care,  
And love's warm, sweet smiles, tears and prayers,  
And count their ending six times o'er.

Then comes a morning's calm, still upon,  
A hush to nought but man;  
For all but him are seeming still.  
He leaves the busy bees and flowers  
To labor and to yield their powers,  
Obeying God's enduring will.

And just as though no Sabbath came,  
The house and birds, the sun's bright flame  
Unceasingly are telling on;  
The breezes bless our opening lungs,  
And fruits invite our dainty tongues,  
As in the days just past and gone.

"Worketh my Father still—and I"—  
Said he whose godlike deeds can't die—  
(Words patterned from his Father's words.)  
As Jesus reasoned, so may we;  
Our Father worketh day by day,  
And in God's ways our lesson lies.

All days are holy, every one;  
God's works of love are never done,  
Nor can our eyes rest anywhere  
On Nature's works inert and bare,  
As far as man's quick thought can sound,  
In deepest earth or distant air.

Then let us follow after him  
The search for truth; though dark and dim  
The path now seems all covered o'er  
With foliage dropped from many an age,  
Since Jesus spoke on life's broad stage  
True words that last forevermore.

And as we rest from toilsome toil,  
Let Heaven her strong arms uncoil.

And sing them to the vault of Heaven,  
To bring down words by God inspired—  
Hush and songs, waiting to be stirred  
For every blessing God hath given.

For nobler gifts than days and hours  
Are Heaven's holy, truthful powers,  
That crown man king o'er all below,  
And lift our minds up through God's ways  
To God himself in humble prayer,  
That we His heavenly will can know.

Without our reason's glowing powers,  
The days with all their brilliant hours  
Would ever pass unheeded by—  
Nor life, nor rest, nor moving time,  
Nor hope, nor joy, nor music's chime,  
Could ever bless us, live or die.

Nor immortality's bright beams  
Could sparkle in the rippling streams  
Of man's redundant, love-life thought;  
Nor fields Elysian, stretched away  
Beyond the close of mortal day,  
Could be by mortal senses sought.

Then let us seek for wisdom's way,  
And do good deeds on every day,  
As Jesus did when here below;  
And pleasantly we'll often speak,  
And reason though our souls feel weak;—  
God's gracious light shall guide us through.

KILLBUCK, N. Y., Jan. 6, 1879.

### MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

#### PLAIN TALKS ON HEALTH.

BY THE MEDICAL CONTROL OF M. T. SHELFHAMER  
NUMBER FOUR.

Oh, if people could only realize the import-  
ance of admitting sunlight into their houses!—  
if they would seek to understand its bearing  
upon the health; not only upon the physical,  
but upon the mental well-being as well;—they  
would not seek to shut the sunlight out. You  
can no more expect to live a cheerful, well-bal-  
anced, healthy life away from the invigorating  
rays of the sun, than you can expect to raise a  
healthy, thrifty and beautiful plant in a dark-  
ened room, where no light is admitted to dispel  
the dampness and gloom.

See to it, then, that you live in the sunshine,  
literally as well as metaphorically.

Next in order comes ventilation. Too many  
of our homes are badly ventilated. A bad state of  
the atmosphere, which we are obliged to inhale,  
is a fruitful source of disease. Every housewife  
should see that her rooms are properly ventila-  
ted. Every manufacturer, every employer,

should take care that his work-rooms are in a  
proper state of ventilation.

Many cases of consumption occur every year,  
which are caused from over-burdened lungs,  
which are obliged to inhale and re-inhale an  
atmosphere freighted with the poisonous parti-  
cles thrown off by the body, and which should  
be allowed to pass out into the open air.

He who has his own interests, as well as the  
interests of his work-people at heart, will see to  
it that his rooms are properly ventilated, and  
that a due amount of sunlight and air are ad-  
mitted.

And in this respect it would be wise for peo-  
ple to admit a little more air into their sleeping  
apartments. The amount of pure oxygen a  
room contains is very soon used up by one oc-  
cupant, and the atmosphere speedily becomes  
burdened with carbon and other poisonous sub-  
stances exhaled from the lungs and other or-  
gans of the body. Unless these poisons are  
allowed to escape, and fresh oxygen is admitted,  
you are obliged to breathe in this poison-laden  
atmosphere again and again, and the conse-  
quence is that you awake in the morning, not  
refreshed and strengthened as you should be,  
but tired, loaded with pains, restless and un-  
easy.

Every room, and especially every sleeping-  
apartment, should admit a current of air, should  
have facilities for proper ventilation, if we are  
to have healthy men and women.

Of course, if there is good ventilation, the  
temperature of our apartments will be regulat-  
ed in proportion; but a word upon the subject  
may not be out of place.

It is true that a cold, so to speak, may be  
caught as well in a heated room as by going  
out into the cold; and it is a well-known fact  
that an over heated atmosphere will so debili-  
tate and relax the system as to leave it exposed  
to any cold blast that strikes against it. In  
this country, our people, and especially our  
women, are prone to cultivate too much heat.  
They are apt to sit in a room with the tempera-  
ture up among the nineties, and in an atmos-  
phere laden with the gas that has escaped from  
their stoves. Of a necessity, this state of  
things tends to delicate constitutions, debilitated  
stomachs and weak lungs.



One important element in the search for health, and one that is apt to be overlooked in this fast age and country, is plenty of good sound sleep. A man who retires in good season, enjoys a long night's sleep, and awakes, at an early hour of the morning, refreshed and invigorated, is in a fair way to longevity. It is a well-known maxim that two hours' sleep before midnight is worth four hours' sleep after midnight; and it is true. The body and mind that is worn out with the cares and toil of the day, need rest as soon after nightfall as they can get it; and two hours' sleep after that time will set them along wonderfully in the work of recuperating the wasted energies.

In order to have good sleep, one needs to have eaten a light supper, and to have taken nothing into the stomach, unless it be a drink of water, for at least three hours before bedtime. He needs to have his room properly ventilated, to have the bed-covering warm, but light and comfortable.

No one who would enjoy sleep as it is meant to be enjoyed, no one who would receive the rich blessings of "Nature's sweet restorer," in all their fulness, should lay himself down upon a feather-bed. Oh, sweltering, suffering humanity! could the diseased and tortured kidneys, the torpid, inactive liver, the aching backs and heads speak, they would cry out between their groans, "Away with the feather-beds! By the heat they produce, and by their inability to allow the poisonous excretions of the body to escape, they load us down with evils and promote and aggravate our sufferings."

There is sleep and sleep. A man may eat a hearty supper, enter an illy-ventilated room, roll into a feather-bed, and in a few moments be tossing and puffing and snoring in unconsciousness, and so continue until day breaks. Such a man need never expect to live free from ills and pains, to arise in the morning refreshed and strengthened; for it will be impossible for him to do so. Nature works only by law, and when that law is violated, the penalty must be paid.

Cheerfulness and the cultivation of the affections will tend to keep the body healthy, and we think whoever will observe the rules laid down for diet, and all the other modes for right living, will grow cheerful as naturally as flowers grow beautiful in the sunlight, and their affections will develop also, for by becoming healthy they will feel good, and from feeling good they will grow cheerful, others will love them for their goodness and cheerfulness, and as love awakens love, the affections will be brought into active use.

Before the "coming day" shall dawn, before the Millennium shall appear—that time of universal peace, love and harmony, so long dreamed of by poet and sage—we must get rid of our dyspeptic habits, we must learn to eat and live like rational beings. No man with dyspepsia gnawing at his vitals will be apt to give the "soft answer that turneth away wrath." No woman with "biliousness" planted in her stomach and printed on her features will be likely to speak in gentle tones of love. We tell you

that good health must become one of the grand renovators of the world.

We know very well that we have advanced nothing new in these papers, that the rules laid down are as old as the time of Hippocrates, that probably you have heard them a dozen times. But they are of such importance to the human race that we venture to once more remind you of them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### CIVILIZATION:

#### MESSAGE NUMBER FIFTEEN.

SPOKEN AT BELVIDERE, N. J., 10-17-'77, THROUGH J. M. A.

[USELESS LETTERS OMITTED.]

I AM disposed to ask a privilege of you and your husband. It is this. Be so good as to rit a letter tomorrow to the . . . requesting all those Spiritualists who are in favor of practical work, in the direction of association for *every-day* labor and life, education and religion; who are in favor of association for secular employment, on the basis of spirituality and pec; who are in favor of practically establishing *on the soil* the principles which belong to true Spiritualism; in favor of *living out* the principles of the Harmonial Philosophy; in favor, in short, of *communal group-homes*, in the far West and South, or anywhere else where it may be practicable at this time;—who believe in Spiritual Mediumship, as the real and only basis of the Spiritual movement, and who are willing to conform their lives to the requirements of the laws of their Spiritual being—ignoring false, oppressive and perverted elements and practices, pertaining to the present forms of Civilization, and adopting and adhering to the expansive, liberal, just and pure principles and practices (or methods) belonging to a truly harmonious order of life;—such are invited to make themselves ready, when the call shall come to their souls, to embrace the new life with hands as well as hearts, and by locating themselves away from the great centers of traffic and turmoil, put themselves at work with the Pec Hevns; to the end that when the storm shall come, and old institutions totter and fall, there shall be somewhere gathered a few earnest souls ready to build the New. This and much more I would say, but this is the substance of the request. Any person desiring to know more fully the import of this message, may communicate with Q. X., etc.

[Selected by M. J. K.]

Our lives are songs; God writes the words,  
And we set them to music at pleasure;  
And the song grows glad, or sweet, or sad,  
As we choose to fashion the measure.  
We must write the music, whatever the song,  
Whatever its rhyme or metre;  
And if it is sad, we can make it glad,  
Or if sweet, we can make it sweeter.—*Banner*.

I LIVE for those who love me,  
For those who know me true,  
For the heaven that smiles above me,  
And waits my spirit too;—

For the cause that needs assistance,  
For the wrongs that need resistance,  
For the future in the distance,  
And the good that I can do.

—*Christian Endeavor Annual*.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

### GLENDOWER;

#### A LEGEND OF THE OLD AND NEW.

BY ALICE CARY.

THROUGH MRS. SUSAN GOODHUR WAGNER.

[CONTINUED.]

HERE in these deserted halls,  
My fancy oft recalls  
The scenes and visions of the past;—  
Those pictures hanging there,  
Those works of art so rare;  
Of forms that now are cold in death.  
And unto life they seem  
To wake as from a dream;  
And methinks upon my cheek  
I feel their breath.

Oh, mystic hour! Again I tread those silent and deserted halls; not as in the summer of youth, for that has passed away, and ripened into more perfect womanhood. Bird-notes greet me not, the bloom of Summer has passed into Autumn shadow, glided into sombre Winter. The frost glitters on the pane; the earth, covered with its snowy mantle; the trees leafless. Oh, cold and silent nature! I have warmth and motion; thou art dullest apathy.

Alice, I hear the name;—sweet sound to me, that waketh me unto sweet consciousness, as the note of the harp, the touch of the flute. Is it father?—is it mother?—is it sister? Soft hands are about me; warm lips touch my cheek.

And now the scene changes; I am ushered into the audience-chamber, amid the festal throng. Oh, Glendower! what possible events follow thee in the seclusion, in the grandeur of these ruins! I must ever be unmasked; I must ever succumb to the inevitable. Is it because the Lady Ernestine left such impressions, or that her immortal presence invades this chamber, and makes it a shrine or temple of the gods? We will see.

She comes—she comes—her graceful form  
Of tall and stately mien;  
The lady to the manor born—  
The presence of a queen.

In half dreamy languor, bewildered by a strange but pleasant phantasy of confused sounds, moving forms, the rustle of drapery, and images so strange, that I am lost in wonder, amazement and delight,

Oh, Priestess, I said, in robes of white,  
Of lightest and airiest grace,  
Oh, where wilt thou lead me, tonight—tonight—  
Oh, tell me, fair lady, with tresses bright,  
What is it inhabits this place?

With a smile serene, she gazed on me—  
The vision so bright and fair—  
And then I knew it was no dream,  
For the thought and sense were there;  
And she opened the door of an inner room,  
Like the breath of morn sweet with perfume,  
With paths of moss bordered with flowers,  
With streams that flowed through sylvan bowers.  
Behold! she said, behold thy sphere;  
The mortal and immortal meeteth here;  
And waving her hand, she swept away,  
Where or whence I cannot say;  
But my soul grew strong with a new-born power,  
As I gazed on the Lady of Glendower.

Oh, visible life, thou art here, even unto sense and sight. Here in this boudoir of beauty I comprehend the Infinite. The foliage, the flowers and fruits, in all their splendid decoration, enchant me;—the music, the transcendent loveliness of nature and of art, the embodiment of form, of spirit. From dead matter ariseth



the transformed, tangible principle; ethica, logic, wit, fun, sarcasm, all are blended with perpetual sound, and forms multiply and come and go and surround me, all bathed in perfumed ether of roseate coloring, of voluptuous drapery, of celestial modelling, and of definite shape.

Oh, tell me, poets of my sphere, I said—  
For thou art numbered here—  
What unto life or death appear;  
And let your words be few and brief—  
Of knowledge or of unbelief.

"I'll tell you," said one, bending low,  
The planets ruleth all the spheres,  
And their restless courses go,  
Regardless of our hopes and fears,  
Into the spaces of the years;  
Organic law is ever rife  
Of matter, concrete and effete,  
And quickened into perfect life  
Doth have those elements complete.  
Thou canst not even retain the will,  
Unless thou hast the motive power;  
Thou canst not keep the soul-thought still  
Thou canst not stay the fleeting hour;  
For life is ever going on,  
Matter and spirit taking form,  
One and inseparable, you know,  
As understood by Cicero."

And now another form I see, of colossal imagery;  
Words profound doth greet mine ear  
Of the illustrious Shakespeare.

Oh, Life, a couplet or a rhyme!—  
Oh, Life, infinite and divine!  
My keeper ever keepeth time;  
Hell opens its doors, and heaven, too;  
And birds and beasts, and reptile forms,  
As vultures on dead bodies swarm;  
Of dragons and of unicorns  
My flesh creeps, as if pricked with thorns.  
I humbly honor those that mourn;  
Not the insipid brainless fool,  
Who thinks the world is run by rule;  
For though in Nature much we see,  
There still remains a little space  
For the learned and the wise  
To understand, not to premise;—  
To shape the world and give it size.  
Oh, mighty sorcerers of the past!  
Oh, prophets that have prophesied!  
Only thyself art crucified.  
On earth there was a Saviour born;  
On earth there was a Saviour died—  
A man of thought profound, supreme—  
Jesus, the lowly Nazarene;—  
And from his breast humane there sprung  
A living fount for every one—  
The rich, the poor, the lame and blind—  
The medium of all mankind.  
'Tis not his history I would tell,  
Of what ye seem to know and feel:  
'Tis not of heaven or of hell,  
Nor of the forms wherein ye dwell;  
But of my living self farewell.

In this elysium of love divine  
My thoughts with the speaker were keeping time,  
Word by word, and line by line;  
And I wondered if matter didst thus refine  
Or govern all nature with the sublime.

Ah, there is another I recognize now,  
Of graceful form and classic brow—  
One that I revered long ago,  
As a beautiful dream—the poet Poe;  
And a serpent I saw that coiled at his feet.  
From the hideous reptile I turned away,  
And soon from his presence it did retreat,  
And he cried, Oh, demon, depart, I pray!  
For the torments of hell burn in me now.  
And the clammy sweat is on my brow:  
'Twas the shadow of death as I passed away,  
When I burst the bonds of the mortal clay,  
When the demon of darkness veiled my eyes,  
And shut out the vales of Paradise;  
When I longed to be free, but it held me there,  
And mocked and mocked at my despair;—  
The wine, I mean—the red, red wine—  
The serpent, I mean, the poisonous slime,  
That blighted my soul in its vigor and prime.  
But o'er my spirit there comes a sweet spell,  
And the notes in my bosom doth swell and swell  
Into rapturous strains, while the air all around  
Is sweet with the anthem of heavenly sound.  
Look at me now, in form I am here;  
Oh, look at me now, my love and my dear;

We have sung the same songs, love, o'er and o'er.  
I am here in thy presence now as before;  
The purple and crimson of twilight doth fade,  
The stars hide their glory, the moon is blood red;  
But I am a child again, humble and meek—  
'Tis only the flowers of Spring that I seek—  
Only the blush rose that tinted thy cheek;—  
If thou wilt forgive me, beloved one, speak.  
Now, my poetess friend, I will leave thee once more—  
She calls me, my loved one—the angel Lenore.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[For the Voice of Angels.]

## FROM OUR REGULAR PACIFIC COAST CONTRIBUTOR.

*Spirit L. Judd Pardee, Editor-in-Chief:*

DEAR BROTHER,—Allow me the pleasure of acknowledging my great indebtedness to you, for what your intellectual emanations—your able, very instructive and effective literary (inspirational) productions, including those given while in the earth-form-phase, as well as the still better now emanating from your Supernal Sanctum—have done for my moral and intellectual unfoldment and growth. Better far than myself must you know how largely such—these—contributed to dispel theological errors, philosophical absurdities, from the minds of those whose good fortune it was to read the soul-inspiring, soul-lifting, from-the-angel-realm given thoughts, sentiments, that characterized your super-able papers.

Indeed, cultured brother, to me these were as the sun to our earth—diffusing, radiating their inspirational beauties through the chambers of my soul, as does the majestic centre of our solar system its brilliancy over its legitimate domain. Not only my own, but thousands of other souls have been, as mine, lifted by your generous, clever efforts to higher positions in the realms of life's philosophy. And these, like myself, through gratitude, will furnish materials for the still more liberal adornment of that all-captivating, all-meritorious, more than beautiful palace, now assigned you, as a recompense (in part) for excelsior earth-service.

Yes, brother, yours is an enviable mansion, whose superstructure is of your earth-works, deeds of benevolence, etc.

Though largely infringing upon your sensitive delicacy, you will allow the insertion of this (in all of your friends' estimation) merited tribute, eulogy, for the good it will do others in stimulating them to go and do likewise.

Regard my appeal, brother, *argumentum ad hominem, argumentum ad judicium, ex æquo et bono!*

Yes, let this solacing thought-gem, this mite of soul food be diffused—that hungry souls may be nourished. Let it permeate and illumine wherever there is a want for it. Let it prove an element in the progress of mental development, lifting some unhappy intelligences to higher planes of thought, to spheres of greater enjoyment! Let it, oh, let it become as a plane, shaving away still thinner the now thin, flimsy curtain that frailly hangs between the two worlds—Life's two phases.

Oh, mortals, can't ye see—dimly see  
Our shadows through the veil?  
Oh, listen! can't ye hear—faintly hear  
Some friend's familiar tale?

Brother, is my (inspirationally) "facile" pen

wanted as an humble auxiliary amanuensis in this indispensable Spirit-earth-work of yours—of the Angel-realm? Can it, even a little, lessen your all-important labor, thereby conducing even slightly to your mental rest, ease? Can you see, from your better position for judging, that a part of the space of your indispensable, and to be still more successful paper, VOICE OF ANGELS, can be judiciously, profitably assigned me? If so, then so.

Nothing, be assured, would afford me greater pleasure, on entering upon your phase of life, over there, (in your sanctum, perchance, meeting you and your co-laborers,) than being conscious of having, even in a small degree, contributed to your aid, your service, your good, etc., etc. *Ad interim*, your obedient servant and brother.

Fraternally, R. T. LOCKWOOD.

## CORROBORATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE

EAST WASHINGTON, N. H., Jan. 5, 1879.

MY GOOD FRIEND, D. C. DENSMORE,—I have received in our precious paper, the VOICE OF ANGELS, a communication through the organism of M. T. Shelhamer, from my Spirit-wife, Hannah G. Brockway, who passed to Spirit-life Feb. 4th, 1868; and judging from the many messages I have received from her through a Writing Medium, Mrs. Taber, Village St., Boston, I recognize every word as coming from her.

She says on the 8th page, Jan. 1st, "I direct and guide him in his management, and he knows he couldn't do so well in the house if I was not there to help him." Again she says, "I am glad he made the change a couple of years ago, he knows I am." Two years ago, I bought me a place here at East Washington, near my sister's, and moved from Boston, where I had lived twenty years. Since that time, I have done all my work in the house alone, with the exception of her assistance. So you see the couple of years she speaks of is correct. I always set a chair, plate, knife and fork at the table for her, when I take my meals, knowing she is there as when in the form.

She says before the twelfth year from her departure is out, you will find that people who used to scoff will be glad to listen to you concerning the Spirit-world. She has been gone eleven years lacking one month.

Hoping to hear from my Spirit-wife again, and all my Spirit-friends, especially Henry C. Right, very soon, I remain,

Yours, respectfully,  
E. F. BROCKWAY.

If we had no faults ourselves, we should not have so much pleasure in discovering the faults of others.—*Roche foucauld.*



## BREATH GYMNASTICS.

THE importance of breathing plentifully of fresh air as an essential of health is generally admitted. Well-ventilated rooms, open-air exercise, and excursions into the country, are appreciated to some extent by all classes. But the art of breathing is very much overlooked. Being a process not depending on the will for its exercise, it is too much left to the mere call of nature. It is, however, an act which can be influenced very materially by the will. Properly trained singers are taught to attend very carefully to their breathing.

When brisk muscular exercise is taken, breathing is naturally active without any special effort. But when the body is at rest or engaged in occupation requiring a confined posture, and especially when the mind is absorbed in thought, the breathing naturally becomes diminished, and the action of the lungs slow and feeble. The consequence is that the oxygenation of the blood is imperfectly carried on. Even in taking a constitutional walk, the full benefit is not attained for want of thorough breathing.

As a remedy for this it has been suggested that there is room for what might be fitly termed breath-gymnastics—to draw in long and full breaths, filling the lungs full at every inspiration, and emptying them as completely as possible at every expiration, and to acquire the habit of full breathing at all times. This mode of breathing has a direct effect in supplying the largest possible amount of oxygen to the blood, and more thoroughly consuming the carbon, and so producing animal heat. It has also the very important effect of expanding the chest, and so contributing to the vigor of the system.

The breath should be inhaled by the nostrils as well as by the mouth, more especially while out of doors and in cold weather. This has partly the effect of a respirator; in so far warming the air in its passage to the delicate air-cells, and in also rendering one less liable to catch cold.

This full respiration is of so much importance that no proper substitute is to be found for it in shorter, though more rapid breathing. In short breathing a large portion of the air-cells remains nearly stationary, the upper portion of the lungs only being engaged in receiving and discharging a small portion of air.

Profound thought, intense grief, and other similar mental manifestations, have a depressing effect on respiration. The blood unduly accumulates in the brain, and the circulation in both heart and lungs becomes diminished, unless, indeed, there be feverishness present. An occasional long breath or deep-drawn sigh is the natural relief in such a case, Nature making an effort to provide a remedy. This hint should be acted on and followed up. Brisk muscular exercise in the open air, even during inclement weather, is an excellent antidote of a physical kind for a "rooted sorrow." And the earnest student, instead of tying himself continuously to his desk, might imitate a friend of the writer of this who studied and wrote while on his legs. Pacing his room, blade in hand, with paper at-

tached, he stopped as occasion required to pen a sentence or a paragraph.

Breathing is the first and last act of man, and is of the most vital necessity all through life. Persons with full, broad, deep chests naturally breathe freely and slowly, and large nostrils generally accompany large chests. Such persons rarely take cold, and when they do they throw it off easily. The opposite build of chest is more predisposed to lung disease. The pallid complexion and conspicuous blue veins show that oxygen is wanted, and that every means should be used to obtain it. Deep breathing also promotes perspiration, by increasing the circulation and the animal warmth. Waste is more rapidly repaired, and the skin is put in requisition to remove the used materials. Many forms of disease may be thus prevented, and more vigorous health enjoyed.—*Chambers's Journal*.

## CAUTION TO PUBLIC MEDIUMS.

THERE is a large class of Spiritualistic dead-beats who go to work methodically to sponge their way with all Mediums. These incorrigible leeches are the terror and bane of Mediums, and their sway should come to an end. Under the pretext that he or she has great influence with some newspaper, or can influence numerous paying customers, free sittings are constantly demanded. This is all wrong, and we shall be tempted to publish the names of some of these swindlers if they do not reform. Mediums will please take notice that all persons are swindlers and frauds who come to them asking free sittings on the plea that he or she has influence with the *Journal*, or will get an account published therein, in consideration of being dead-headed through the seance. Accounts thus written in payment for courtesies extended by the Medium, always bear the impress thereof, however skillfully the writer endeavors to conceal the fact. Such "puffs" are of little benefit to the Medium, worthless to the general reader, and worse than worthless as evidence in favor of Spiritualism. After an investigator has witnessed manifestations for which the regular fee has been paid, he is free to say just what his experience has been, and if he deems it of importance to the public or an act of justice to the Medium to publish the same, then he should send in his report for publication.

The *Journal* will gladly publish well-authenticated, concisely written accounts of manifestations; but it will not be done as a favor to the writers thereof, but rather for the benefit of the cause of Spiritualism, which should also be the main incentive of the narrator in giving them publicity.

Mediums are noted for their free-hearted generosity, and will never refuse to sit for those in poverty, but they should be careful not to be so easily imposed upon as at present.—*Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

Every stage of life has its set of manners that is suited to it and best becomes it.

In the sea of axiomatic truth, materialism swims with fins of lead.—*Joseph Cook*.

## VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE

SWIFT RIVER, Mass., Jan. 14, 1879.

D. C. DENSMORE:—Dear Brother,—Once more your blessed little paper has come to me, a comforter, bringing joy and gladness in my hour of sorrow and trouble. In your issue of January 15th, I find a communication given Dec. 22d, through the organism of M. T. Shelhamer, from my Spirit-daughter, Lucy Alcott.

I fully recognize the truthfulness of this message.

A few days before this message was given, the disastrous flood that swept over this vicinity had carried away my property, leaving me, for the second time in one year, stripped of all resources. The message came to cheer me, and give me hope in my trouble. She well said, I would not be likely to be deceived. She was with me of a truth, at the same twilight hour.

God bless you, Brother Densmore, and may the angels ever draw near Sister Shelhamer, to strengthen her in her blessed work!

I also fully recognize the message from Father Taylor, at the same Circle. I knew him well. The message reads just like him. Every thought of his earth-life seemed bound up in the welfare of the sailor. He was for many years pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Mariners' Church in Boston, where I often met him.

Yours, fraternally,

WM. ALCOTT.

## LETTER FROM WISCONSIN.

CONNERSVILLE, Dean Co., Wis., Jan. 10, 1879.

BROTHER DENSMORE,—I take the liberty to communicate a few lines to you, through the medium of the pen, concerning your soul-cheering and heaven-born messenger, the VOICE OF ANGELS, which we have had the inestimable pleasure of perusing for some months past, and we value it very highly, and wish it all success. We send greeting to your well-regulated paper.

Living as we do here in the West, and rather a new country, we have but a small chance to benefit ourselves with Spiritual gatherings; hence the coming of the VOICE is looked for with eagerness; and when it makes its welcome call, it is hailed and received with as much *eclat* as would be an absent friend.

We have been looking for messages from some of our dear departed ones who have gone "over the river," but as yet have not received any.

As darling Tunic can go to California



and other places, and communicate thro' Mediums, I will invite her to make us a call; and we would be very thankful if she would get some of our dear ones to go to the Voice of Angels' Circle, and give them a chance to communicate something cheering to us.

Hoping and trusting you may continue in the good work so nobly begun, until error, bigotry and superstition are driven out of the land, and that God and his angels will bless you with health and strength to push on your heavenly labors, is the prayer of your friend in the good cause,  
 MRS. E. N. VARBLE.

### SPIRIT COMMUNICATION.

THROUGH J. A. BLISS.

SARAH MARSTON.

GOOD AFTERNOON,—I am happy to meet you. It would take me too long, even if I wished to do so, to give you a history of my life; but I will seek to give you a few points of it, that may be of interest to you.

I was formerly a member of the South Baptist Church of Boston, or a missionary of that church. I was honest in my profession of faith, and I felt it was my duty to instruct others in what I believed at that time to be the way of life. I have found out, since my departure from earth-life, what a great mistake I had made. I was in the position of "the blind leading the blind." I sought then, to the best of my ability, to improve the moral condition of mankind; but I have found out since, that the means I used were not really calculated to benefit them. I worked entirely on the emotional nature within man, and not upon the mind, to bring about what I supposed was a great change of heart. Such work, for a time, is beneficial to the individual who receives, what we call, the blessing of conversion, and continues so until the reaction comes, or, as some call it, backsliding occurs. When that takes place, the converted person is carried into excesses which he or she would never have gone into, but for the excitement to which they had been subjected. Like fever, when the relapse comes, it is far worse than the original disease.

This I did not know until I entered Spirit-life; and when I became aware of this fact, I made up my mind that my future life in the Spirit-state should be to emancipate my brothers and sisters in the Church from this terrible and popular delusion. Wherever I have had an opportunity to impress the mind of developed or undeveloped Mediums, I have always sought to bring this fact to the front.

There are thousands—yes, thousands of

church-members in Spirit-life who are as honest today in their belief as you are in yours. They are the victims of the psychological impressions which were formed upon their minds, before they entered the Spirit-sphere; and which they received from their parents and teachers here. All through their infancy and childhood they were subjected to the teachings of parents and others, who instructed them to believe that to question, outside of certain lines of inquiry, was heresy and the instigation of the devil. It is true, that "As the twig is bent, so the tree is inclined," and, therefore under such inculcations, free thought had no opportunity to express itself, until a period of maturity was reached.

The natural result of that teaching was that those who were subjected to it, went on in their narrow and cramped condition through life, and at death entered the Spirit-state, to be brought face to face with facts of the most startling character.

I believe that you are a believer in the reality of Spirit phenomena. [The writer answered, "Yes".] She continued—Then how would you feel, if after all your investigations, you had awakened to the idea, that man was but a brute, born to die, with no life beyond the grave? Would you not feel that your life had suddenly become a blank—a mere abortion? Then, how must we who have been brought up under different conditions, feel, to be suddenly brought face to face with the fact, that all our earthly teaching, that all our earthly practices had been false, and that we had been the victims of psychological error?

I have friends in the city of Boston, and I am anxious they should read my message. I was told that if I would come here and give this message to you, that you would send it to my friends in that city. If it is agreeable to your friend, the editor of the VOICE OF ANGELS, to publish it, I will thank you to send him a copy of it. Please also send a copy of it to the South Baptist Church, Boston, without other address.

SARAH MARSTON.

### THE LILY'S GEM.

We may draw from the lake a lily,  
 When the summer's noon is sweet,  
 And sparkling low in its heart of gold  
 A gem from the winter greet.

'Twas an icicle's bead, it may be,  
 That passing the window by,  
 A sun-lit gem, looked cheerily in,  
 Like the glance of a kindly eye.

On the breast of a tiny streamlet,  
 Then down to the lake it hid,  
 And wandered long, till the lily leaned  
 And claimed it as her pride.

There is oft in the heart of a blessing,  
 That after a woe doth fall,  
 Some grace from the hour of sorrow,  
 The dearest joy of it all.—*Boston Transcript.*

(Selected by M. J. K.)

### LIFTED UP.

I stood beside my window, one stormy winter day,  
 And watched the light white snow-flakes flutter past;  
 And I saw, though each one wandered its silent, separate  
 way.

They all sank down upon the ground at last.  
 "So men must lie down too," I said,  
 "When life is past."

From out the self-same window, when soft spring days were  
 come,

I watched the fair white clouds that sailed the blue;  
 Could those bright pearly wonders, far up in heaven's high  
 dome,

Be the old wintry snow banks that I knew?  
 "So men shall one day rise again,"

I whispered, "too!"

—*Caroline Leslie, in Sunday Afternoon.*

"Little by little," sure and slow,  
 We fashion our future of bliss or woe,  
 As the present passes away.

Our feet are climbing the stairway bright,  
 Up to the regions of endless light,  
 Or gliding downward into the night,  
 "Little by little, day by day."

—*Christian Endeavor Annual.*

[From Banner of Light.]

### "RATHER TO BE CHOSEN THAN GREAT RICHES."

Think not what men will say,  
 But walk from day to day  
 As one whose daily pathway lies  
 Close by heaven's wall, 'neath angels' eyes.

What matter smile or frown,  
 If angels, looking down,  
 Shall each to other talk of thee,  
 In tones of love continually,  
 Until the name on earth but seldom heard  
 Shall get to be in heaven a household word?

### A BRAKEMAN'S EXPERIENCE WITH A MEDIUM.

A little more than a year ago, a tall, fine looking young fellow called on Mrs. Howard, at S. Charles; while the Medium was entranced, the control begged the young man to immediately visit his mother, and shake hands with her once more while he could do so, as the controlling Spirit saw him coming again to the Medium without hands, and feared some calamity involving the loss of his hands was imminent. The sitter went away, and a few weeks later fell from the train on which he was employed as brakeman; the car wheels passed over his arms, severing them from his body, and rolling onward, left him bleeding on the bleak, dark prairie. A mile more, and the whistle for brakes goes unanswered, the train is finally stopped, and no brakeman found; the engineer slowly backs his train until they come in view of the poor, maimed, bleeding victim. The conductor goes forward expecting to find a corpse, but instead finds a live, brave, hopeful fellow who, remembering, as he fell, the words uttered at Mrs. Howard's, has faith to believe that, if the Spirit could foretell the occurrence and see him again coming to the Medium, it would be so, and to the courage thus obtained he owes his life. A few weeks since, with his bride to whom he was engaged before the calamity, and who has nobly stood by him, he paid Mrs. Howard a visit, thus completely fulfilling the prophecy.  
 —*Religio-Philosophical Journal.*

NATURE is the art of God.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*



## VOICE OF ANGELS.

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NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS., FEB. 1, 1879.

## EDITORIAL.

## INSPIRATION—WHAT IS IT?

FROM time immemorial there has been a great deal said and written as to what Inspiration is, or from whence it came. The theologian in his pulpit, the speaker on the rostrum, and the editor in his sanctum, all recognize the power and potency of some inspiring source, yet fail to tell us what this acknowledged something is, so far as it acts upon human beings.

As we see things, there are various kinds or modes of inspiration. General inspiration is a power acting upon all souls throughout all the realms of nature, which inspires a sensitive soul with a sense of grandeur, awe and sublimity. We breathe it in with the balmy brent of the summer solstice and the roaring blast of winter. It comes stealing over the senses like the subdued, rippling sound of the tiny waterfall, or the dulcet, chiming tones of musical bells. When we gaze out upon the green fields, sunny glades, waving forests, or the sparkling seas of Nature's works; when we behold the lofty mountain uprearing its mighty crest above our diminutive heads, and piercing with its purple-crowned peaks the star-gemmed dome of heaven; when we behold thousands of planets whirling and rolling in space, all peopled with living, sentient beings like unto ourselves; or the heaving, surging ocean, tossing its mighty billows at our feet—each and all suggestive of power, of grandeur, strength and might—then, and not till then, can we feel that inspiration rushing over our sensitive spirits, thrilling our souls with the glow and brilliancy emanating from the Deity stamped on the soul of things.

That inspiration felt by the poet, pouring its sweet, solacing influence through every part of his being, causing him to dream dreams and sing songs rich with the descriptive, impassioned scenes of pastoral life; felt by the artist in every clime, causing him to throw out the fullest powers and possibilities of his soul, in his efforts to reproduce the glories of nature in the realms of art—this same power we call inspiration, lies concealed in organized forms, from the tiniest insect and plant up through the vegetable and animal kingdoms to man; and the sculptor, catching this inspiring force, brings out his power and genius in

his efforts to counterfeit these living forms, in all their multitudinous variety, while the polished marble shines, redolent with the beauty of his work. Such is the form manifested by what we call general inspiration, and which the student and admirer of nature recognizes and so much enjoys.

Another form of inspiration is found in the great, wide-spreading realm of thought—one not as yet fully, nor in fact but partially understood by the great mass of moving humanity, but which the teachings of those highly unfolded in the chemistry of life will in due time make plain to mortals.

Thoughts are entities, real things, and the world is full of them; they are born in individual minds, and go floating round in space; none are lost. Grand ideas, progressive principles, noble thoughts are born, that never receive expression from the mind in which they were conceived: but go floating out into the great realm of intellectual life, and finding in their journeyings some attraction in the mind of another individual, draw near him, and with their unspoken presence inspire that mind with lofty conceptions of life, of duty, of true nobility of soul; and are then given forth to the world, clothed in the white drapery of spiritual language.

The world is full of ideas of unexpressed atoms of thought, which are calculated in the ultimate to act upon the mind of man, and inspire his soul with inexhaustible fire and vigor. These ideas originate not only in the minds of those yet dwelling in physical bodies, but also are born into life in the higher and more advanced realms of thought, where the denizens of that more advanced realm often meet to discuss the problems of life, the laws of evolution and spiritual growth, the duties of existence on the lower plane of creation, and the education and elevation of humanity. These minds coming in contact, send forth bright scintillations, (as flint striking steel sends forth glowing sparks,) which scintillations fly forth into the realm of general ideas, and finding lodgment in some soul, kindle a fire of inspiration there that cannot be quenched until it accomplishes its holy work, and performs its sacred mission.

But while there are the forms of general inspiration, there is also a special inspiration proceeding from or produced by soul acting upon soul. For instance, the soul acted upon, and the spirit acting upon that soul, may both be encased in a physical body, or *vice versa*; or the soul acting may be disembodied, and the Spirit acted upon may yet inhabit a mortal body.

When the Spirit acting upon an individual, whether in a material form or not, gives its own thoughts expressed in its own language, through the organism it controls, it is *not* inspiration in any sense of that significant word. It is a psychological control or entrancement, if you like. But when the Spirit acting concentrates his powers upon the soul acted upon, to draw out the inner powers or possibilities of that soul, to thrill it with a conception of the true and beautiful in life, and to assist it in giving expression to its hidden conceptions of life and beauty, then the acting Spirit *inspires* that other soul with a special inspiration.

There is also a natural inspiration proceeding from Nature and her works, which acting upon the soul produces in it a sense of love and beauty, or emanations of wonder and awe. There is a common inspiration, proceeding from the realm of intellect inhabited by cultured, thoughtful minds, that acts directly upon individual man, producing its prototype, in ethics and literature. There is a Divine *afflatus* from the higher realms of harmony, proceeding from the sphere of spirituality inhabited by noble, highly unfolded souls, working for the elevating of humanity, which acting upon the individual spirit, fills it with the influence of love for God and man. And finally, in contradistinction to all these, there is a special inspiration, when soul acting upon soul draws out all the best, fullest, sweetest and clearest aspirations of the Spirit, towards light and wisdom.

Happy the man or woman, thrice blessed the individual, whose soul is so receptive that it can drink in all these various modes of one grand inspiration, which kindles an unquenchable love of the beautiful and good—consequently love of nature, and an unspeakable love for erring humanity.

## NOTICE.

Will the party signing his name "Marcus Junius," of West Philadelphia, who requests a certain answer from John Critchley Prince, please notify M. T. Shelhamer, 89 K street, South Boston, Mass., where and how a letter may reach him?

**STAND FIRM.**—Let the winds and the waves of adversity blow and dash around you, if they will; but keep on the path of rectitude, and you will be as firm as a rock. Plant yourself upon principle, and bid defiance to misfortune. If gossip, with her poisoned tongue, meddles with your good name, heed her not. Carry yourselves erect; let your course be straightforward, and, by the serenity of your countenance and the purity of your life, give the lie to all who would underrate and belittle you.



## SPIRIT MESSAGES,

GIVEN AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE,  
JAN. 5, 1879,THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHEL-  
HAMER.

INVOCATION, BY ROBERT ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN.

INFINITE SPIRIT! Thou who reignest through love and by love! We offer to thee as incense the grateful devotion of our spirits. Thou hast revealed thyself unto thy children so plainly, so truly, that there can be no mistake.

We bless thee for the starry orbs that shine above us. We bless thee for the beauty and grandeur that deck thy lower earth.

These sweet emblems of thyself that we behold—these beautiful flowers, oh, Parent God—reveal to us the unfoldments of life, and the wonderful care and mercy bestowed upon thy creatures. And oh, may these emanations of thy Infinitude speak to us in tones of love, that we may never forget our relations to one another and our connection with thee.

Are we not more than flowers? The flower withereth and decays; but he who doeth thy will abideth in the joy of love forever.

We thank thee for the lesson read, for our own creation, and for the attributes of good inherent in every creature. We bless thee for the love flowing from human hearts towards one another, even unto all thy dear humanity. Bless this divine principle of love; and oh, may it lead every soul nearer, still nearer to thee.

Blessed angels, we pray thee ever be with us to aid and assist the needy and distressed. Bring peace, comfort and succor to the sorrowing heart; and oh, may it be lighted not only with the light emanating from the presence of the angels, but also with the light and the glory of our God.

A. T. STEWART.

I UNDERSTAND, sir, all are welcome alike, the poor man as well as the rich man. [All are cordially welcome.] I come bowed down with the weight of poverty; it seems to me that the longer I live in the Spirit-World, the poorer I become; or is it because I see myself clearer and understand my condition better? [That is probably the case; if so, you are on the right road to accumulate wealth of spirit.] It may be so; but this sense of poverty, of complete nakedness, is very distasteful to me. It is not poverty in a material sense; but it is to be poor in love, poor in sympathy, affection, the interest others take in one, that fills me with a sense of woe. True, I have met friends; I have seen those about me who offer a kindly

hand and speak words of welcome. I have seen the faces of those I loved and who love me. Then why this poverty of spirit? It seems to me that the kindly eyes of angels, looking down into my soul, pierce me with questioning glances, more potent than earthly language; they inquire why I toiled and grasped and hoarded?—why I gave not as I went along?—not here and there, but abundantly to my suffering fellow-creatures? It is not what I have done, that has brought me to this condition; it is what I have left undone, what good I have failed to accomplish.

I see men about me who had far less wealth than I could have been contented with, who are loved and honored and respected. And why? Because they bestowed as they went; they gave to the needy kindly words, sympathetic smiles, and material aid; they refused to hoard beyond the needs of their families; and now I see those whom they have benefited flocking around them with blessings and love.

Do not think I underrate my own good qualities. That is hardly my way; but the short-comings that now stand out before me drive all others into the shade.

I had never deemed this possible, that I could return and speak as I have done; but I have learned just this, that humility is the first lesson to be acquired.

I do not propose to speak of my old worn-out casket farther than this—I shall not reveal its whereabouts; but there were other motives far greater than the greed of gain, that impelled the perpetration of the deed. The secret must be revealed in the future. Until then you must be content to wait.

Why my plans and purposes failed I can see, and I do not regret them, as they were based upon a wrong foundation; and I am glad those for whose benefit they were intended refused to submit to their regulations.

There seems to be some unwillingness to allow me to give my name, but I mean to do so. It is Alexander T. Stewart.

JONATHAN WALKER.

[THE Spirit shook hands heartily with the Chairman.]

I am a stranger to you, personally, sir, but a friend to all workers in the Spiritual ranks, and to all who are interested in reformatory measures of any kind. It is good to be here. Although an old man, I am still able to bear the brunt of the battle, and I would like to tell my friends that I am still at work. There is plenty to do here; measures to be adopted, and

means provided for the amelioration of human suffering. I am now in my element; and although the red hand has become white, yet it still has power to lift up the distressed.

I hope to reach my friends in Michigan and other places, principally to bring love and a blessing from heaven to my gifted wife.

I have met all my dear ones. My first wife met me at the portal.

I waft encouragement and cheer to all my old tried and true associates. God bless them, and bring them success in all their noble undertakings!

Twelve months have not elapsed since my ascension, but I am at home in every sense of the term.

Report me, please, as old Jonathan Walker.

ANNIE FARRELL.

ISN'T this the place, sir, where messages are delivered? [Yes.] I don't know as I can succeed, but I would like to try and send one. [You are welcome; and if you cannot succeed this time, come again.] I thank you. Father is with me; but mother and grandfather are living, and we would like to have them go somewhere where we can come. Father has a great deal to say, and wants to tell something about the old safe.

I send my love. I want this to reach New Bedford.

My name is Annie Farrell. Thank you.

MARY LAMB.

I AM an old lady, sir, but none the less glad to come, for all that. I understand this very well. It was a great comfort to me when I was here, and has been a great consolation to those still on earth. They know I come; that I had no fear of death, no regret, only that I could not take them with me. They know that I was with them all the time my body remained unburied, and that I brought them rest, peace and words of cheer.

My husband is Nathan Lamb. He knew, he knows it is all true, and it brings happiness to him. No need for me to give words of love here; they abide with me ever, and I send them forth to sink into the spirit of my companion. I have found my dear ones, as I have made known before elsewhere, and I am happy.

I send a blessing to my sister. Dear Jane, I bring you love and peace from the Spirit-World; I bring you tidings of your dear ones gone before, of their perfect joy; I waft you blessings for all you have been to me; and I will ever guide you and give you comfort and strength.

My name is Mary Lamb. I live in



Bridgewater, Vermont. Oh, we have some good times up in Vermont, sir. Spiritualism isn't confined to Boston. We have our little meetings and circles and social talks, and it does us good, develops the spirit.

I have been in Spirit-Life five months. How old! Only seventy-one.

I thank you, kind friends.

BEULAH.

I COME to send a message through the columns of your paper, sir, to one who scans its pages and longs for a word of counsel. I refer to my Medium. I am not known by any name but that of Beulah.

I would say, dear child, these clouds that threaten to overwhelm you, are only temporary. By the time you read these lines, you will observe the signs of brightness in the East. Do steadily, surely and trustingly what I advised, through your own organism. It is the right, though you hesitate and doubt. The hand guides and guards you always; then fear not, for this threatening tempest will prove but a light shower, which will purify and strengthen your spirit for the work.

I come from afar; I come to this place because none of you have ever heard of me. [Have you not been in Spirit-life a long time?] I have, sir, many, many long years. [I thought so; and passed away young?] At an early age. I came to my Medium as one of her Band, to develop and guide. There are none now on earth who knew me in the mortal.

I thank you.

[An exceedingly graceful, bright and shining Spirit.]

MESSAGES GIVEN JAN. 12, 1879.

FLORENCE NEWTON.

My name is Florence Newton. I would so like to have my message go out from this place. I have not much to say, only that what I believed was true so fades in the light of actual reality that it seems like the mists of twilight to the golden sun of day.

I have friends at Riverside, New York, to whom I hope to guide this message. They are ripening in spirit towards the better life, and I feel that possibly I may be able to give them some knowledge. I shall come to them elsewhere, if, as I hope, this will prepare the way.

I was nineteen years old, and have been away nearly six years. I suppose an accident caused my illness, but I do not regret it. I thank you, sir.

OLIVE FAYBAN.

I'm an old lady, sir, but they say I'm

welcome. I thought I would like to know if this was true, and that's why I come. My name is Olive Fayban. I was a little more than fifty; I have been gone, I suppose, nearly ten years. [That's quite a long time. You ought to know about the truth of this before now.] Why I never heard of it until lately. How should I know? I hardly knew there was such a thing as Spirits coming back. [Well you see it's true, don't you? This isn't your hand.] I don't know. I've heard tell that after we've been over some time, we get regenerated; and I didn't know but I might have grown young again, and this might be me, after all. [That may be a natural idea to have; only if you had grown young, like this lady, and so changed from what you were, who among your friends would recognize you?] I don't know; I suppose it's just as you say; but it's strange—very strange. [Where do you wish your message to go?] Well, I don't care if it goes to Lawrence; but I haven't many friends here, and I don't suppose they'll believe, anyway. It's all strange—very strange.

MARY GRAVES.

THERE is one who reads your paper carefully, sir, and who would like to receive a message from me; and so, if you please, I would deem it a favor to say a word. [You are welcome.] I do not feel old, like the lady just here. I am young and buoyant, and it is all beautiful around me—mother, father, friends, and kindred, all united and happy; and they bid me send love and tidings of their well-doing to those still remaining.

I presume it is a good while since I passed away; but time to me is nothing, and it seems but as a day. I bring my love. Tell Fred to do always as he would be done by—to live up to his convictions of right, and we will be able to come, and although unseen, will guide him rightly. Uncle says, if possible, he will put him in the way to receive all that should be his; but there are difficulties to contend with, that may render it impossible.

I thank you. You may call me Mary Graves.

DR. J. D. FISHER.

You will excuse me, Mr. Chairman, for coming in this way. I am here with a friend, to witness the proceedings of your little *seance*. I have been here once before, although I did not manifest. Perhaps I should not do so now, only understanding that you are interested in a publication, through which the Spirit-World can manifest to the denizens of earth, I thought I would take the present opportunity of

wafting my greeting, my love and remembrances to all my dear friends on earth—and I have a host of them—made while even a Spirit, when controlling my own former well-beloved Medium, and also to call attention to a Spirit-communication published in my old favorite—pardon the expression—the *Banner of Light*.

First, however I will introduce myself as Dr. John D. Fisher; and although a stranger, I am very glad to meet you, (shaking hands with the chairman.) The message to which I allude, I find published in the last number of the *Banner*, and is from the Spirit of Dr. George Leonard. Now, it is a practical communication, one that I wish could be placed before the eyes of every parent in the land; and it would favor me if you, or the Medium-Publisher of your paper, would reprint it and give it the benefit of his circulation.

I would say, however, that I know nothing as to the remedy he suggests for Diphtheria; but coming, as it does, from such a Spirit as Dr. George Leonard, I do not hesitate in saying it must be good.

I have witnessed, within the last two days, the Spirit-ascension and birth of one whom I years ago learned to know, appreciate, respect and honor. Many times I have met him in Spirit, while I myself held the organism of my own good Medium, now ascended. He, who was also a physician, listened to my suggestions and advice with kindly interest and obedience. How glad was I to welcome him to our Spirit-shores! His Spirit-reception and welcome was a pleasing and a welcome one. Today I have been with him, and while his cold, inanimate form still lies in the house of those near to him, his Spirit-eyes are drinking in the loving faces, and scenes of beauty around him. Now all is brightness and beauty; those dear companions who so loved him are with him, to sustain and strengthen him in Spirit.

Oh, the grandeur and glory of a Spiritual resurrection to a ripened Spirit! It surpasses mortal comprehension. Pardon me for my lengthy speech. I hope we may meet again.

[Below is the message of Dr. George Leonard given through the organism of Mrs. Jennie S. Rudd, at the *Banner of Light* Circle, Nov. 21st, and published in the *Banner* of Jan. 11th. We append it for the benefit of our readers, at the request of the Spirit reporting above.—M. T. S.]

DR. GEORGE LEONARD.

I do not wish to trouble anybody, Mr. Chairman, with my ideas; but I have my peculiar views, and always had. Whether



the world understood them or not, it matters not to me. Now the doctor who answered the questions, didn't do so quite to my satisfaction. He said nothing of Diphtheria. I had seen many cases of it before I left the earthly form, although it was not as extensively known as it is now. We had ulcerated sore throats; we had quinsy, and what we used to term broken throats, which were nothing more nor less than what you call diphtheria; only your diphtheria is aggravated by different conditions from what we had then to contend with.

I consider that one of the worst things that bring on diphtheria is impure air. Years ago, our grandmothers used to burn a tallow candle, from which there was no unhealthy emanation, or a sperm lamp, from which there seemed to be nothing impure; but of late years, a kind of coal oil has come into use, which sends out peculiar emanations. Not only so, but your rooms are charged with the strongest kind of heat, with very little ventilation. You have holes in the wall, that you call ventilators, to be sure; and sometimes you open a window, in order to catch cold more readily. In olden times, we had our fire-places, which were the best ventilators that ever man made. An open fire-place in a house I consider one of the blessings of life. If you had more ventilators of that kind, and occasionally made a fire in them, you would not have so many diphtheretic sore throats as you do now.

Then there are damp places, where diphtheria seems to hold its principal sway; from whence animalculæ come forth, and at night enter your chambers. You may call this nonsense, nevertheless I know it to be a truth. They enter your chamber, lodge in your nostrils, and go into your throat, producing compound irritation, until you have diphtheria.

I consider that one of the best cures of diphtheria is found in your native forests—in the hemlock tree. If physicians wish to learn this, they should try it themselves. Make a tea from that part of the tree which is exposed to the sun—the south side; make a strong tea; dip a sponge into it, and inhale it, and he will find himself growing better almost immediately.

Now excuse me, Mr. Chairman, for coming as I have. I wanted to have my say. I hope I haven't done any harm. I like to come; I like to prove Spiritualism true. I have a great many old friends, who have looked for me. I have been here several times before; but I don't care; I'll come several times more, if I have occasion to.

I had a varied experience; I have looked into the past. I was engaged in medicine for a great many years. My name is Dr. George Leonard. I was an old man. I have just welcomed one of my neighbors up here, whom I was very glad to meet. I wish I could tell you all about it, but she won't let me. It is all for the best. I have been gone some years.

[A Spirit Dr. tells us that the patient should be careful not to drink any of the hemlock tea, as it is of a poisonous nature when taken into the system, except in minute quantities; but as an inhalation it is very beneficial.—M. T. S.]

### INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

#### FRIENDSHIP.—A POEM.

BY M. T. SHELHAMER.

ONCE more, my tuneful, mystic lyre,  
Send forth your sweetest notes of love,  
While I draw the sacred fire  
From Affection's shrine above;  
Let me feel its warmth and glory,  
And your melody divine,  
While I sing of holy Friendship  
Nestling in this heart of mine.

Words can never tell the story,  
Tongues can never sing its praise;  
Hearts alone can feel the glory  
Brightening all my earthly days;  
Souls too pure for earth's defilement  
Recognize the holy flame  
Burning on the shrine of Friendship,  
In Affection's sacred name.

What a precious, balmy sweetness  
Gathers round the heart of love,  
Fitting offering of incense  
To the Fount of Life above!  
Sacred Friendship, pure Affection,  
Binding every soul in one—  
Ye have gained life's sweetest glory,  
And the conquering sceptre won.

"Holy Father! God of sunlight!"  
Maker of all love divine!  
Knowing that all strength and weakness,  
Every good and ill are thine,  
We would praise thee for Affection,  
Growing in the human soul,  
Filling it with aspirations  
For Love's highest, truest goal.

We would thank thee for the blessing  
Thrilling through the human heart,  
Drawn from sympathy and kindness,  
That thy benison impart;  
We would praise thee, oh, our Father,  
For these attributes we claim;  
For the boundless power of loving  
We would bless thy holy name.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

#### TUNE TO HER FATHER.

THROUGH O. E. WINANS.

MY FATHER!

The spirit is at peace;  
I know how strong are human ties,  
But visions are open to your eyes.  
Thou human soul, we often say,  
Thy weakness on our strength confide.

Father!

Look forth—the day begins to dawn;  
Come—come—the gates of pearl unfold;  
The future openeth to thy view,  
To see, and hear, and know we live anew.

Father!

The veil of mystery is withdrawn,  
And loving words are spoken in thy ears;  
We are commissioned from above

Through the dark portal to convey  
Truth, knowledge and light  
To the inhabitants of earth.

Hear, Father!

Thou needst not shrink—thou needst not fear;  
We thy sure help are gathered near;  
The night of time is passing by,  
The veil of mystery is withdrawn;  
'Tis done!—'Tis done!—Before thy sight;  
Look forth!—The day begins to dawn.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

#### "LOVE YE ONE ANOTHER."

BY O. W. SEEVERS.

THERE'S nothing in this world of tears,  
That comes from heaven to bless the lowly,  
So lovely to my mind appears  
As Love, its self, when pure and holy.

The highest bliss that man can know,  
Or with the heart can have connection,  
While wandering through this world of woe,  
Is holy, pure, divine affection.

It lifts the human soul above  
All selfish, sensual, low conditions,  
And holds it where the saints approve,  
And fills it with divine fruitions.

The soul that feels this love divine,  
Enjoys a bliss that's so elysian,  
No language can its depths define,  
Or paint its pureness with precision.

The common passion of mankind  
Is not the love I'm contemplating;  
It is a feeling more refined,  
A love more pure and elevating.

To Spiritual love few men are prone;  
It dwells more in the breast of woman;  
But with both sexes, I must own,  
This love divine is too uncommon.

If Man through evolution sprung  
From lower kingdoms of creation,  
His baser passions may be sung  
As relics of his derivation.

But man I hope will reach at last,  
Through perfect love, that pure condition,  
When all his grossness shall have passed,  
And left but ultimate fruition.

May Heaven haste that happy day,  
That most divine desideratum,  
When human hate shall die away,  
And leave pure love the ultimatum!

When all shall journey hand in hand,  
And each to all shall be a brother—  
Obeying that divine command  
Of Jesus—"Love ye one another."

WINTERSET, Madison Co., Iowa.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

#### THE SEASONS.

BY E. T. LOCKWOOD, M. D.

SOON beneath the cold ice the waters will flow,  
The rain change its moisture to bleak storms of snow;  
The north winds will howl with fierce, chilling blast,  
And clouds thick and heavy will the sky overcast.

Now the verdure of Summer has wantonly fled,  
And Autumn's rare beauties lie withered and dead;  
The cold frosts of Winter have banished all bloom,  
And ravished the air of its sweetest perfume.

But pause!—From the earth comes this murmuring sigh,  
"With us is your Summer, and ne'er will it die;  
It flies to our borders—a clime of its own—  
Its warmth o'er adorning our evergreen zone.

"It lingers 'mong flowers most lovely and fair,  
Where Winter can never find place for its lair;  
And while your bleak North is in Winter's embrace,  
Your Summer smiles blandly in Southland's fair face.

"Of your Springs and your Autumns but little we know,  
Save gleanings in Fall what in Springtime you sow;  
And their function, that's merely the channel of Time,  
That Summer is trav'ling from clime unto clime.

"Between them sleeps Winter, all frozen and drear,  
Foreaken by Summer, proud queen of the year;  
And the fiat of law will return her to you,  
Reclothing thy valleys with verdure anew."



## THE JUDGMENT DAY.

IT IS ROLLING ROUND—SOME OLD PROPHECIES—A GRAND PICNIC PREDICTED FOR 1881—"THE GOSPEL TRAIN IS COMIN', GIT ON BOARD, GIT ON BOARD."

THE old prophets and seers seem to have been determined to hustle this little mundane sphere of ours out of existence in 1881, regardless of the change of circumstances such an event might bring to the business interests of the country. They were wont to prophesy and prophesy and foretell important events that took place in startling coincidence with their prophecies. It seems strange, therefore, that all the wonders foretold by any of them cease in the year 1881. Mother Shipton may have given the cue to those who came after her, in her prophetic rhyme, which every few years gets into print afresh and goes the rounds of almost the entire press. After foretelling many important events, which subsequent developments proved to be correct, she winds up her little composition with the startling piece of information that

"The world to an end shall come  
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one"

In view of her correctness in the past, all we can do is to tremblingly await the denouement in 1881.

Numerous other prophets on a small scale have ventilated their ideas on the subject, but all seem to find an effective barrier to the farther penetration of their visions into futurity. But now, as if we had not been shaken up enough, up comes the ghost of an old prophecy written by Mrs. Abby Marsh, at her home in Sherbrook, Canada, 1787. Like that of Mother Shipton, it is written in verse, and is now in the original on a dilapidated piece of parchment, in the possession of Dr. Albert Marsh, of Brooklyn. It had faded almost entirely out of existence, but one of those prying reporters found it out and brought it to light and started it on a mission of scaring poor humanity. And, by-the-way, we earnestly advise all such, in their own interest, to be very, very good hereafter. To the rising generation of young men and women we would say, Sail in; have all the fun you can for the next two years, then move out in the country, go West, or take to the woods. We give the prophecy with a few explanatory remarks. Thus it runs:

Columbia, home of liberty,  
Shall not twenty rulers see,  
Ere there shall be battle smoke,  
  
Ere peace shall seem to be broke,  
And in waves of peril lose;  
The ancient order shall be deemed lost.

It is a significant fact, when taken in this connection, that R. B. Hayes is the nineteenth ruler of the United States, as will be seen by the order in which the presidents succeed each other.

The first shall be the second be,  
If the Father tell Truth as even he;  
Where sits the sire as sits the son,  
But not the son's son.  
And ere the son shall ruler be,  
One place shall send three;  
Three with one shall make her four (4).  
And there shall be no more.

Reference is undoubtedly made to General Washington's proverbial truth-telling, in the

second line, and to the succession of John Quincy Adams to the place of his father in the third. "But not his son's son," seems to point to Mr. Charles Francis Adams, who has uniformly failed in his aspirations to become President. Between the Adamses did come three from "one place," (Virginia,) who with the accidental John Tyler made the fourth; nor has the "Mother of Presidents" since borne a son distinguished by even a nomination to the chief magistracy.

The first sprang from these second lines  
In death his predecessor joins;  
Who beneath his son shall pass  
And in a house that different was.  
The next one shall have peace and war;  
The third shall brook no kingly star;  
When the quarter century's run,  
Where sat the sire shall sit the son.

It is difficult to interpret a portion of this extract. Jefferson and John Adams, it is well known, died on the 4th of July, 1826, their simultaneous death forming one of the most remarkable coincidences in history; but the meaning of the clause, "And in a house that different was," is rather vague. The venerable ex-President died on the floor of the Capitol, but the latter building was part of the original one erected at the seat of government. Mr. Madison's administration witnessed both the war with England and the period of peace and prosperity that followed it; while the quarter century, reckoning from 1800, saw the inaugural ceremonies of the younger Adams.

Then comes who should have been  
A soldier who shall not have any war.

"Old Hickory's" record seems to bear this out, especially the last line. The vigorous manner in which he "sat down" upon the Nullifiers of that day, "deferred," so Mr. Bancroft says, "the approaching civil war for many years."

The prophecy continues:

- (1, 2) After the fox the lion shall  
Be lordly ruler over all;  
But death shall in the mansion wield  
Sword sorer than on the tented field.
- (3) After him there comes anon,  
One who has friends but shall have none.
- (4) The hickory shall sprout again;  
A soldier come from battle plain,  
But shall not long remain,  
Nor shall his heir bear away again.
- (5) Then a youth shall follow, who (etc.)  
All shall know, though none know.

Taken in their successive order, the above ought to apply first to Martin Van Buren, (but why should he be called a fox?) second, to Harrison, who died almost immediately after his inauguration; third, to Tyler, whose conduct caused a rupture in his party; fourth, to Polk, who was popularly known as "Young Hickory," and fifth, to Franklin Pierce, the youngest up to that time, and whose selection was a surprise to everybody.

While the next (probably Buchanan) to bear the rule,  
To-morrow's sage is this day's fool;  
North and South and East and West,  
The strong man shall the weak defend,  
But it shall not be the end;  
Under the next (Lincoln) shall widows mourn,  
Thousands be slain, but millions born.  
Death in the strife, shall pass him by,  
But when the peace cometh he shall die.  
A soldier after him shall be,  
Who shall see his century.

The hero of Appomattox is here undoubtedly referred to, and the centennial celebration at

Philadelphia. But the most remarkable part of this prophecy is the following:

It is afterwards shall be got  
By the one whose it was not;  
Men shall roar, and rage, and rave,  
But he shall have who should not have  
When the tide of storm is o'er,  
Four shall make 6 and not 4.  
He who shall be no more,  
And all that's past not make a score.

This will seem almost incredible to many, but it is proved beyond doubt that the lines were in existence, and in one instance published, before Grant left the executive chair. Mr. Hayes is the nineteenth president; there has been "battle smoke" enough, in political sense, when it is taken into consideration the recent electoral frauds. Can the last two lines by any possibility refer to the sage of Grammercy park?

But Columbia shall again  
Kiss, and fairer be than then; (etc.)  
Brother shall with brother speak  
Whom he hath not seen a week;  
Letters shall go 'neath the deep,  
Likewise over mountain steep;  
Men shall speak to brazen ears,  
Words spoken shall be sent through post.  
No syllable be lost:  
A drop of water shall have then  
(The force of many thousand men.)

It does not take a very fanciful imagination to draw from the above a clear indication of Prof. Edison's numerous wonders of invention. The alleged motor of Mr. Keely, the Philadelphia mechanic, claims to utilize a drop of water with such effect that thousands of pounds pressure are obtained.

The conclusion, which looks very much like the time when "two Sundays meet" or "to-morrow comes never," runs as follows:

All those things shall happen when?  
They shall happen—not before  
Six years shall be reckoned four,  
Thirteen shall be thirty-nine;  
This shall be a certain sign;  
Nine and eight reversing take;  
(Eight and one the nine shall make.)  
When ninety-two are eighty-one,  
All those marvels shall be done.

A singular explanation of this apparently unmeaning riddle has been suggested by a mathematician named Townsend. "When ninety-two are eighty-one." Washington took his seat as president in 1789; add ninety-two and you have eighty-one (1881). This 1881 is also made up of ones and eights, forming nines in reversed order. The "thirteen" may be taken as alluding to the original number of States, which the rhymist (remember that she is stated to have written in 1780, not in 1812 or 1818) would have in her mind. The recent introduction of a bill into Congress proposing a constitutional amendment to extend the term of the executive to six years may cover the line—

Six years shall be reckoned four.

Mr. Marsh considers the document as genuine, and is able to produce a copy of the Green Mountain [Vt.] Chronicle, published in 1813, which contains an almost verbatim copy.

Now we anxiously await the opinion of Zadkiel and Nelson Buck, the champion dreamers, and if they "concur with the above," we shall conclude that "it's a goner," sell off our bonds and diamonds, and get ready to quit even.—Trojan Observer.



## PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

## "WEST INGLES" DEPARTMENT.

TO MRS. DIANA PALMER, WHITE CLOUD, MICH.

WHILE sitting by the fireside, listening to the falling rain, and the low sobbing sound of the wintry winds, I saw a group of Spirits come near me ;—a woman past middle age ; her hair seemed touched with the frost of years, and her face, though sweet and sunny, bore the lines of earthly care. There were several children with her, of different sizes. One of them was a little girl, bright as a rose-bud, dressed in white, and crowned with flowers. Some of the children were larger than others ; but all seemed bright and happy. The lady seemed either mother or grandmother, and some of the children were her own, and others were her grandchildren. There was an old gentleman, and three younger ones. They all seemed earnestly engaged in striving to write messages for me to give to some one. I asked the name of their friends, but received no answer.

Soon, a Spirit, bright and beautiful, came forth from the group and came near to my side. She carried in her hand a small wreath of fresh flowers. She said in a low, sweet voice, "I am Hope. I go to crown the brow of her who bears the name, called by yonder group of loving friends," and the bright Spirit uttered this message of hope and cheer—"Oh, loving, womanly Spirit, have you grown weary of earthly struggle, that you so often long for the freedom and love of the Spirit-World? Are the friends disembodied dearer to thy soul than those who dwell beneath thy roof-tree? Bear patiently the losses and crosses of life. Be diligent and faithful to all of the social relations of life. You have ever been a friend of knowledge, and in the coming years you will be a bright supporter of the Truth ; you will aid the intellectual and moral progress of all your earthly friends ; and by so doing you will come near to those who wait for you in the Summer-land of the soul." Hope with her beautiful wreath passed on ; the group of friends vanished, and I was left alone, listening to the rain, and trying to hear—for my own spiritual comfort, the ever sweet and cheering promises of the angel—Hope.

TO JACOB N. REESE, OF RIVER STYX, OHIO, FROM HIS SON, J. C. FREMONT REESE, IN SPIRIT-LIFE.

AGAIN, my dear father, I will try to communicate with you and dear mother, and this time I will speak to you through the VOICE OF ANGELS, as it will give our other friends a chance to read my message.

Do you think any of my brothers and

sisters can doubt that I still live and love them, or that they are not secretly eager to know they are destined to a happier life in Heaven, than they have been looking forward to?

I have found the Spirit-World superior to anything ministers or the Bible can describe. I and many others can give ample testimony to the facts that we were happily disappointed when we found ourselves free from the body and the fearful pain we suffered in gaining our freedom.

I would like mother to see some of the Spirits who come here in the blessed expectation of dwelling with Christ in a big house, called the house of many mansions. The "Holy City," with "pearly gates," and streets paved with gold, are poetical ideas, originating in the minds of inspired men ; just as creeds and theories have from time to time sprang into life from minds not remarkable for deep thought, but remarkable chiefly for the magnetic force imparted to their eloquent language.

You know how I was taught, and Sabbath School was considered the best and holiest place a boy could go to. I loved to go, and always felt a desire to know if all that I heard was true. I soon found out for myself ; and, mother dear, don't start when I tell you the most unhappy Spirits found here are ministers of the gospel, who, blind themselves, sought to blind others, and lead them into the ditch. They are trying to undo their work. I heard a remark made a few days ago, by one who had been a preacher on the earth for years. He stated that half the evils men labored under were caused by those who preached to others what they never believed themselves. When they come here there are no more mysteries, and the old stories of eternal punishment turn out to be like many other air-bubbles. A man gets just what he needs, and if he is just, honest and upright, happiness will be his in all conditions of earth and Spiritual life.

I have seen Christ, mother. He does not recognize his own personality in the Christ the Churches worship ; and I do not see how he can do so. The Christ who preached among the hills of Judea is not the Christ worshipped in earthly temples, where the poor and heart-weary cannot find standing room. Those who worship ministers and churches, instead of God, will hardly find the highway cast up for the righteous who join the ransomed of the Lord when they march home to Zion. I am talking Methodist language, now, mother, using their figures of speech ; but it means the one thing.

I know what you all need, but I can

only tell you just so much. Revelations come from the higher source of life, and are governed by a law we cannot break. In the next century, there will be great progression made. The kingdom of God will come very near to the earth, and Spirit-communication will be easy and satisfactory. Then, my dear parents, you will be communicated with by the children yet unborn. I would give you the names of my two brothers, but they say, Fremont, let us speak for ourselves and in our own way.

Grandfather knows his name-sake, and there will come prosperous days to all of you, now we are able to reach you. I was born in an exciting time, and died or passed away in times of struggle. You ask me to tell where mother last looked upon my face of clay. I cannot remember, but I believe it was by the grave. I was not conscious of all that took place at the time. I have seen her so often since I became disembodied, that I cannot say for certain. Was I buried twice? It seems as if I was in a tomb, and then after a while buried. I was not conscious of life immortal for some time ; I seemed to have slumbered. I felt mother's tears on my face, in spirit, and her hand laid on my forehead. Then she kissed me. I think it was just before I was buried. It does not matter. I think she will get other tests from my brothers, which will do as well, if not better. Tell mother a sure test will be given her in the future. I will be first to greet her, and she will know her boy.

Now, to my dear brothers and sisters, those far off and those near home, I will say—Live right, earnest and honest. Let peace and harmony guide your lives.

Mother, if you can be happier in the church, stay there ; worship God as he reveals himself to you. If father believes in Spirit-love and Angel-ministrations, let him worship as he believes ; and seek the truth one and all. Do not be blinded, and the clouds surrounding you will all be lifted.

JOHN C. FREMONT REESE.

THROUGH C. E. WINANS.

HANNAH MONTGOMERY.

I HOPE, sir, this won't trouble you, by a little girl coming here. I'll not make any noise, sir. But I would like to send another message to my ma and pa. You don't remember me. I am Hannah Montgomery. I came here a long time ago, and sent a message to my loved ones at home. Ma will be so glad to hear from me again. She recognized that other message, and so did the rest of the family.



Ma put that other message away. She often goes to the drawer and gets it out and reads it, and knows it is from her little Hannah.

I don't want ma to cry; because I can come to her in Spirit and see her, and I can come and write letters, too, and tell her lots of news, right fresh and new from heaven—tell her that we live and enjoy life and go to school. You needn't laugh—it is so. And ma, I often come to see you and papa and Violet and the rest of my dear ones; and I am over so happy to come. I sometimes rap on the head-board of your bed, and all around the house, to let you know I am there.

Ma, the flowers are blooming brightly. The Summer-land is beautiful. You need not worry; for there is no darkness there, and I am doing my work, so that when you come to this beautiful heaven I can spare time to show you around this bright Summer-land.

I am feeling happy and am contented. Give my love to all.

Send message to Mrs. Duncan Montgomery, Morgantown, Indiana.

DAVID BENTON.

SIR,—Please record on your books that an old man wishes to converse with his grandson Albert. My name, sir, is David, and I come this beautiful winter morning to communicate through this Medium with you, to the best of my ability. I have had a constant desire for several weeks to speak to somebody on earth. I find it relieves me; for I tell you there is a great mistake made when people believe that Spirits are perfectly easy when they can't see, hear and talk to the dear ones left behind. We all need communication with earth. You gain knowledge by communicating with us, and go onward in your course; we gain knowledge by communicating with you.

I am often with you and Walter, my son. I find you surrounded with every comfort of life, instead of living in the wilderness or troubled with the wild Indians of the forest. You have privileges that I could not have when I first moved to the wilderness of Indiana. I could not leave home and the dear ones without dreading to return, fearing I might find my house in ruins and my family killed and scalped by the Indians. But here you live in a civilized community, with none to battle with but your jealous neighbors, and their creeds, caused by your faith or belief in the communing with your loved ones gone before, and the Angel-World—the only religion that can take away the fear of death and the grave—a

religion that teaches of a life beyond and life everlasting, where man may progress in knowledge, and return and impart it to his earthly friends.

We bring light and truths—truths of heaven, and not of hell. U. B., my son, and Albert, and the rest of my dear earthly friends, hearken to your old father and grandfather. Your time advances when the messenger from this side of life will be calling you. I know it may seem strange for me to say so, but I wish it, U. B. Your mother Sarah is here, for she and I were always companionable. I never was lonely when she was near.

Rejoice, dear ones, that after all you will meet your fathers and mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers, sisters and brothers over here, on these beautiful shores, called heaven.

You often hear the human speak of freedom. This is freedom in its truest and most beautiful sense. There is no flaw in the Divine economy. I neither stood in wonder, nor was I struck with astonishment when my Spirit made its entrance into that new and beautiful life of which it was an inheritor by the laws under which it was born, reared and educated.

Freedom is mine. Come, each one of you; come, for I wait on the other side of life—that life which has no fading.

I have taken the trouble to come, and if my friends will take the trouble to recognize me, I will come again. My name is David Benton.

#### "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:

A friend, Brooklyn, N. Y.,	\$1.00
Mrs. Fiske, Salem, Mass.,	0.35
Joseph Kuhn, Biloxi, Miss.,	0.35
Mrs. Mary Perkins, Great Falls, N. H.,	0.35
M. G. Edwards, Needham, Mass.,	0.75
I. L. Knapp, Peimberton, Ohio,	0.35
W. L. Johnson, M. D., Boston, Mass.,	1.00
Robert Clark, Henry, Ill.,	0.35
A friend, Ohio,	1.35
T. J. Scofield, Utah,	0.35
R. T. Lockwood, Stoughton, Wash. Ter.,	1.00
Lydia P. Mason, Baldwinville, Mass.,	0.35
R. B. Hixon, Grand Lodge, Mich.,	0.35
Curtis Clark, 53 Church street, Boston, Mass.,	1.35
A Lover of Liberty, Maine,	2.00
L. A. Wolcott, Eagleville, Ohio,	0.35
A. B. Weymouth, 68 Church St., Boston, Mass.,	1.00
Mrs. A. Childster, Bangor, Mich.,	0.35
James P. Cunningham, Richmond, Ohio,	1.00
A. B. Nott, Fairhaven, Mass.,	0.35

I have nearly as many more for the next number.

Pub. Voice of Angels.

#### C. E. WINANS,

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