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LITERARY.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

LINES TO A FRIEND.

BY TRYPHENA O. PARDEE.

[I ONCE met a lady stranger. On very short acquaintance, we formed an irrefragable friendship, which was continued some time by correspondence; which for the time seemed to interest us into a channel of thoughtful enjoyment, and exchange of ideas, very wholesome and salutary. In looking over some old papers, I found the following, which I had accidentally preserved, with no idea of giving it an airing; and though written in February, '67, may not appear amiss in the VOICE OF ANGELS, and teach all who read, how much I prize friendly words.]

SWIFTLY the hours wheeled round in their speed,
That numbered us strangers true friends indeed;
When the light of the spirit read the worth of a soul,
And feels in the distance congenial control.

How cold as the light from the wind-driven snow
Falls the glance of the proud o'er the earth as we go;
And longing souls pine, wherever they move,
For friendship's kind hand, and a heart of true love.

Like oases rising in deserts of death,
Are friendship's true greetings to wanderers of earth;
And long are remembered exchanges thus given—
I can but believe they're remembered in heaven.

Shall we pin to the sleeve of worn erudition's coat
Sweet friendship's dear name congenial souls wrought?
Shall now truths, flashing high with attractions divine,
Tear asunder warm souls from friendship's warm shrine?

Who principles seek, must count on the cost;—
By seeking new truths, many friends' names I've lost.
But Truth's holy glories, growing evermore bright,
Are better than names in custom's dim light.

And those who on joy progression's high soul,
Must wade the damp dews from the night of the old;
Must work while bright stars still bedeck the dark skies,
To be paid when the rays of righteousness rise.

The friends we left sleeping the morning away,
May the seventh hour come for a penny a day;
How gladly we'll greet them, recounting our toils,
While the Fount of True Wisdom sheds brightly love's smiles.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

PLAIN TALKS ON HEALTH.

BY THE MEDICAL CONTROL OF M. T. SHELHAMER.
NUMBER FIVE.

ONE very important factor in the preservation of good health is a free and easy respiratory apparatus.

People do not breathe enough. By this we mean that their breathing is altogether too short. If you want to be healthy, *breathe!* Breathe long and deep; let your respirations be slow and well taken. O. S. Fowler, your well-known phrenologist, and ~~an~~ *my* ~~well~~ *physiologist*, ~~also~~ *tells us* that he never felt better in his life, never more like work, than when, on one occasion, after a very fatiguing day's work, he hurried up stairs, sank into his chair, and for half an hour breathed long, deep and copiously; said half hour of *natural* respiration resting him better than the same length of time passed in sleeping could have done.

One of the best means of throwing off a cold is to bathe the extremities in hot water, drink part of a glass of cold water, or a full tumbler of hot lemonade, cover yourself up warmly in bed—after lowering your window a little at the top—and *breathe*, breathe the fresh air slowly, deeply in, allowing the fevered exhalations of the lungs to escape in the same manner.

A great many ~~of~~ *our* people are troubled by cold, "clammy" feet, caused by an imperfect circulation of the blood. These can be cured by pedal exercise; having the feet warmly covered; plunging the feet quickly into warm mustard-water two or three times in succession, before retiring at night, and rubbing them with a hard, dry towel. They should also be rubbed briskly with the bare hand in the morning.

At ~~the~~ *these* seasons of the year, colds and coughs become prevalent, and it is wise to take every precaution against them. Upon going out into the open air, you should guard against inhaling it through the mouth. Be careful to keep your mouth closed, and to breathe through the nostrils only. Many a severe cold has been contracted, many lungs have become diseased, by breathing through the open mouth.

The delicate membranes of the throat and

lungs cannot bear a cold current of air striking against them, cannot bear the irritating particles of dust and dirt, which are inevitably drawn into them through the process of inhalation.

A current of air passing through the nostrils, and thence to the lungs, becomes warmed, and rendered fit for circulation throughout the system; while the dust particles are prevented from passing along with it, by a sort of sieve, which retards their progress and keeps them back. Hence it will be seen that the nostrils are the proper channel for conveying fresh air to the lungs, while the lips emit the rejected exhalations issuing from those organs.

Catarrh is one of the great evils afflicting humanity, which should be checked in its incipency. One finding himself troubled with this complaint should see to it that he take sufficient exercise in the open air, keep himself warmly clothed, and be sure that the extremities are kept warm; he should avoid over-heated rooms, especially those clouded with steam. Constant hawking and spitting aggravates, in place of lessening the trouble.

We do not believe in snuffs in general; they are apt to be clogging; but the best for all practical purposes is made of one-third part each of pulverized white sugar, pulverized gum-arabic, and pulverized camphor, thoroughly mixed.

We believe the inhaling process to be the best method of treatment for catarrh or influenza.

One-third part spirits of ammonia to two-thirds camphor-water is a most excellent mixture for inhalation; or the warm steam of tea made from chamomile-flowers, inhaled through a common funnel—if you have no inhaling tube—and allowed to pass through the nostrils, also down the throat, is beneficial. Common salt and warm water is also of great service. The latter will be found of great benefit, when made strong, as a gargle in cases of sore throat.

In cases of severe cold upon the lungs, were a syrup to be made and taken, composed simply of horehound, licorice and molasses, it would scatter the trouble, and oftentimes prevent a long and severe illness. Horehound is also a tonic, and strengthens and braces up the sys-

tem, while assisting nature to throw off the collected matter and reduce the inflammation arising from a cold upon the lungs.

The best and safest way to throw off a cold, settling upon the entire system, manifesting itself in pains, and a degree of fever, is to take a moderately warm bath, rub the entire system dry, until it glows again, step into bed, cover up warm, and then drink a glass of hot lemonade; should this drink produce no perspiration upon you—which is sometimes the case—do not take it, but take a cup of milked pennyroyal tea, in which a teaspoonful of "composition" has been mixed; do not drink the dregs, as they tend to clog the stomach.

If people would only be careful, and attend to themselves upon first perceiving the symptoms of any derangement of their physical systems, how many long and serious illnesses would be avoided, what a degree of suffering saved, and how many premature deaths would be prevented!

Those wishing to make their own "Composition," can do so; and all should have a supply constantly on hand, as a teaspoonful, rubbed with a like quantity of sugar, and added to a cup of boiling water, is invaluable for colds, coughs, etc; it assists digestion, equalizes the circulation, removes cramps and colics, and tones up the nervous system. It is made as follows:

To one pound bayberry add one half-pound of ginger, one ounce cayenne, one ounce cloves; they must all be pulverized, mixed thoroughly, and sifted.

When taking the mixture, the patient should be either in bed, or seated by the fire, with a blanket thrown over him, ~~if the season permits~~. It is always best to take it at bed-time, and there is no need to swallow the dregs.

To be more palatable, it may be prepared with equal parts sweetened boiling water and milk.

The flesh-brush should be frequently used, in connection with ablutions, by most people, especially when the skin is dry and inclined to fever. It opens the pores of the skin, removes the dry, dead matter, increases the circulation of the blood, and promotes the natural secretions of the body.

Those, also, afflicted with rheumatic pains, should resort to a frequent application of the flesh-brush. When rheumatism attacks any portion of the body, a double fold of red flannel should be worn over the part or parts affected. We would also recommend the taking in milk of half a drachm of powdered guaiacum, night and morning; and advise a mild, moderate diet. The trouble should be attended to immediately, and not allowed to settle itself upon the system.

We have great faith in the "rubbing-cure," whether or not the "rubber" possesses mediumistic powers. Rubbing and slapping that part of the body affected with pain, using the bare hand upon the bare flesh, increases circulation and starts a stream of vitality which was before dormant, ere the friction caused by the rubbing brought it into life and activity. Therefore we say, rub yourselves well, when in pain or distress, and you will be ~~the poorer~~ benefited.

Bad magnetism, absorbed from those about us, is a fruitful source of disease. We may live in contact with some one who is physically unhealthy, whose magnetism is poisoned therefrom, and whose physical force and mental acquirements do not assimilate with our own, and who in consequence imparts his poisoned magnetism to ourselves. This makes us weak, nervous and sickly. We feel "all gone" and distressed; there seems to be a constant drawing away of our vitality. If we cannot change our surroundings and companionship, then we will find that a plentiful supply of fresh air, together with frequent ablutions of the entire body, will do much to restore the harmony of our system to its natural vigor.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

HOW TO TREAT BURNS AND SCALDS. A CASE.

A YOUNG man slipped and his arm went into a large pail of hot syrup, and having on a flannel shirt buttoned around his wrist, and no cold water being near, when the sleeve was removed from his arm, the skin came off with it. It was wrapped up in wheat flour, and when I saw it the next day it was purple, and badly swollen and painful—the worst looking scald that I ever saw. The flour had become a hard mass of dough, and adhered to the arm. I paused a moment, considering what to do for it. As sudden as though some one had spoken to me, the thought came, You use warm water for inflammation. I did not try to get the flour from his arm, but wrapped a number of thicknesses of cotton cloth around it to protect it from the air, and prepared a convenient vessel with blood-warm water in it, and he laid his arm in it, and in a short time he said it felt quite comfortable, and in about an hour he took his arm out of the water, wrapping a flannel blanket around the wet cloths, thus keeping his arm warm and wet. When the clothes began to get dry, the smarting and pain began to return, and then he laid it in the warm water again, taking off the flannel blanket. He pursued this course three days, keeping the wet cloths wrapped around his arm and covered with a flannel blanket nights, and then the inflammation was completely reduced, and a new skin had begun to be formed from his wrist to his elbow, and in three days more his arm was well, covered with a soft, delicate skin, and he went to work again, as though nothing had happened.

I have used soda, or saleratus, on burns, and find it very good when it is kept wet, as the alkali tends to soften what the heat has hardened and contracted. But when the burn or scald is deep, this remedy is very inferior when compared with blood-warm water. Blood-warm water reduces the smarting and pain by softening the contracted and hardened pores and skin, and by reducing the inflammation.

The first thing to be done, in case of a burn or scald, is to apply cold water to reduce the heat, and then use water blood warm, covering the part affected so as to keep the air from

I know of no good reason why a child that accidentally sits down in a pail or kettle of hot water, could not be saved by first applying cold water, and putting it in a tub of water that is blood warm, and keep it there till the inflammation is reduced. The pain and smarting will then cease, and the new skin commence forming. As the water will nearly sustain the child's weight, it is the most comfortable place that the child can be in; besides, it being blood warm, there is no chance for a collapse; therefore, the chances for the child to die, when properly treated as aforesaid, are very rare.

J. A. SPEAR.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

SURE CURE FOR CANCER.

D. C. DENSMORE:—*Dear Brother*,—I have from time to time found recipes in the VOICE OF ANGELS, which I have very carefully written down in my little note-book—and now, with your permission, and the approval of your Spirit-band, I shall contribute one. It is a radical cure for cancer; for that kind that eats into the flesh.

First, take half a stick of caustic and half a charge of gunpowder pulverized well, and mix thoroughly with the yolk of one egg; (if it is a very bad case, use corrosive sublimate instead of caustic.) Spread the mixture on a cloth. It should be spread on about as thick as a silver half dollar, and only wide enough to cover the cancer without touching the sound flesh. Allow it to remain on the sore for ten hours. Then remove and apply a poultice of oatmeal mush twice each day until the lump can easily be taken out; after which, heal the sore with a salve made of five cents' worth each of white rosin, Burgundy pitch, frankincense, and verdigris. Dissolve the three first in half a pound of fresh butter or lard, in a vessel over the fire, and when thoroughly dissolved and mixed, add the verdigris. Then take it off the fire and stir until nearly cool, when it should be strained through a fine cloth, and it is ready for use as any salve, and is one of the best healing salves I ever knew for any kind of a cut or bruise, or sore of most any kind on man or beast.

I wish to say that my grandfather paid a good price for this recipe for cancer a great number of years ago. It cured my mother of cancer, and has been kept a great secret with her ever since. I learned it for the first time only about three weeks ago, and was impressed by Spirit-friends to send it to you for publication, as it might relieve some poor suffering mortal.

Your earnest brother in the truth,

H. U. BROWN.

SULPHUR FOR SCARLET FEVER.

DR. Henry Pigeon writes to the London *Lancet* as follows:—"The marvellous success which has attended my treatment of scarlet fever by sulphur, induces me to let my medical brethren know my plan, so that they may be able to supply the same remedy without delay. All the cases in which I used it were very well

marked, and the epidermis on the arms in each case came off like the skin of a snake. The following was the exact treatment followed: Thoroughly anoint the patient twice daily with sulphur ointment; give five to ten grains of sulphur in a little jam three times a day. Sufficient sulphur was burned, twice a day, (on coals on a shovel,) to fill the room with the fumes, and, of course, was thoroughly inhaled by the patient.

"Under this mode of treatment, each case improved immediately, and none were over eight days in making a complete recovery, and I firmly believe in each it was from the treatment adopted. One case was in a large school. Having had a large experience in scarlet fever last year and this, I feel some confidence in my own judgment, and I am of the opinion that the very mildest cases I ever saw do not do half so well as bad cases do by the sulphur treatment, and, as far as I can judge, sulphur is as near a specific for scarlet fever as possible.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

GLENDOWER;

A LEGEND OF THE OLD AND NEW.

BY- ALICE CARY.

THROUGH MRS. SUSAN GOODHUE WAGNER.

[CONTINUED]

AND now another approaches through the throng—a woman, with features of perfect mold, well cut and defined, the eyes large and luminous, and bright as stars, and ever varying in expression to the caprice of her humor—one moment flashing with mirth, at another mournful and tender.

In her manner there was cold hauteur or impulsive warmth, like the volcano bubbling over with fierce frenzy, or placid and imperturbable. About her symmetrical form was an elegant embroidered mantle, of unique design, of pictures wrought as butterflies of brilliant hues, resting on half-open roses; and birds of bright plumage, with wings outspread; and dew-gemmed violets, broken lilies, with bits of ivy and und green moss, in vivid contrast to the sombre background. On her bosom she wore a cluster of passion-flowers, sprinkled over as with drops of blood; she carried a crucifix or cross, twined with thorns; a Bible, whereon was written the Dark Ages; and o'er her, like a shield, a silken banner waved, emblazoned in letters of gold with the words "Science and Liberty"; an anchor, whereon was engraved "Hope";—and this is the poem I heard her repeat, in tones clear and sweet:

In the seclusion of my inner chamber—
The chamber of my soul—I contemplated Nature;
My own dear home, diversified by hills;
Green valleys and deep rills;—and thought
When my bounden life came into communion
With these material forms, it might be
All there was of life; and spun my golden
Thread, and pondered of the dead. But when
My thought o'erleaped the chamber where it
Slept, the conscious thought was mine, that
Nature was divine, or else why would we
Be in constant anarchy with the grim
Monster Death?—why would our visible senses
Seek the sweet recompense of soul condition,
Of joy that is to be, Hope's own fruition?
Why do we ever reach, and our hearts impeach
Of idle waiting, and ever, ever fear, while
Love is ever near, anticipating when the wintry

Time comes on?—but in the Spring the song
Of blue-birds greet thee, the flower doth revive,
Still'd Nature doth survive through wintry
Hours. So Life's transition sweet will be as
Complete as new-born flowers. So the glory
Of day opens the way, and gives the conscious
Power to come to our loved from the shadows
Of Night;—for the grave doth but open the portals
Of light. So e'en the victor awaiteth the crowning.
I am your postern friend, Mrs. Browning.

And like a meteor she passed away—
Like a fleecy cloud on a summer day.
And one by one they move along—
The brilliant pageant, the dazzling throng,
Or pause a moment to rehearse,
Or each to give their thought in verse.

Said Sir Walter Scott:

Dost thou hear the mother calling to her babe
That nestles sweetly on her breast?
Dost thou see the dark and loathsome grave?
Dost thou shrink in terror from the rest?
Doth the needs of human-kind appall,
Or mortal shadows with thee stay;
Or doth the triumph of the soul
Overcome the weaker clay?
Each hath a kingdom of his own,
Each heart a temple or a shrine;
God writes his name on every stone,
And everything doth have a sign.
The Seasons, as they come and go,
Each hath a purpose to perform;
The buds that lie beneath the snow
Will brighten when the sod grows warm.
Thus glide we into perfect life—
We know not how it hath occurred—
The mortal combat or the strife,
All that the weaker nature feared.

In boyhood oft I have lingered on the mossy bank,
In early Spring, when the violets first come;—
I loved it then, the fresh green woods,
The carol of the birds, the listless indolence of Nature,
Or myself—for Nature was a worker, and I an almoner
On her bounty;—the strain or life-force wearing out
My vitals—I loathing, sick, faint and hungry.
But Nature knew no weariness: for her action was rest,
Her work life, her hunger supplied from inexhaustible
Stores; her years were life, mine were death; and when
The Autumn came, and I oppressed with gloom
And darkened with shadow—when the ripened
Leaves fell to the ground, frosted and shrivelled—
When bird-songs were modulated into sad refrains—
When wailing winds swept through the leafless
Branches—when clouds hung low and misty in the
Heavens—when all my soul was tumult,
And all my thought torture;—I wondered if there was
In space a place occupied where, beside the low
Plane of earth, man might forsake the vices
Of the grosser life, and live the purer exaltation;
Or if the laws that governed earth governed
All space—the primal adjunct of probity, or
Faltless sophistry, where fools were banquetted on
The substance of the wise, or the knave on the
Toil of the bondman.
And the shadow of Byron vanished away,
As the darkness of night broke into day.

The waning light of the moon admonished me that day was breaking; and my father lightly touching me, I arose with a vague idea of something that had transpired, out of the general routine of everyday life. To be sure, the sensation was strange, but not unpleasant. I felt as if I had enjoyed a dramatic entertainment, and from the scenes of my first earth-home I had been transported to scenes that I had never before realized; and my last recollections, as I closed my eyes in sleep, were those of a wintry day, cold and dreary, and snow lying deep on the ground; but now in the first dawn of morning, I discovered that everything was beautiful and blooming as in Summer, and that I was in the company of those from whom I had been separated for years, and for the first time I discovered I was an inhabitant of the immortal sphere. My earthly habitation still seemed unchanged. Like a panorama, it seemed to glide before me—scenes not imaginary, but as real as they had been before. I was mys-

tified; but my father, laying his hand tenderly on my head, I seemed my natural self again. "The dust, my dear child," he said, "the dust obscures the finer vision. The ocean is deep; but its depths have never been sounded. There is no depth, nor altitude, nor expanse, but may be reached; there is no obstacle that cannot be overcome through reason, intuition, or perception. We are ever advancing to divine knowledge; we are ever grasping scientific truth; the law of development is one of the most important, but has been but imperfectly understood. It is the origin, the conception, the grand fulfillment of all attainable efforts of man. It is the lever of life, the propeller of thought, whereof all things will be made manifest. Nature's resources are ever available through proper appliances. Perfect analysis will be the result.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CIVILIZATION:

MESSAGE NUMBER SIXTEEN.

SPOKEN THROUGH J. M. A., AT BELVIDERE, N. J.,
DEC. 17, 1877.

GOOD MORNING, Sister. My object in coming this morning is to briefly recapitulate the steps you have already taken in our work of building up the new and peaceful order of things on earth, and also to point the way in which it seems desirable that you should walk in the immediate or near future, in order to secure the best results soon attainable.

In our opinion, having set forth on paper, and caused to be printed, the leading features of our enterprise, it is now time to give the movement *solidity, locality* and a *name*.

The solidity is secured by compact with certain other mortals; this compact to be such as has already been presented inspirationally through the brain of James.

The locality to be secured may be—either in the centre of the continent of North America, [United States, more properly,] from which to radiate in every direction an influence, ultimately to overspread, we would trust, the whole continent, and the whole world;—or, secondly, from the Western border of the continent, turning the back, as it were, upon the "East," clasp hands across the broad Pacific with the Eastern Hemisphere, and send a stream of influence around the world—commencing thus with a blending of the New at the extreme verge of the final continent, with the Old at the extreme verge of the initial continent, of Civilization—repeating again the story of the progress of Civilization from Asiatic elements, through North African, European, and finally, American;—or, thirdly, locating in [central] Florida, it may be, be content slowly to impregnate the atmosphere of the North American continent with a current influence from East to West, through the more Southern nations—better adapted, in many respects, to the quiet, peaceful work, peculiar to the new order in its agricultural aspects, (or rather, I might say, its horticultural aspects.)

The mild and genial climatic influences of the more Southern belt may be found to be

more in keeping with the spirit of the New Order. Like as, from bleak and sterile New England has emanated a mental influence which has already crossed the continent, and is destined yet to work mighty results (in its way); so from the Southern point of the Eastern shore of the continent may perhaps radiate an influence more peculiarly and especially appropriate to the genius of that harmonial system of Civilization which the world has waited for so long.

You are free to choose. We will sustain you in either place, so long as you remain true to the object in view—which we doubt not will be to the end.

Be at peace with the Old, but diligent and earnest to establish and maintain the New.

Your friend and brother,

CLAUDIUS GALEN.

[With regards to the members of the household at Matfield, who may be pleased to remember the various interviews we have had in times past, and who are in greater or less sympathy with our work.]

[For the Voice of Angels.]

FROM OUR REGULAR PACIFIC COAST CONTRIBUTOR.

BROTHER DENSMORE,—Accept my heartfelt congratulations, my felicitations for your improving health, your prospective prosperity in your most enviable, (because invaluable,) worlds-between enterprise.

Oh, most favored one of the Angel-world agents! prove thou worthy of the immensely responsible relation you so essentially, so pre-eminently sustain to superior (progressed) intelligences. Medium, thou of the all-permeating, interblending, magnetic aura that links the two phases of life! Has not my humble self an inspirational, impressional relation to that super-excellent, supernal Spirit-life *esse*, that is fast dawning upon this crude, elemental, human-soul realm, for its moral and mental amelioration?

Press onward! thou sainted divinity; everywhere diffusing the blessings of thy Infinite Possibilities!

Onward! annihilating, in the progress of thy magnetic, phreno-magnetic unfoldment, even the fast-waning curtain that divides the so-called two worlds. Fraternally Thine,

R. T. LOCKWOOD.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not in figures on a dial. We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

MR. A. R. GROTE, in a lecture before the Buffalo Society of Natural Sciences, expressed the opinion that the difference between man and apes is a quantitative and not a qualitative one. He says that the facts known in regard to persons born dumb and blind, are sufficient to warrant the statement that the intelligence depends upon the senses, and if these are interfered with, either in the structure of the organs, or by giving them a limited opportunity for activity, the result is less intelligence in the individual, be it man or ape or other animal.

CORROBORATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

FRIEND DENSMORE,—I was quite astonished, I may say almost astounded, upon the receipt of the VOICE of the 15th ult., to see therein a message from "Little Helen," a "New Year's Offering to Grandpa at Philadelphia, and Medi."

This little Spirit seems determined to give to the VOICE the character of an infantile organ of communication from the Spirit-world, and she and her band of juveniles, and the guides and teachers of them, seem to be encouraged in their good work.

The "bright, happy New Year's kiss to grandpa," and the "sweet white lily to my own lady—my Medium, I mean," are thankfully accepted by each of us, and we hope to duly appreciate them as the evidences of the love of the "Little Spirits" for all humanity.

The Medium, Martha Hoffman, and myself, feel it especially due to Little Helen and her Spirit-friends to acknowledge this priceless testimonial of love, so characteristically expressed in the communication given through M. T. Shelhamer, Dec. 29, 1878, and published Jan. 15, 1879.

But, friend Densmore, I am not done with this grateful subject, and I unhesitatingly proceed to give you substantially what was my experience subsequent to my recognition of the message. I visited the Medium, and almost instantly she was controlled by Little Helen, who manifested seemingly more pleasure at my visit than usual. I at once charged her with having been on East, when she was excited to the highest gratification. I then said, "Why did you not tell me of your visit and of the message to me?" The reply was, "Because you would be more tickled to find it out yourself." Very well; all right.

In answer to questions, and also without the suggestion of interrogatories, Helen and one of the band, Livy Weber, four years old, gave substantially the following items of information: They both say that they fell in with Tunie, at the residence of the Medium, and wanted to go with her; and she consenting to be their guide, the party proceeded with her, through the air, (as they said,) to the VOICE OF ANGELS' Circle Room. The party consisted of seven or eight, and the names given, both by Livy and Helen, I recognize as among my most loving Spirit-friends.

I asked what Tunie did in the Spirit-world. "Why, she brings Spirits to talk and get better." Does anybody help her? "Yes, a nice tall lady." One or the other, or both, told me that "Father Taylor was

there too, and that he brought two sailors there, who looked as if they had been shipwrecked or hurt in some way." (See Father Taylor's message in same paper.) Tunie is represented by them as your *child*—did not say *daughter*.

Helen stated that you, upon noticing her message, said, "This is for Mr. Wood, on Seventh street, Philadelphia, and won't he be surprised and pleased when he sees it!" This was said to Mr. Anderson. Who is Mr. Anderson? "The man that writes." The name of the Medium—Shelhamer—was given, but not very distinctly, and with some hesitation as to intonation.

I cannot tell in what connection this Medium's name was given; but it was given, I know, without any leading question or suggestion from me.

Helen gave me a very correct description of your person, ending by saying, "And got whiskers like you," meaning gray, no doubt.

In my intercourse with these Little Spirits, they were in the highest glee, seemingly elated at the fact of the message being *printed*—as they say it, "printed in Spirit-Voice."

Helen gave as a motto, the words "Perseverance, Love, Charity," and then explained that the first meant to go ahead and do things; the second to love everybody; and the third to have or exercise charity to those in need.

South Boston was mentioned by one or the other or both of the two Little Spirits, and now the question is, were they well informed as to that point of destination? You can tell, Brother.

I have already stated to you that Mrs. Martha Hoffman, Medium, and myself, recognize the message of Little Helen as thoroughly characteristic of her, as manifested many times before.

I had almost forgotten to tell you that I asked her who helped her to make those two stanzas of poetry, and her answer was, "Why, Tunie did." I think she also gave some credit to her teacher and guide, Mary, whose name and relationship to her she has often given to me through several Mediums.

And now, Brother Densmore, after much scribbling and blotting, I put my communication in your charge to present it to the readers of "SPIRIT-VOICE," as you may see proper.

Perhaps as to some of the details you may test its accuracy, and thereby add to the interest of the subject.

I feel that I might have something to say in respect to some of the features of Helen's message, but shall decide as to that hereafter.

I shall, indeed, have something more to furnish to the Little Spirits' column; for, since the message referred to, Helen and two others of her juvenile band have *materialized*, to the extreme gratification of every one composing the Circle.

The *seances* for materialization of the Little Spirits are in progress two evenings in the week, and, after further developments, I shall venture to put them in print, as per special request of Helen and Livy; with your kind and generous assent thereto.

Yours, truly,

JOS. WOOD.

No. 1506 NORTH SEVENTH STREET, Philadelphia.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE.

FORT SENECA, Ohio, Jan. 21, 1879.

ESTEEMED FRIEND DENSMORE,—I am happy to acknowledge that communication, "through C. E. Winans, of William Montgomery to his son, in Seneca Co., Ohio," as being correct and true in all its parts.

Much of the communication matter has occupied my thoughts many times—is it right to investigate Life on the other side? His words are to the point on that subject.

Oh, how kind are his words of counsel and advice, on a subject that I thought had merited his displeasure. He fully assures me that things have been made right.

My heart overflows with gratitude to father for his kind words of counsel and advice.

Many thanks to the Medium, C. E. Winans, for his kindness. Also, the publisher will please accept thanks.

My prayer is that such soul-feasts may be often repeated. Thanks to all parties contributing to the same.

WM. MONTGOMERY.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THOUGHTS FROM THE INNER LIFE.

BY CYRENA W. KNOX.

THE gray mist of the past gathers o'er me like dew on the opening flower. How lovely the band that sheds those drops, the impress of love divine, the soul of Deity. Ye hear it not, ye see it not; but the drop records it to thee, the purity of that love. Ye hear it not, nor see it not to the outer sense; but to the inner self—the soul—there is it understood, there is its response, soul reaching for its soul principle; there is its answer in the approving smile of adoration.

We may love and admire the beautiful world to the outer senses, but there is an inner self, a soul-perception and capacity of enjoyment, finer than the threads that

connect it with the material world; and through that soul's sense of Spiritual and intellectual capacity, is the appreciation of the beauties of nature.

Like a glass looking into a glass, the images of its own reflected therein, the soul-principle of nature speaking to our souls in language that nothing but that soul can understand. How beautiful is that language; words cannot express it. It cannot be written except by the finger that writes it upon our souls. Silent, yet speaking through every fibre of our inner self. It is God looking through the windows of the soul, and admiring his own handiwork. This same voice speaks throughout the universe, and God is worshipped, and receives just homage through his universal soul-principle.

INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

LITTLE SUNSHINE'S MISSION.

BY OWREETA.

LITTLE Sunshine's gone and left me,
And my home seems strangely dark;
And a sense comes o'er my being
That stills the pulses of my heart.
As I sit and think and ponder
On her winsome, winning ways;
I can feel that by her absence
A shadow's fallen o'er my days.

Will this shadow never lighten?
Will this anguish ne'er depart?
Will this sorrow e'er keep filling
Every recess of my heart?
Thus I questioned, and I queried,
As I passed from day to day,
But each effort only echoed,
"Little Sunshine's gone away."

But amidst my desolation,
A vision stood before my sight,
Clothed in robes of radiant splendor,
And turned my darkness into light;
Words she spoke in silvery sweetness,
As I pressed my aching head,
"Mortal, hear the words I tell thee,
Little Sunshine is not dead."

"She the sweet, the beautiful blossom,
Unto thee a while was given,
That thy home might know the sweetness
That waits thy soul in Heaven.
When thy earth-life is well ended,
And each duty is well done,
Thou shalt find thy little Sunshine
In her bright eternal home."

"Heed the lesson that she taught thee
In her short life; bear and know
That all we love while in the mortal
Cannot dwell long here below;
But in the land beyond the river,
Where the angels ever dwell,
Thou with her shalt swell the chorus,
'All is well! All is well!'

"Swell the song of rapturous gladness
Unto Him whose wondrous ways,
In the midst of death and sadness,
Give a theme for joyful lays."
Sunshine lives along with others,
All protected by his care,
And with joy my soul shall greet them,
When my mission's ended here.

Holy Father! God of Sunshine!
Be my sunshine day by day;
May the prospect of the future
Cheer and guide me on my way;
When the shades of death come o'er me,
Send my Sunshine back to say,
"I will light you through the darkness—
God our Father made the way."

[For the Voice of Angels.]

UNSEEN WITNESSES.

BY SUSAN B. FALES.

Oh, for one glance beyond the tide—
One little gleam of heavenly light!
For all I've loved on earth have died.
I feel alone in the world tonight—
Alone amid this busy throng.
Oh, hearts as light as joy can be,
My weary soul cries "Lord, how long
Ere I shall dwell in peace with thee?"

How oft I glance to the evening skies,
When cold and clear the starlight falls,
Looking in vain for sweet, sunny eyes,
And listening long for Spirit-calls!
And yet I know the loved are there,
In spite of all my doubts and fears;
Their loving eyes and faces fair
Through many a golden dream appears—

Appears before my drooping sight,
Cheering my spirit, dark with pain!
How sweet the thought, how clear and bright
The hope that we shall meet again!
Aye, meet again, where hearts will thrill
With purer love than warmed them here—
When that blest mandate, "Peace! be still!"
Shall soothe all pain, dry every tear.

I may not see the Angel-band,
Yet through the music of a dream
My soul oft sees the "Border-Land,"
And hears the murmur of the stream
Which flows through valleys fair and wide—
By palace-walls and gates ajar—
And I know that just beyond the tide
The loved and lost together are.

Hush!—Music floods the still air!
I know that voice which sweetly sings;
I catch a gleam of golden hair,
And hear the sound of Angel-wings.
Oh, loved and lost!—How fair and bright
Your pathway through the yielding skies;
In the far-off West a glow of light
Seems like a flash from Ellie's eyes.

I'll call him softly by his name,
Whisper of love that bound us here;
Oh, will he answer me again
With words of comfort?—Is he near?
How cold and clear the starlight falls!
He does not hear my bitter moan,
I list in vain for Spirit-calls;
The world is dark, and I'm alone.

Hush!—Hear I not the cheering sound
Of sandalled feet upon the floor?—
The Unseen Witnesses surround
Me—Ellie's form fits through the door;
The loved and lost return again—
The darkness fades!—by faith I see;
I will call him softly by his name,
And listen till he answers me.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE PRESENT DAY.

BY DR. D. AMBROSE DAVIS.

This day, this day, this present day—
What of it shall be said?
When we shall chase its hours away,
What record shall be made?

This day, this day, how deeply fraught
With interest to all!
And yet how few to give it thought,
Or listen to its call!

This day, this day, if vainly spent,
Will ever so remain;
Though we ten thousand times repent,
It will not come again.

This day, this day may be the last
That we on earth shall see;
With it our time may all be passed
In this mundane degree.

This day, this day, this very day
Will ring around the soul
Whatever varied shades it may,
While endless ages roll!

Then of this day, this present day,
What shall God's records tell?
Oh, shall we throw its hours away,
Or shall we spend them well?

VOICE OF ANGELS.

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NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS., FEB. 15, 1879.

WHY DELAYED.

Owing to our printer moving his Office, this number of the *VOICE* will be a few days behind time.

Pub. Voice of Angels.

NOTICE.

As North Weymouth is not a Money Order Office, all such orders should be drawn upon the Quincy (Mass.) Post Office.

Pub. Voice of Angels.

EDITORIAL.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

At the end of a business letter, the writer says: "I see in the Editorial of July 15th quite an interesting and instructive discussion upon Inspiration. Now, although the article seemingly exhausted the subject, yet I would like to know a little more about it. In other words, I would like the editor of the *VOICE OF ANGELS* to give me the other side of the picture; that is, if there is another side to it. In reading that article, the inference was, that no person could be inspired unless he was high up in the 'teens of goodness; or in plain words, no mortal could be inspired, except by or through the denizens of the highest regions of supernal wisdom.

Now, I may be altogether wrong in the matter; still my impressions are, that everybody is acted upon at times by some power outside of themselves; and this I call inspiration, whatever others may term it. If I am wrong, I wish to be set right.

Answer.—Yes, friend M——n, in the broadest sense of that term—as we understand it—with a few exceptions, if any, everybody, both good and bad, whether in a material body or not, is influenced or inspired, as you say, "at times," by some power outside of their own volition. For instance, a demon from the lowest spheres of inharmony can, and often does, inspire or influence people on the mundane world, who are on the same plane of development with himself, to commit all kinds of debauchery and wickedness. And, *vice versa*, a highly unfolded Spirit cannot but inspire or influence everybody he comes in contact with, to acts of charity and goodness. Hence, both the good and bad, in all spheres of existence, inspire others, who are in exact accord or *rapport* with their own spiritual unfoldment, whatever that may be.

Our proof for the above assertions lies in the fact, that like always did, and always will, attract its like. This is a truism none will attempt to gainsay; and being such, it is fair to suppose that a thief in the body will attract a thieving Spirit, out of it; and being "bail brother, well met," the inevitable sequence is, that the disembodied one will, through psychological law—which all possess to a greater or less extent—inspire or influence his earthly victim to steal everything he can lay his hands upon. So it is in other phases of life; as for instance, a Spirit who had been addicted all his life to imbibing strong drink, and after passing into his new condition, feels a desire for his accustomed stimulant, and knowing he cannot obtain it, except through a human organism, he straightway looks around, until he finds some one addicted to the same habit. No sooner than he succeeds, he uses all his psychological powers to inspire or influence his earthly victim not only to drink, but drink such liquor as he (the Spirit) is most fond of, even if it is distasteful to his new-found friend; and being in close *rapport* with his human tippler, he enjoys the poisonous beverage quite as well as before he entered Spirit-life. Now this is what may be, and is rightfully called Inspiration, although it is not generally considered as such. We often hear people say, after listening to an elegant sermon or discourse, that the party who delivered it "was inspired, if ever a person was." So he or she might have been, but not a whit more so—only in quality—than the thief and drunkard referred to; the only difference being as before hinted, that, while one is inspired by good and loving Spirits, the other is controlled by an exactly opposite band of influences. Both, however, come under the head of inspiration.

Inspiration and Revelation are often confounded as meaning the same thing. Nothing could be more erroneous, for while one may be inspired to speak and act, nothing new may be evolved; while on the other hand, a person may be inspired, and at the same time reveal new thoughts and ideas. When this is the case, that is, when one is inspired to give out new ideas and elevating thoughts, such a person may be truthfully called an inspired revelator.

In reference to your second question, namely, "How far can communications be depended upon, supposing they come through acknowledged truthful Mediums?"

Answer.—Just so far as they correspond to your own reason and best judgment. If you get indisputable tests from the communicating Spirit, of its identity, and of

things known to none but yourself, you may rest assured that it is a *bona fide* Spirit-communication.

Although, with a few exceptions, the above can be implicitly relied upon, yet exceptions do sometimes occur, through the best of Mediums, as we know from positive knowledge. We will cite a couple of cases, in our own experience, *not* to impugn the motives or honesty of the Mediums, but merely to show that the best and most reliable ones in the world may at times be imposed upon by malicious, deceiving Spirits. In the cases referred to we were made to give lengthy communications upon general topics, connected with Spiritualism; but saying nothing about the enterprise we claim to control, created surprise among our friends. Now, the facts were, we knew positively nothing about the messages until we heard them commented upon by our friends, some saying, "Why didn't Pardee say something about the *VOICE OF ANGELS*, he claims to edit?" In both of these cases, although the communications were entirely spurious, as far as we were concerned, yet the Mediums were faultless.

Thus you will see, friend M——n, that if there is cheating sometimes, it is the Spirits, and *not* the Medium, who do the mischief. You must not forget that human nature is human nature everywhere; and just as long as there are lying, deceiving men and women on the mundane plane, just so long will there be deceiving, lying Spirits on our side of life, and they will seize upon every favorable opportunity to play their mischievous and sometimes malicious tricks and games upon every one they can reach. This being true, it is absolutely necessary for every one to depend upon his own judgment in the matter; and if he gets cheated, once in a while, and takes chaff for wheat, it will tend to make him more cautious next time; just as he would look out for a business man, who had wronged and cheated him out of his rightful property, through fraudulent misrepresentations.

Such experiences, although sad to contemplate, are not without their uses; because they compel one to rely entirely upon his own good sense, and cause him to say, "I trust in nothing upon the *ipsi dixit* of any one, unless backed up with sufficient proof to convince my reason and conform to my best judgment."

If it is said that lying Spirits can sometimes control honest Mediums, "how about like attracting like?"

We answer that, as the best guarded house is sometimes entered by thieves,

when the family are temporarily absent, so when the guardians of a Medium are absent, which sometimes happens, then these thieving Spirits—who are always prowling around—assuming the *role* of the *real* guardians, get control of the Medium and for the time being hold it; in the mean time doing all the mischief they can.

In regard to your third question, namely, "When a Spirit first enters the world of causes, does he know any more than before he left his physical body, and is his advice and counsel upon mundane things any more to be relied upon—as some of them claim—than before he vacated his earthly tenement?"

Answer.—He neither knows any more, nor is his advice and counsel worth a whit more, than before he entered Spirit-Life; only he realizes the fact that the death of the body is not death of the man.

You must not forget, friend M——n, that the Spirit-World is the *real* world, while the mundane is the ideal; and that what is called death does not change his disposition or general characteristics a particle. The only change he will find, when he enters the world of causes, is, that all his attributes, functions, and mental powers, and especially all his perceptive faculties, are greatly intensified; but he is nevertheless just as liable to err in judgment, and make mistakes, as he ever was.

In conclusion we will say, that for want of space, our friend's fourth question, relative to physical and other Spiritual manifestations, must be deferred until our next issue.

BOOK REVIEW.

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

At the request of the author, Rev. Charles Beecher, we have received through Lee & Shepard, its publishers, a new book with the above title; and although we are familiar with most, if not all it contains, yet to those just commencing to investigate the Spiritual phenomena, it is invaluable, because most of its wonderful revealments came from skeptics, among whom were ministers, deacons, and laymen of every form and shade of belief; hence its contents are free from that bias in its favor which might be imputed—however unjustly—to those favorably inclined towards the phenomena of which it treats.

By liberal quotations from the Bible and other ancient and historical works, the author proves beyond peradventure that the wonderful revealments of Spirit-power contained in its pages, are revealed in this day and generation, does not belong wholly to the 19th century, but has manifested itself all along down the ages, from the remotest antiquity.

In a short notice it would be futile to attempt more than to hint at the contents of this

wonderful book; for it is the most perfect compendium, in fact, the best encyclopedia of the Spiritual Philosophy, as we think, ever published, and we predict for it an unprecedented sale. It is written in an easy, off-hand manner, without a particle of affectation or pen-painting to bolster up its claims, as is sometimes the case with those who only show the best side of some cherished idea or theme; hence, being free from all coloring, it can be relied upon as a perfect and complete epitome of the Spiritual Philosophy; therefore, believing it to be correct, we take great pleasure in recommending it to the favorable consideration of every one at all interested in the subject of all subjects, namely, "If a man die, shall he live again."

It is printed with large, clear type, on nice, fine paper, and well bound. For sale, wholesale and retail, by its publishers, Lee & Shepard, 41 and 45 Franklin street, Boston, Mass. Price, \$1.50. *Pub Voice of Angels.*

NOTICE.

MISS M. THERESA SHELHAMER, whose advertisement as a Medical Medium appears in another column, takes this method of replying to all inquiring correspondents as to her system of prescribing for the sick.

Upon the receipt of a letter containing some description of the symptoms appearing in the case, the Medical Control of the Medium proceeds to write out a diagnosis of the disease, together with a full prescription and minute directions for general, as well as local treatment of the complaint.

In general, the recipes, with careful directions for preparing the various medicines, are sent to the patient, thereby enabling him or her to procure a much larger quantity, at a less cost, than if purchasing the remedies already prepared from the Medium, (who rarely prepares medicines herself for her patients, unless it is absolutely necessary to have them magnetized by her Spirit-Physician.

All cases needing a second hearing, or further advice, applicable to the same disease, receive instruction free of extra expense, upon receipt of stamped envelope.

Such has been the plan adopted by the Medical Adviser of Miss Shelhamer; which, while it is contrary to the approved style of the "Regulars," yet brings a knowledge of their own systems, and the mode of treating them, in order to bring them into a healthy condition, within the reach of all.

CORRECTION.

THE message given at our Circle, and published in the VOICE OF ANGELS of Feb. 1, from Mary Graves, should read Mary *Groves*.

M. T. SHELHAMER.

Our trials on earth are all blessings in spirit,
Designed by Jehovah as treasures to be;
Wages earned here that the soul must inherit
When it gets over the tempest-tossed sea.

DR. D. AMBROSE DAVIS.

WHAT is more unhappy than the happiness of sinners?—*St. Augustine.*

SPIRIT MESSAGES,

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

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELHAMER.

INVOCATION, BY ROBERT ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN.

GOD of Infinitude! Thou who upholdest all worlds! Thou whose presence is manifested through all space! Thou who art the Sustainer of all Nature! We worship thee as our Creator and our Preserver through life. We bless thee for the lessons of life; for through them we may learn much of thee, and much of our inner selves. We thank thee for the manifestations of life, beautiful life; for through these manifestations may thy children be brought into closer communion with thee.

May the lesson read tonight perform its purpose; may it fill the weary soul with trust and confiding love; may it teach each Spirit that though sad and weary its mortal existence, that although to them the tangled web of life be too intricate to explain; yet in thee may be found a sustaining power to comfort and preserve. Thou art the Great Comforter; and oh, may every sorrowing soul be brought within the sphere of thy tender care!

Blessed Spirits! We ask of you to draw near unto the sad and afflicted ones; that they may be uplifted into the sunlight of happiness!

And oh, may the Angels continue their guardianship, until each Spirit shall look to God, our Comforter, Father, Friend and Guide!

JOSEPH ANDREWS.

I WAS one who always desired to fulfill every obligation, sir; I wished to do my duty as far as I could see it, and to leave no compact unbroken. I may say that I ripened for the new life while yet in the body. And so I come to this Circle with a knowledge of what is required of the Spirit. I am satisfied with the change. I would not, if I could, take up the old life again with the earth-worn body. The best of this life is the sense of perfect liberty which I feel; an exultant sense of freedom for every power and capability of the Spirit.

I'm old, but I am tough yet. I come to bless my friends, to particularly bless and encourage the gifted one whose ministrations were so grateful to me. I am right glad to be here.

JOSEPH ANDREWS.

MARIA M.

[This influence held control of the Medium a long time before she could be persuaded to give her name. It was evident from her appearance of distress, and her

attitude of despair, that she was brought by some beneficent Spirit, to gain some good. The chairman talked long, earnestly and kindly to her. At last the Spirit withdrew. The following was given by her to the Controlling Guide of the Circle:]

I do not wish to give my full name. There is too much that is painful connected with it. For the sake of my friends, my father, my mother and brother, it is best that the circumstance be not awakened. But I do wish to say that I live; that I am not destroyed, body and soul, as some believe. I am distressed. I have been very unhappy ever since my death. I would, if I could, undo the past. The misery of my father, the pain and illness of my mother, have been witnessed by me, and it is this that makes me sad.

I do not blame any one. I hope my friends will not. The cause of my death was through my own rashness, but I did not think I should die. I come, asking that the past be forgotten, as far as possible; that censure be cast upon none; that those I love will think of me as kindly as possible. I live; I know all they would have me know; I know what forgiveness they would extend. By-and-bye, perhaps I shall know more; perhaps I can bring them a blessing from heaven. I do know that we shall meet again, where sin such as mortals know, cannot come, and where all strange things shall be explained.

I lived in what is now a part of your city. I have not been gone a year yet. I hope to guide my message home. Please call me Maria M.

FRANKIE N. SLOANE.

How do you do, mister? [Very well; how do you do?] I am first rate. You don't know me, and I don't know you, but I'm wide awake, and I see what the others do. It's a good while since I died, and they put me in a box; anyway, ma thinks it is. But I'm lively. This is a jolly way to come.

I'm mother's little man. Gracious! I guess I'm growing, too. I don't believe mamma and papa know anything about this, and I guess they think I'll always be a little boy; but I don't mean to. I want to grow up a man as much as I ever did. I'm over seven.

Do you want to know my name? [Yes.] It's Frankie N. Sloane—Frank Nelson Sloane. Ma's name is Mary; Papa's, Elisha. That's a queer name—'Lisha C. Sloane. He lives in Boston. I see him around the machinery sometimes. I hope he'll get this, 'cause I want 'em to know I'm lively, and I love 'em ever so much, and want to see 'em happy. Good-bye.

[Mr. Editor, please send to Elisha C. Sloane, Boston.]

BENJAMIN WATERS.

I AM not here, sir, expecting to identify myself, nor to, in fact, reach my friends. But I was told if I came to one of these places, and assumed control, it would give me power to reach my friends in Utica, N. Y., whom I wish to converse with. And so I am here for my own benefit, believing if I undertook this thing once, I should understand how to do so again at some other place.

I lived long enough on earth to know something of life, and I gained many experiences; but this is something entirely new and unprecedented. I hope it will profit me.

My name is Benjamin Waters.

JOHN PIERPONT.

EVEN the tiny flowers breathe a lesson of love, and become the comforters that shed light and fragrance over a weary soul. The flowers before us, Mr. Chairman—referring to a flowering plant upon the table—were the means of inducing the weary, saddened Spirit of the young lady present, to unburden her mind, which will bring her sweet relief. A glance at their beauty encouraged her to hope that here, where flowers bloom in midwinter, she should find a welcome, or at least a word of sympathy. And so even to the humblest of God's creations, a tiny, fragile flower may become a benefactor to uplift the downtrodden Spirit into realms of light and beauty.

God's laws are over all. His purposes, though dimly understood by mortals, are yet grand and all important. His care abideth forever. To him the weary Spirit turns for succor. His ear is never deaf to the call of his children, and into the despairing soul comes a gleam of restful peace, that is like unto the perfect calm that succeeds the tempest.

I find a glory and a joy in the world today, such as is little dreamed of. On every side we see sorrow and pain, but above this distressing sight we observe white hands stretched out in sympathy and aid. There are hearts bleeding in sorrow, but the healing balm of love is poured into the wounds, by the tender voice and the cheering glance, and naught but scars remain to tell the story.

Oh, we tell you, sir, these visions of human sympathy, of pitying kindness, of noble endeavors to benefit mankind, are to Spirit-eyes the jewels of great price that time can neither tarnish nor destroy. Go on, each noble worker in the field.

Toil on, ye faithful souls in harness; speed on in the good work wherever you may be. The chime-bells of heaven already ring the victory of human salvation from misery and sin. The good work, long since begun by noble souls, who now labor with you from the upper heights of life, goes marching on, steadily increasing in volume, width and power. May it never cease until man and woman shall stand erect and free, creatures of strength and perfected types of angelhood.

MESSAGES GIVEN JAN. 26, 1879.

CHARLIE PRICE.

YEARS have passed away since I left the mortal form, sir. I was young, and life would have been pleasant had health and strength been spared to me. I feel that I have attained to the full stature and strength of manhood.

The Spirit-World is beautiful, and the surroundings peaceful and home-like, and yet I love to return to old familiar scenes and haunts, and to whisper words of endearing affection to the heart of my mother. She felt that she needed me here; but, sir, she has me there, where I can prepare the way for her Spirit-entrance.

Grandmother sends her love, and bids mother be patient, be strong, and watch. We are with her daily, and give her counsel. The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, and the gentle, earnest souls oftentimes win the victory. The waters of death are not unpleasant. They do not engulf us, but bear us away to the shining, Spirit-shore. It is several years since I passed home.

CAPTAIN JESSE BURNHAM.

THEY tell me this is one way of learning to really understand life. [We think so.] To me it seems but yesterday since I died, messmate, but they tell me it is months.

What craft is this? [This is a Spirit-Circle, where Spirits come to give messages to their friends.] I've heard of such things, and now find myself here. Well, it's pretty clear sailing. I'm an old man, and I feel old. There's an uncomfortable sensation round the heart. I hope I'll not always feel old. [Oh, no, you'll get better soon.]

I hail from Gloucester, and am called Jesse Burnham—Captain Jesse Burnham, if you like. Now, if any one wants to know if I'm alive, tell them yes—in God's name, yes, and getting ready to work.

FRANK GLEASON.

My name is Frank Gleason. I have been away quite a number of years. I

suppose it was consumption I had. Now, I thought if I came here, it might help me to get nearer home, and speak to my friends. I have a number of them whom I would like to convince and teach, if they will listen.

I have come a long way to give this message, but if it will give me strength to come nearer and reach my friends in person, I shall not regret it. At least I feel better, and I thank you.

JOSIE C. WRIGHT.

Good evening. If you please, I would like to send a message to my darling mother and father, to my dear brothers and sister. Please say I bring my love, my deep, undying affection, and my heartfelt thanks to them for all their untiring devotion.

Darling mother, do not feel so sad. You know I can come near you to bless you with tidings of the Summer-land. Sometimes you feel a breath of peace and calm, which we bring to rest your Spirit. I am tenderly cared for, and find the change a blessed release. I bring you love from all dear to you, and this message—"Dear child, darling Anna, rest in peace; your treasures are safe in the Father's keeping."

Tomorrow, the 27th of January, I will be with you all. I will come to bring you the garland of Spirit-flowers, emblems of my love and sympathy. I will come to receive my gift, the love and tender memories that will fill your souls at thought of me. 'Oh, I hope to be able to assure you of my presence upon this day of days, and to fill your hearts with rest and submissive peace.

My name is Josie Emma Wright. I passed away from Weymouth last Summer. I thank you for allowing me to come, and ask that the message be sent to Mr. Justin D. Wright, Weymouth, Mass.

NELLIE BICKFORD.

I AM Nellie Bickford. I come all the way the way from Wisconsin. It's a long way to you, but not to us. I want to say that grandmother, grandpa, my uncles, my brothers, and all, send our love to father and mother and all who love us.

I feel as though I had always been in Spirit-Life, it is so beautiful and home-like; but I do come back sometimes to learn what we can from this side of life, so that our knowledge may be rounded out. But our advantages here are so much brighter than we could have had on earth, that we can go steadily on, gathering information for the use of others.

I would like to join the Tunie band, and help Spirits to come to those who

long for them. [You are welcome.] I see that times are very hard, and the luxuries of life seem far off to my dear parents; but I am so glad we can come and lighten up the clouds, and assure them of our love and care. The Spirits bless them always, and ever strive to bring them comfort and hope.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

WAUKESHA, Wis., Jan. 28, 1879.

BRO. DENSMORE,—I just want to say that the communication from Silas Wright on Political Economy, printed some time since in the VOICE OF ANGELS, through Mr. Daggett, seems to point toward a better condition, financially, for this country and people—but not yet. The trio of Wright, Webster and Greeley is significant of a better day coming. I have shown it to men of all political stripes, and nearly every one pronounces it sound.

W. D. HOLBROOK.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

ETERNAL CONDITIONS.

SOMETHING must of necessity, in the order of nature and the innate constitution of primordial essence, be eternal. God could not create and organize himself; hence he is the great uncreated first principle of life in the universe. God never began, therefore cannot cease to exist. God's laws are laws unto himself; that is, God is subject to his own laws; hence he cannot change. The laws of the universe are the laws of God, and are co-existent and co-eternal with him.

All scientific minds will agree that mind and matter are the two first original principles, and we associate with them intimately space and duration. We can safely assume that those four principles—mind or spirit, matter, space and duration—are eternal, and never had a beginning. The best cultivated minds of earth have but a very limited conception of time in its general nature. Twenty-five of our days will make about one day on the sun; and a year on the sun—almost incomprehensible! With God, time is one eternal Now! Where are the ends or bounds of space—positively limitless and immeasurable, filled with rolling worlds, on, on, still on?

Many philosophers suppose that the original condition of matter must have been electrical. Whatever the original form or state of matter may have been, we can reasonably assert that it has been eternally distinct from Spirit. Spirit, in its original unindividualized form, is God. The highest ideas that we can clothe it

with are, ceaseless action, life, intelligence, love and purity.

The finite mind never can comprehend the infinite God. There are mysteries surrounding all forms of life that cannot be unravelled, at least by man in his present state of existence. The life beyond will no doubt flash many rays of light upon dark, hidden mysteries.

J. W. GIBSON.

GENTRYVILLE, Mo.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

A VOICE FROM HUMANITY.

BY SUE B. FALES.

BETWEEN the wits of our philosophers and the theories of our theologians, we are in danger of becoming infidels on all things good. Let us go back to the simple faith of our fathers, and no longer try to exercise our brains over strange philosophies.

Nature gives us the most beautiful demonstrations of the divine attributes, and we are all capable of high attainments in all departments of knowledge. But there is no necessity of quarrelling over the different schools of philosophy. There is no particular need of neglecting the useful and hopeful, in our rash desire for the useless and hopeless, which is but reaction of Spirit, at best.

If our theologians will give us a little more true religion, and point out the holy of holies, where our hungry souls may find more of that sympathy, which must ever exist between the Creator and the created, we will find out the beginning of all things for ourselves. The good old theory that God created all things, and his Spirit permeateth all things, will satisfy us, as it did our fathers. Heaven rest their honest souls! They were not always troubled with fears concerning the future. They let God attend to his affairs, knowing that he could do so without the help of man. I do not believe he ever changed a natural law for the best of men.

Humanity is overburdened with reformers. We are troubled by evil spirits and bad morals. How are we to get into a purer atmosphere, when the struggle for daily bread compels us to breathe dust and carbonic acid, and the fumes of ink and the smell of shops and stores? We are just as healthy as those reformers who come and lecture to us to get our money, that they may make costly pilgrimages to far-off mineral springs, whose abominable waters cure them of their evils, which would never have befallen them had they attended to their own business, and allowed weak, but not ignoble, humanity, like a

dammed-up stream, to run itself pure. It would not be a great loss to the world if death should squeeze the breath of life out of some of them.

Humanity! humanity! is ever the cry. What rambles and scrambles it requires, for any of us to get above the sins and sorrows of life, and make headway against high winds and swiftly flowing tides. How can we reach the other shore, while so many reformers stand like wreckers on a stormy coast, ready to rob us of our treasures, faith, hope and charity, and fling us back into the waves to perish? Can't they give us something better than sorrow here on earth, and the sure promise of eternal misery hereafter? If they cannot, let them content themselves with their own philosophy. Humanity can find a pathway to God without so much noise and confusion. Eternal darkness is better than a light which derives its illuminating qualities from brimstone.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

SPRING SEASON.

BY MRS. A. B. F. ROBERTS.

The winter season now is past;
The earth from sorrow is now unmasked;
The meads are carpeted with green;
Golden dandelions are seen.

Boreal winds have ceased to freeze,
The earth now fanned with balmy breeze;
The streams from icy fetters free—
Sipping water purring in glee.

Vinty frosts have ceased to blight,
The gentle dew now falls at night;
The earth in beauty doth appear—
Spring-time hath come, man's heart to cheer.

Beautiful birds now sing in mirth,
And lovely flowers deck the earth;
The trees in bloom, for fruit prepare—
Their odors sweet perfume the air;—

Thus calling forth the trailing bee,
From drowsy hives to blooming tree;
The humming bird, on its swift wing—
All are alert, in time of Spring.

I dearly love the verdant Spring,
When beautiful birds sweetly sing;
I love to visit at their haunt,
When warblers gay sweet music chant.

Art in music cannot compete
With songsters' notes, shrill, clear, and sweet;—
To touch the soul with love divine,
With aspirations pure, benign.

I dearly love the songsters' lays—
Devotedly give God my praise;
In love I'll worship the divine—
Accept the boon God gave as mine.

The world of man God wisely blest,
And still mankind live in unrest;
An aching void lurks in the soul,
Which naught but wisdom can control.

CASDIA, N. H., November, 1878.

A FRAGMENT.

FULL many a pilgrim traveller here
Finds sorrow all the while;
But when their well-urged souls go up,
It makes the angels smile!

DR. D. ANDERSON DAVIS.

WANT of thought is not invariably why
folks whistle.

SPIRIT ECHOES.

BY SPIRIT VIOLET.

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

NUMBER ONE.

SOFTLY, gently, tenderly as the shimmering flakes of snow that fall sweetly upon the soiled and dust-brown earth, beautifying it with a brightness all their own, come the tender memories of loving faces, of the touch of gentle hands with their helpful offices, and sweet caressings, floating down, down into my soul, with a refreshing coolness and a shimmering brightness no other can supply.

Just beyond my curtained window, the shining rays of the morning sun cast a glow of radiant splendor upon the scenes I so love, glancing through the open casement in upon my surroundings, and lighting up my room with a glory caught from the realms of Paradise. The silvery chime of bells floats in upon the morning air, bathing the Spirit in waves of sweet, melodious sound.

A group of happy, laughing sprites would have me go with them to scenes of mirth and gladness. But, no; my soul would commune with itself in solitude, and waft sweet blessings of love upon the wings of the morning to those who tread the pathway of material life. Tender memories awoken within my soul visions of the long-ago, when I, too, trod the paths of earth, and dwelt with loving souls upon the material plane, and calling me for a time from the outward scenes of Spiritual life. I enter into the true soul state of being, alone as to external forms, yet present in reality with the true essence of all life, love and sympathy.

What more beautiful than a morning in the Summer-land! All around breathes of harmony and peace. No jarring discords strike upon the ambient air; no sense of unloveliness nor distress; no storm-clouds overcast the heavens with threatening anger. The golden sun tempers his rays in mildness and beneficent warmth. The birds sing fearlessly in the tree-tops; the waters flow merrily to the sparkling sea; the breezes play in wanton glee, tossing the leaflets upon the trees, and robbing the flowers of their choicest perfume, to greet the senses of the passer by.

Pure souls to whom no taint of material grossness clings; sweet Spirits, who have never felt, or having felt, have risen above the influence of earthly passions, here abide, and gathering together into convocations, convened not for ceremony, nor from pride of station, but from sympathy and friendship, interchange the rich treasures of the mind, cultivate through

soul-communion the true graces of the Spirit, work in unity together, developing the adaptability of each Spirit for its peculiar mission, and above all, seek by united efforts, born of sincerity of purpose and love to humanity, to devise ways and means to ameliorate the condition of man, both upon the earthly and the lower Spiritual planes, and to bring him out into the perfect light, which is knowledge of the interior laws of being.

This is Summer-land, dear Summer-land of souls, as far removed from those Spirits who still dwell in the darkness emitted from their past lives, and who continue to cling to the shadow of earthly dross, as it is from the inhabitants of clay, whose thoughts of future life are confined to the realms of curiosity or material interests, and whose souls never mount upon the wings of aspiration to long and and search for the higher realms of good and the dear Father and his ministering angels.

The bells chime on, sweetly, solemnly, lifting the soul above all selfish thoughts and purposes, bearing it upward, onward upon the wings of sacred music; far upward and outward in adoration towards the source of all this beautiful, beneficent, immortal life. Faint and low the sweet chime flows downward also, bringing a sense of what is highest and best, to those plunged in sorrow, pain and doubt, giving them hope of a sweeter life yet to be attained through honest endeavors and individual effort; sweet and low, floating down, down into the hearts of loved ones yet in mortal, thrilling them with a calmness of heavenly peace, a sense of perfect rest, and bearing into their souls sweet, undying echoes of love, sympathy and remembrance from their dear ones who have gone before.

ANOTHER VERIFICATION.

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 8, 1879.

D. C. DENSMORE, North Weymouth, Mass.:—Dear Sir,—I have your valued letter of the 20th ult., in reply to my letter of inquiry for the particulars as to how and through what Medium that beautiful message came from Katie Kinsey, published in your paper of Jan. 15. Your very full statement of the facts and circumstances, together with her sweet message of love, affection and sympathy, which has since been partially corroborated through J. V. Mansfield, at 61 West 42d street, New York, leads me to conclude that the message is verily and truly from our darling daughter Katie, who left

See p 20

her mortal body about nineteen months ago, aged twenty years.

In that message, she brings to sweet remembrance occurrences in my father's family that occurred nearly fifty years ago, long before she was born, and of which she probably never heard while in this life.

I send you this affirmation as a pleasing duty in sustaining your word for the VOICE OF ANGELS.

Truly yours,

JOSEPH KINSEY.

[NOTE.—The above message came through the organism of M. T. Shelhamer, 89 K street, South Boston, Mass.—Publisher.]

PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

"WEST INGLE'S" DEPARTMENT.

TO J. MORELAND, OF JOLIET, ILL.,

FROM ONE OF HIS SPIRIT-GUIDES.

MY SON, have you ceased to know that you are one of the workers of the present century? Into your heart has fallen the seeds of truth, and you will soon receive a new gift; and it will be the gift of prophecy. Lifting up your voice, you will speak, teaching the people of the things which have been revealed to you in the manner of revelations, or that which has been given through Spirit-power. The Angel-World has chosen you to be one of the banner-bearers; and as your sphere of usefulness widens, you will have power to do your work. You will have revealed to you the mysteries connected with the science which relates to the laws and operations and manifestations of the Spirits, especially those disconnected with the offices of the physical body.

You possess the royal gifts of the Medium, and we ask you to do your duty faithfully, for the time is drawing near at hand when those who "put their hands to the plow, may not turn back," but go forward, and reach, if possible, the mark of their high calling. You, who have so little of earthly power, so little of that which earth craves, must soon become educated by the Spirit-World; and then all messages coming either to your wife from her Spirit-friends, or from your own or others, will be all that is needed to carry conviction to the hearts of those who mourn, without the Comforter.

Go onward and upward, and all will be well with you.

TRUTH.

TO CAPTAIN E. POPE HENLEY, CALIFORNIA.

FROM HIS FRIEND, JOHN EMBERTON, IN SPIRIT-LIFE.

My ever dear and faithful friend, I speak to you as of old, in the language of confidence and love, for the grave cannot silence the voice of affection, nor hush the

longings of true souls for sympathetic communion with each other.

You know why I come to you, before seeking to reach those near and dear to me, those who were connected with me by the purest ties the heart of man can know.

You are standing by the gateway opening into the avenue of Spirit-communion; through you I can reach my other friends. They will believe what you say, dear Ed. They will join you in investigating the truth; and thus I shall never more be cut off from the living loved ones. I have so many here of my own, and my love for you has brought me near to all your own Spirit-friends. Your dear mother stands by my side, waiting to communicate with you, and many others are anxiously waiting to converse with you. Oh, my friend—my more than brother—for what you are and have been to me, I desire to give you all the brightest and best knowledge of the Spirit-World. I would like to tell you of the grand possibilities in your future life on the earth, and of the still greater heights to be attained in the life immortal.

I look upon this message as but the first opening of the communion we shall hereafter hold with each other. The few dollars of material value required will be but dross, when weighed with the higher treasures I can bestow. Tell my own friends, and one who is still my dearest, that our treasures lost to her are all safe; and all that has been done, and will be, is satisfactory.

I trust, my dear Edward, all to you. Let me speak as often as I can, and you will find comfort and earthly prosperity from communion with your ever-faithful friend and brother, in all that truth, love and sympathy combined can create of brotherly love.

JOHN EMBERTON.

WM. MONTGOMERY, IN SPIRIT-LIFE,
TO HIS SON WILLIAM, IN SENeca CO., OHIO.

My ever dear son, again I address a few words of cheer through the VOICE OF ANGELS. I want you to know I am still near you, doing my best to aid you in all your perplexing cares. I know you are doing all you can to help yourself and others. How strong and true you are becoming, my dear son; and very soon you will be able to control all the circumstances of your life, and all events connected with your life will be guided by your own will and actions.

I have only one word to say in this message, as my time is short, and I come earnestly desiring to get one word with you. I wish you would send a request to "West Ingle" for a message. Send her anything

that was mine—a leaf from an old pocket-book, anything that contains magnetism; and it will open the avenue to a full revelation.

I desire you all to know more of the Spirit-life and the future destiny of your soul. Life on the earth is the smallest part of existence, my dear son, and there will be a long eternity of progression for us all.

I desire you to realize and teach all the dear ones so to live that you may enter at once upon your higher mission of love to those who will be left behind.

God bless you all, my son! William, will you heed and look deep for the truth?

Affectionately, your father,

WILLIAM MONTGOMERY.

THROUGH C. E. WINANS.

MARY VAN BIBBER.

My dear son Andrew, your poor old mother will try and send you a message, and I hope it may be of some comfort and happiness to you, by hearing from me, because I have been gone from your side these many long years—went to try the realities of another world, and I hasten back to tell you, Andrew, that there is no death, but life everlasting.

God is merciful. God is good. He has prepared another home for his children—a house where the pure in heart and in mind dwell, and where there is no death, no sickness, no more aches and pains; but where we may all enjoy good health and the pure atmosphere, and where we can progress from a lower state of conditions to a higher one; where each and all will be on an equal standing in Spirit-Life; where we all can mingle our voices together in love and joy in our family circle of friends, brothers and sisters and children; where we will, as an unbroken family, be all housed in God's green vineyard, where we can gain knowledge, and give to those we leave behind in the lower plane of life.

When I entered Spirit-Life, I expected to find some of my friends and acquaintances burning in that terrible lake of fire, those that left this life without believing in the atonement that the clergy preached about. How can I describe my feelings and my joy on coming to consciousness, on the other side of the river of life, that instead of a hell and these terrible things, all was different. All things were soon shown to me in their true light and beauty, and the friends I had expected to find in torment, I found enjoying life and health, and doing their master's will, and that was by doing right.

I met my loved ones, father, and mother, brothers and sisters; and my grand-children flocked around me, making me welcome to their Spiritual house by their kind and gentle words of love and their happy smiles. I have met Andrew, your son, in Spirit-Life. He has grown to be a man. When he departed this life he was but a little boy; but he is now a man, and in his own good time will send you a message of love.

I must go, but remember, Andrew, that I, your mother, in her feeble way, will assist you. I am often near you. May the future open brightly before you, and may your heart be made glad by my coming. I am, in a mother's love to you, Mary Van Bibber.

Send message to A. J. Van Bibber, Edinburgh, Ind.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

AN ACROSTIC.

BY M. THERESA SHELHAMER.

ROYAL souls are nobly pressing
O'er life's toilsome, rugged way,
Bearing one another's burdens—
Even through the heat and fray;
Rearing as they go this standard—
Truth shall live through endless day!

All the way their course is onward—
Never faltering, never sad—
Drawing knowledge from Life's teachings,
Even from the weak and bad;
Kinging forth this noble utterance—
"Souls are chastened by the rod;
Onward, upward we are pressing,
Nearer to the throne of God!"

TRUE MARRIAGE.

ITS EXPOSITION AS SET FORTH BY A WOMAN PREACHER.

Mrs. Lizzie Pease Fox, the "inspirational speaker," lectured last evening at McArthur's parlors upon various subjects, as they were given to her in the shape of questions by the audience. Her remarks were made off hand, as soon as she had read the questions, and in some instances were remarkably well discussed. One of the questions asked was, "What is true marriage?" and her reply was in substance as follows:

Theology says you must love and honor till death. Spiritualism says you must love forever. Those who are truly married cannot be put asunder. There are very few true marriages on earth, but this is not the fault of the laws of marriage, but the result of ignorance. Women have been brought up to look for a home, and man has learned to look after beauty, instead of saying what are the spiritual qualifications? are they fitted for me? Your earthly law may hold the bodies of the man and woman together, but it cannot hold their spirits, if they do not love one another. True marriage, how beautiful it is! In what exquisite harmony do the happy pair move. They seem as one. But there are very few such marriages. If all marriages were true marriages of the spirit, there would be no more corruption or infidelity in the world. Let me tell you that a woman who loves

is surrounded by a power to move a man which nothing can break through. True marriage will one day redeem the world. Let us educate ourselves and our children for their marriage. Teach them to marry for love and that only, and that any other marriage is unworthy of the name.—*Exchange.*

VALUE OF SALT.—In Africa, the high caste children suck rock salt as if it were sugar, although the poorer classes of natives cannot indulge their palates. Hence the expression in vogue amongst them, "He eats salt with his victuals," signifying that the person alluded to is an opulent man. In those countries where mineral salt is not procurable, and where the inhabitants are far removed from the sea, a kind of saline powder is prepared from certain vegetable products to serve in its stead. Indeed, so highly is salt valued in some places, that from its very scarcity it is employed as a substitute for money.—*Food Journal.*

HONEST and courageous people have very little to say about either their courage or their honesty. The sun has no need to boast of its brightness nor the moon of her effulgence.—*Hosea Ballou.*

"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:

From little five-year-old Healy, Williamstown, N. Y.,	\$1.00
J. Wilks Smith, Castle, N. Y.,	0 35
G. A. Carle, St. Louis, Mo.,	0 36
Mrs. Laura Kellogg, Chaplin, Iowa,	1.00
Mrs. A. J. Hyde, Pleasant Valley, Iowa,	0 35
E. Mason, 103 Leverett street, Boston, Mass.,	0 35
John DuBois, Everett, Bedford Co., Penn.,	1.00
A friend, Texas,	2 00
A. T. Hudson, Stockton, Cal.,	0 35
Mrs. E. A. H. Perry, Glenwood, Mass., (N. Y. Present)	1.00
W. N. Hart, Mattapan, Mass.,	0 35
A. Liberman, 104 Fourth street, New Orleans, La.,	0 50
George Nelson, Virginia City, Nev. Terr.,	2.00
Wm. H. Grier, Clinton, DeWitt Co., Ill.,	0 35
A friend, Rutland Square, Boston,	0 35
Wm. Babcock, Dalton, Mass.,	0 75
Mrs. Fanny Allaman, Decatur, Ill.,	0 25
George W. Dorr, Annisquam, Mass.,	0 25
Julia A. Barnum, Coe Ridge, Ohio,	0 35
Almidio A. Fosethan, Industry, Austin Co., Tex.,	0 35
A friend, Chicago, Ill.,	0 35
Mrs. Mary N. Gardner, Chicago, Ill.,	0 35
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