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LITERARY

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

BY TRYPHENA O. PARDEE.

FROM the dazzling Throne Eternal, Gleaning from the Fount Paternal,

The face of Life's nudestic King, sweet rays of light pour down,

Through endiess wastes of thought immortal,
Peeping through earth's latticed portal,

Breaking time's dark clouds of night, that change to morning's arown.

On the duppled grey horizon See the bannered Life-Light rising,

That times with gargeous dyes of Love the tattered robes of death;

And grave Humanity's bright morning, Decked with Hoaven's bost adorning, Master to hoist its spangled folds upon its infant breath.

From the soul's deep garnered treasures

Experience sends her broken measures,

And Angel-whilspers awell the breeze that life its waving

shocts.

See the Life-gems how they glitter,

Andawn the morn-fleecod skies they flitter,
Apildrap at Death's dark bolted door, that fronts immortal

The strongest locks are quickly broken,
And friends grasp gladly each fond token,

That brings the blost and woll-known name, so loved beyond the bourne:

And Life's aweet beams of spotless glory.
Thus melt the gloom of fulsehood's story.

That tenches man no tender one from thence can e'er return

On the wings of Love maternal, From the flowing spheres supernal,

Where no flower ever fades, or time desputs a bud, Come the words of faithful blessing,

Dalying death's cold power to lessen,
And star the Banner's graceful blue, bright as the skies

And on its doep, doep azure shining.

Fathers, brothers, sisters twining.

fisther round this standard rare and sprinkle dots of gold.

"Life! Eternal Life!" they're speaking.
To those they left in sorrow reeking,

And brighter grow the joyful glows these kindling spots unfold.

Wave on! wave on! blest flag of glory! Tell the world Life's deathless story,

Till every realm where thought is felt burns with thy fadeless grace;—

Baptizing with thy dowy dealing.

Soothing every friendless feeling

With light that gleams through every shade, till sorrow finis so place.

ELLINGTON, N. Y., Jan. 19, 1870

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

PLAIN TALKS ON HEALTH.

BY THE MEDICAL CONTROL OF M. T. SHELHAMEB.
NUMBER SIX.

HAVING directed our attention thus far to the care and treatment of the older members of the human family, we think it but just that we devote a brief space of time to the children

The care of our little ones is a subject of such vital importance that no mother can afford to ignore or overlook it; of vital importance sible; and "the great rule to be observed is that not only to the health and happiness of the children themselves, but to the weal. or woe of countless others who are to come after them.

Let us turn to the infant class. Did it ever occur to you, parents, what a much abused race our infants are as a rule? How many of our little innocents have been literally killed by kindness—kindness, but mistaken and perverted! Almost as soon as a child comes into the world, its tiny form is compressed and rolled into bandages, bound so tightly about the body that it can scarcely breathe, and which not only gall and wound its tender frame, but also are apt to obstruct the motion of the heart and lungs, as well as the other organs necessary to life.

Mothers and nurses seem to think that unless the babe is tightly rolled in so many yards of bandages, that its little body will fall to pieces—a danger that can never occur under any possible circumstances. Nature does not form so loosely nor so badly as that.

Said the late celebrated Dr. Buchan, "Nature and its attendant evils. A hair, or semi-

knows no use of clothes to an infant, but to keep it warm. All that is necessary for this purpose is a soft, loose covering.

"So far, all endeavors to mend the shape of an infant, in place of being successful, operate the wrong way, and mankind become deformed in proportion to the means used to prevent it. So little deformity of body is found among uncivilized nations, it is vulgarly believed they put all their deformed children to death. The truth is, they hardly know such a thing as a deformed child; neither should we, if we followed their example. Savage nations never think of manacling their children. They allow them the free use of every organ, carry them abroad in the open air, wash their bodies daily in cold water, etc. By this management, their bodies become so strong and hardy that, by the time our puny infants get out of the nurses' arms, theirs are able to shift for themselves."

Rollers and tight bandages tend to produce convulsions, as well as serious and distressing pains. Pins, also, are dangerous things to use about the person of an infant. The clothes should be fastened with strings wherever possible; and "the great rule to be observed is that a child shall have no more clothes than are necessary to keep it warm, and that they be quite easy for its body." They should also be frequently changed, and kept thoroughly clean. Children perspire a great deal, and unless their clothing is kept fresh and clean, they contract cutaneous and other diseases.

Swaddling-clothes are an abomination, confining the feet of the growing infant, and obstructing the passage of the life-giving air from its extremities.

we tell you, a revolution in the care of hardy, the babe is tightly rolled in so many yards of that it can scarcely breathe, and which not only What, also, shall be said of that dangerous habit of muffling all other parts of the child's body in woollens, and leaving the tender arms and neck free from covering of any kind? Oh, we tell you, a revolution in the care of children is yet to come, ere we can rear a race of hardy, healthy people.

Another evil is in placing the child to sleep upon feathers, and allowing its little head to sink into the downy mass, thus overheating its brain, and oftentimes producing congestion and its attendant evils. A hair or semi-

hard mattress should be always in use for an infant, and in fact for adults also.

A whole volume might be written upon the care of children, and the subject by no means be exhausted; but we must hasten on, just touching upon the food question. Not one infant in a hundred suffers for the want of food; certainly ninety-nine in a hundred suffer from being over-fed. Quite frequently, the milk given a child is too heavy for its little stomach, and needs to be slightly diluted. The child becomes uneasy, and utters a cry of distress; and the nurse or mother seeks to quiet it by feeding again, and so on. The panacea for every ill is food, until the stomach rebels, and discharges its load of sour milk by way of the mouth.

healthier had they their regular feeding-times; and the mother by observation can readily detect the signs of hunger in her child. The babe that eagerly grasps its food, and sucks it in with content, is certainly more apt to be in need of it than the one who takes it half reluctantly, needing to be coaxed, and who frequently pauses to look around and pay attention to any little trifling matter.

While upon the food question, we would say, How astonishing it is that parents are not more careful about what their children eat! Not long since, we observed a young child, with teeth not more than half formed for mastication, devouring a plate of corned beef and cabbage, such as only the full-formed molars and hearty stomach of a working-man could grind and digest; and upon another occasion we witnessed a child of but eighteen months eating with evident relish a piece of mince-pie! No wonder our churchyards are filled with tiny mounds, telling a tale of wilful blindness and careless neglect, on the part of those whose homes are thus made desolate.

A child whose stomach is kept healthy, who is fed upon the food proper for its constitution and age, is less likely to be attacked by disease of any kind incident to childhood, than he who is allowed to cram himself with food of every kind.

Easily-digested vegetables, grains, fruits, and milk, should compose the diet of a child until food of a more solid nature.

dates, figs, etc.; but confectionary, candies, etc., should never be allowed, in justice to the would be well to be followed by older persons likewise.

and diphtheria. A good strong gargle of salt and water is beneficial in either of these complaints.

Upon the discovery of the first symptoms of bands! diphtheria, the parent should bind a piece of or salt pork will do, where beef is not at hand; discussed.

and administer a gargle of flowers of sulphur a cream composed of this and flowers of sulphur, for adults and children over seven years mixed with honey or good molnsses will answer every purpose.

The sulphur destroys the germs of this dread disease, while enting away the fungus collecting in the throat and upon the inner membranes.

A valuable liniment for croup, throat distemper, and in fact all sovere diseases of the throat and chest, may be made as follows:

Mix one part each (any desirable quantity) Infants, as well as grown people, would be of spirits of ammonia, spirits of turpentine and sweet-oil to four parts goose-oil. Warm and shake well before using. A flannel should be wet with this liniment, with which the throat, chest, etc., must be well rubbed; wet again, and bind around the part affected. This is also beneficial as an ointment for lame hips, stiff joints, or part saffected by rheumatic pains; for bruises, etc.

> A very good ointment for burns, wounds, chapped hands, etc., is made by melting onefourth of a pound of mutton tallow and mixing well in half a pint of good sweet-oil. Every family should have a jar of the above remedies constantly on hand.

A severe swelling caused by cold, or by an injury, and accompanied by inflammation, can be removed by bathing the part affected in a strong decoction of wild cherry-tree bark. This | Spirit-life of consumption. seldom fails to give relief.

Mothers, see to it that your children have sufficient exercise. After they have attained a certain age, there is no fear of the boys; but it is important that your girls be allowed to runleap, if they like—shout, and in short, expand their lungs, develope their strength and muscle, and enjoy themselves in the open air. See to it that your children live free, natural, healthy lives; and above all, use your influence to prethem weak stomachs and unhealthy livers, vitiating their blood with the nicotine poison, he is old enough and strong enough to bear that produces pains in the head, heart-burn and nervous disorders. Do you know that one Many children crave salt, which their sys- great cause of your own sallow complexions, tems require, and should not be denied. Others sick stomachs, that are always weak, nervous crave sugar, and a small quantity will be bene- headaches and weary limbs, is because you are ficial—sugar pure and unadulterated. It is forced to live in an atmosphere where all its best given, however, in fruits, such as raisins, healthy oxygen has been driven out by the fumes of tobacco-smoke?—because your blood is poisoned by this evil—because you are obliged teeth and stomachs of our little ones. This to live in the same house and occupy the same sleeping-room with one who imparts to you the poisoned magnetism and tainted excretions of Children are liable to attacks of sore throat his own tobacco-polluted frame, and who transmits the same nervous disorders to his children, particularly his girls, namely, those pulling, blowing, spitting lords and masters, your hus-

All this is a truth which we wish were othraw fresh beef around the throat of the patient; crwise, but which needs to be ventilated and

And in conclusion, we feel obliged to speak and water. Where glycerine is at hand, make of that most terrible of evils, vaccination. Parents, guardians and friends, whatever you believe, do not, we entreat you, allow this curse of age; of milk of sulphur and glycerine for to fall upon your children! It is a solemn infants; and administer a spoonful from two to truth, well attested by facts, that there are four times a day, according to the age of the more victims to the evil of vaccination than patient. If glycerine is not at hand, sulphur over began to be from small-pox. Thousands are dragging out miserable lives today, cursed by erysipelas, scrofula, and other far worse disenses, that may be directly traced to vaccination as their cause. Foreign matter, whether from another human, or from animals, will never assimilate with our systems. It introduces poison into the blood, produces corruptions, and disorganizes the whole constitution. It is true that when in the form, we advocated the use of vaccine to a certain extent, believing it to be the lesser evil. Were we here today, with our present knowledge, we would use our voice and pen constantly against this most deadly practice of inoculating the human system with foreign matter. Not only has it wrecked the health and happiness of the vaccinated, but they in turn have transmitted the diseases incurred unto their offspring. Two cases have come under our own observation, arising, as admitted by the physicians themselves, from vaccination. One where a young man has been the victim, since his third year, of virulent erysipelas; the other of a woman, who had the poison settle on her lungs and in her eyes, and who has since reared two children -one totally blind, the other now passed to

The cases could be multiplied, ad infinitum. Who shall say that vaccination is not a curse, not to mention that other disease, directly traceable to the introduction of vaccine into the system, which brings total moral and physical degradation, with untold tortures of body and mind upon its victim?

And now we close, trusting that we have arrested the attention of some one, and given a hint which may be of use; hoping that, at vent your boys contracting a liking for tobacco. least, you will pause and question, "Am I living That filthy habit of smoking, or still worse, of right and naturally, so as to produce the best chewing—spitting their health away, giving results to mind and body; so as to be as I was intended to be-strong, healthy, happy and

MESSAGE NUMBER SEVENTEEN

SPOKEN AT BELVIDERE, N. J., APRIL 8, 1878, BY EPICURUS, THROUGH J. M. A., TO S. S. A.

GOOD MORNING! There are different ways of accomplishing the same object. The right way is the best way. The best way is usually the shortest; that is to say, a right line between two points connects them more quickly than any devious line can do.

There are circumstances sometimes attending the developement of a plan, which require delays; which become hindrances, and which tend to defeat the object in view. It is a question, therefore, with us, at the present time, whether it is likely to result in good or ill, or in both, with a predominance of the one or the other, to have you settle yourselves, even for a brief season, on the soil of New England.

elsewhere, within a few years, so firmly that luxury in this direction. nothing whatever can uproot it.

You may be chosen by the Infinite Mind (or may not be) to disseminate the seeds of the New Order—to scatter, so to speak, like the leaves of the forest, printed leaves of Truth, to reach receptive minds, and stop there in your work in this life; or in other words, to come short of the actual attainment of the ideal you have in mind; but I am disposed to question that. I am of opinion, rather, that you will yet attain, by the aid and co-operation of the higher life, the object of your and our desire; that you will plant a home—a State—a tree, in short, whose leaves shall be for the healing of the nations; that you will do this in your earth-life, and in a spot where conditions are favorable—perhaps the most favorable, all things considered—for the accomplishment of the initiatory stage of the harmonial life upon the earth.

It is of but little consequence, in a certain sense, whether you or others shall make the beginning of the externalization; but in another, and more exact sense, it devolves upon yourselves, for the reason that you seem to have been fitted and prepared by a long series of peculiar and profound experiences, to do just the work required at the outset. You are doing it well. We shall trust you to continue in the line marked out for you by wiser, higher minds than earth contains; and we expect that you will be faithful to the end—not to us as per-80ns, not to individual overshadowing "influences," even, so much as to those eternal principles of which your souls have caught the glimmering light, and to those diviner methods, shown to you as wise and sufficient, and essential, and to which principles and methods you have pledged your life's best endeavors, heartiest de-

We leave you, therefore, to the consideration of your next move, in view of all the circumstances of the case; trusting and believing that should your contemplated settlement on the old nomestead be likely to prove injurious to yourselves, or too much preventive of the speedy realization of your and our hopes of the actual establishment of Group Life upon the earth, you will stand ready at any time to withdraw utterly, completely.

[For the Voice of Angels.] LETTER FROM A. T. HUDSON.

STOCKTON, Cal., Jan. 31, 1879.

D: C. DENSMORE:—Dear Sir,—Having read your darling Tunie's sympathetic appeal in behalf of the indigent readers of your little gem, I feel like helping her on with her noble work. I therefore send five dollars to her, or for her use, as she may deem best. This is done with the hope that she can make a happier disposition of it, for humanity, than is in my power to do.

We are by no means disheartened in our un- ones in the flesh, surrounding us. But as my dertaking of planting the new tree of Civilization | contributions to the Spirits of Maize and Nicoin the center of the American Continent, [or tine are so very small, I feel justified in a little

Sincerely yours,

A. T. Hudson.

[For the Voice of Angels.] GLENDOWER; A LEGEND OF THE OLD AND NEW.

BY ALICE CARY.

THROUGH MIR. BUBAN GOODHUR WAGNER. [CONTINUED]

On, where shall I wander, the way is so dark? But I hear-ah, I hear the sweet song of the lark; And my bosom doth thrill, if my sight doth evade The sunshine or shade.

I may be dieniayed, but I am not afraid; For the science of nature must over be true, And over be blending the old and the new.

"Alice," said my father, "now that the little boat has reached the evergreen shore, let us premise that on these fertile banks there can be no dearth or desolation. The spontaneous efforts of nature perfects the harmonial relations, and animates the instinct life, the animal and vegetable kingdom, the direct or indirect, the cohesion or consolidation, or formation of many bodies into one; the geology of nature, of crude substances, of mineral or vegetable composites or deposits, of carbonaceous fluids to proper utilization—one attracting from the other to complete the organic or spiritual body; —the conception of one being the forcible attraction of the other. It is not what we think, but of what ingredients thought is composed, and how conveyed. The radiation of meteoric light, convulsing, filling or depleting its particular organ or orbit of magnetic intelligence, constitutes and forms the emotional transcendent principle called thought. Thought does not belong to one system, but to many; varying according to its proportionate or defined position or intuition to special purposes. Thought, then, is the involuntary principle; as light is the friction of soluble matter to attractive or spherical bodies. Thus thought is the natural or accepted condition—asserting, not assuming, absorbing, but not diminishing the collateral powers or existing entities; though it may be lessened or augmented, according to the conception or retention of abstract ideas of disorder thin vapor, or crumbling into atoms! emitting or arrangement, the positive and negative sparks of phosphorescent light. Around this or adaptable elements of immutable law. The orb of light, or body celestial, millions of atoms prestige of thought is the incontrovertible evidence of the soul's immortality; the separation of botanical or vegetable substance, to coagitate or transmute the chemical action of life unto and separate, and penetrate and permeate all life; the metaphysical or natural forces forms a broad arena or scope; the contemplation of its construction, the grandeur of its principle, and the harmonious blending of each distinctive part—like a beautiful picture, animate with living inspiration, not the borrowed ideal, the automaton figure, but the perfect delineation of beauty and life-the dull routine forgotten in the moment, behold the vapory clouds are the divine conception, the material or dead substance merged into worshipful admiration or The materialistic view of sending money to adoration for the sublime principle. Thus the emerged from the density of pale vapor, benign a veritable angel would be an act bordering on material is the dull, the apathetic, the cum- and beautiful to gaze upon. And then a cloud,

artist's crude mechanism; the creation without the inspiration; the thought without the soul: the aspiration without the exaltation; the symmetry without the divination;—the spectre, but the substance gone. The artist is not satisfied with the mere outline; the altitude is not reached; the desire is not attained; the glory is not made manifest. As God breathed into mortal the breath of life and it became a living thing, so doth the inspiration of the painter give life and coloring to the inanimate subject; not the impulsive, but the ardent, ecstatic rapture of indisputable supremacy; the inwrought or positive possession: as behold the butterfly, once the loathsome worm, repellant and disgusting, after many processes and gradations, emerges from the unsightly shell, transformed and beautiful to gaze upon; and in comparing nature to nature, the philosophy and phenomena of both are exemplified in perfect and harmoninious beauty and unity.

"As there is a first cause, then, and as everything in nature has a natural origin, of some defined or undefined natural law, let us presume, then, thought being the involuntary action and propeller of matter, must ever be the retained individuality. If those relations of the human faculties are existent principles, they must ever come under those prescribed conditions, must ever adhere to the first and governing or fundamental cause."

"Ah, father, I think I comprehend it now. If life bath bounds, I know it not; for looking through space I behold myriads of stars, called planets; mighty convulsions seem to shake the firmament; the lens cries one, and then all spheres or forces seem concentrated into one orb of luminous light, of dazzling brilliancy. I hear the stars are cold, the moon the auxiliary of defined motion, the sun the tripod, the reflex generator of electric light. I hear the word triune, (or three in one,) the trinity of God, the trinity of nature, the trinity of man. God said, Let there be light, and there was light. I perceive all things in motion, embodying all forms, assuming all shapes—the torrid and the frigid zones, the equatorial degrees of heat and cold, of light and dark. High over head, clouds seem to shift into tangible formations, and rocks are rent in twain, dissolving as seem to gather to the centre, the central figure in constant motion, and independent of any other force; and then again, they disorganize space, through volition or vibration or evolution; receding and transforming and uniting, and electric light from countless rays from the centre body penetrates each atom or particle with magnetic life. Gradually all space seems to fill and condense—all nature tranquil, calm and subdued-and in the nush and silence of parted, and enveloped as in drapery of transparent beauty, a beautiful and ethereal form lunacy, particularly as there are so many needy brous. It is the immobile design; it is the half moving, half forming, seemed to dissolve same definite proportions, to glow with sudden light, and gradually to darken, darken—the equilibrium of defined motion-an actual -phere, called the Genesis of Nature. I saw a tur of great magnitude move o'er it, and above it—the body magnetic, and the body electric one to vitalize, the other to harmonize the aniinal instinctive nature. And then new worlds seemed to open to me, all peopled, and in the phere called Genesis two forms appeared beneath the radiant star, the generating principle of human life divine, of individualized outities, the male and the female, the generic condition or system; and on this island in the sea I hear the rush of mighty waters, the roaring of the cataract; and birds and beasts invade this isle called Gonesis, the first geological and genealogical principle; and crude formations, as of vegetable substances, exydized ingredients of all compound and concrete matter; and through this strange vista of distinctness and indistinctness opens another sphere called Exodus, or World of Knowledge; and there a inighty liost assemble; and now the two spheres seem one grand amphitheatre of all races and species of forms, and all living things are represented a pandemonium of turbulent and placid life; and through the spaces flew hirds of brightest plumage, of every kind, soaring high in mid air, singing and mating; and thus it seemed as if the instinct touched the higher conception, the intuitive perception of the human kind; for o'er their cheeks stole conscious blushes; for they were without raiment. And thus the amative nature was quickened into amorous desire by some irresistible impulse.

ubsorbed itself into continuous trance, and o'er me like heavenly manna floated sweet incense, and in the broadest light of day, when all the landscape was bathed in sunshine, awakening to warmth and life, and nature's germs and scattered seeds germinated and sprung up, and buds burst into bloom, in endless variety, of rare exotics, and living plants, I gazed transfixed, enraptured. Fountains flowed in crystal jets, o'er groonest moss, studded with tiny flowers, blended and gleamed and sparkled in the sunshine, gorgeous to behold; the trees, magnificent in stately elegance of symmetry and height, elaborate in ornamentation, as if bedecked with jeweln; crystallized leaves, goldhinged, as it were, from very force of light and other. I cried, "Oh, God be praised!" and as if from the incense of all aroma of magnolin, and of balm, of rose and of lily, a little child with outspread arms, in seccy robes, and radiant in its beauty, arose, from the floral bower and over its held a dove with wings outspread fluttered, and coved, first mournful as a dirge and then burst forth in sweetest warbling; and the cager and expectant child stretched forth its hands, and to its pinky palms it flew—the pretty dove, snow-winged and downy-breastedand holding it close to its white bosom, fondled and caressed it, till the soft hair, like threads of tine-spun gold, wrapped it, covered it, glorified all women, the paths they walk in are very plain what the Bible means.

in other, seemed to grow firm again, and to medit with the bright folds; and I heard the words, "The world of beauty, the world of light, the world of love-even as ye have done it unto the least of them, even so ye have done it unto me, the world of thought and retrospection" and I asked, Oh, where is God? and the wind whispered "God," the brooks murmured "God, the world of revelation, of emancipation and inspiration." The fair child floated away in a silvery mist; the dove soared upward through the other; and yellow light, paling and waning to faintest amber, circled the heavens, bathed all the trees, touched the green vales, and wreathing with it all shades of green, and pink, and violet, spread o'er all space, and pleasant murmurs, sweet as the softest, mellowest strains of Æolian harps, stole o'er my senses.

> I see the rock-bound coast, The breakers running high, I see the mighty host As they are passing by. They come with measured tread, As one by one they go, Nor recognize the dead-But love and Joy instead.

For ah, the angel peace Descended like a dove; As knowledge doth increase, It sanctifies to love; The prince is not the peer, The realm is not his own; Though each distinctive sphere Belongs to God alone. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

[For the Voice of Angels.] SPIRIT COMMUNICATION.

[Given Dec. 1st, 1878.]

Once more, my dear old amanuensis and friend, I come to tell you of my bright I was withdrawn. It seemed as if myself and beautiful home, and how I keep it in order, what my duties are, and my mission to you is. You will remember that, in my first communication, I gave a dim outline of the dark days that were upon me in my earth-life. Now I have cast off the soiled and tattered habiliments of the past and am clothed in new and beautiful robes and suited to my bettered condition. O the joys of purity! how I revel in the dein great profusion, of many hues and colors, lights of paradise! Most truly "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither bath it entered into the heart of man to conceive" the glories of this more than beautiful life. My cup is at last full to the brim, even to running over. Think you that my time is spent in idleness? I say unto you, Nay I have put on my working dress, and a most becoming one it is; it fits me finely. and was not made by hands, but by good deeds; its warp is work, and the wool thereof is love; it will never grow old or fade; it adorns me charmingly, and my labor makes me simply pretty. I am working hard, among my poor fallen and soiled sisters, both in your life and ours. I can find no word of censure or reproof, as indeed I love and pity them; they are

slippery, and so many would leave them, could they possibly find the way No kindly door is opened to give them a home. or even a shelter; no warm hand is reached out to meet their eager grasp; no eye beams with pity upon them, no soft couch is offered, whereon they may lie to rest. and gain physical and mental strength; no lips are opened from whence flow sympathetic and encouraging sentences. Ah me! no!

The fatted calf is killed for "the prodigal son," but never for prodigal daughters. Lassure you, my labor is not lost, and yours need not be. Oh, how grand it is, that we have work here! I find no time to sing praise to a lamb, or any other myth: but as I work, praise and bless the highest type of man and womanhood, as the most glorious thing in existence. Through you, my brother, would I again ask my brothers and sisters in the mortal, that they will help me in the good work. Fear not; if you put on clean, spiritual garments, you will not get them soiled by coming in contact with the unfortunate; nothing but your own conduct can make upon them a spot or blemish; instead, your vesture will grow brighter, and still more bright, as you do kind acts to the least that are sorrowing. Condemnation does not come so much for what you do, but "inasmuch as ye did it not," and great will be your loss thereby. You cannot afford to be drones! Spiritual drones are worse than the wasps and hornets of society, although they may be occupants of the hive, and ent up the good therein stored. Your "Queen of hearts" at my side says in reference to the forsaken ones, as she so often did while with you in the form, "Poor things! now is the time when they need friends." Spiritualists, you who have had a glimpse of heaven and purity, never by word, look or action, press any one down; but give a helping hand, warm with sympathy and kindness; a cold hand would chill them to the very marrow. Wait not for others: if none will go with you, go alone; you will not be single-handed; we will be with you. How the frail ones will bless you! how many sorrowing hearts you can make glad. How grand to see the desert blossom with fragrant flowers. Do not falter. No danger threatens; good angels will be near you; and what better and more desirable company can you have? So please help me even a little—much, if possible. My brother, I thank you. I will come MARY PACKARD. again.

Ir we have Bible minds they will at once ex-

INSPINATIONAL GEMS.

[For the Volca of Angels.]

RENA IMOGENE BALL

Passer to Higher Life in Weymouth, Mass., April 7, 1878, aged 10 years. A fortnight later, her grandfather, Orville Giles, passed away, in the same town. The following Posm, from the Spirit of the ascended Rena, was improvined recentify, through the medial organization of Joseph D. Stiles, in Franklin Hall, Quincy, Massell.

Caose these, the sunny hills of life, To scenes of mortal doubt and strife I wend my way, oh, kindred dear, To prove my Spirit-presence near.

I thought 'twould please you, one and all, To hear from risen Rena Ball, Who left you in life's morning bloom, To live and love beyond the tomb.

And so, invoking heavenly aid, In my otherent robos arrayed, I haste this mortal to control. To breathe the feelings of my soul.

The wooks away have gilded fast, Since my immortal Spirit pursed To Summor-Land, where roses bloom, And fill the air with rich perfeme.

Amid your sorrows and your tears,
Your fervant hopes and unxious fears,
From "home, sweet home," I passed away,
To back in Life's Eternal day,

Within the grave, from human eye, Rents all of Rona that could die; Among the saints, on holy ground, Her Spirit dwelleth, glory-crowned.

At nightfull and at rosy dawn, When birds proclaim the day new-born, In joy or sorrow, wend or woo, In summer's shower or winter's angw.

I promise ever near to be
To all who miss or mourn for me;—
A star whose heavenly beams shall guide
Their feet to life's most sunny side.

Across the trembling Bridge of Light,
That spans the World or Day and Night,
The sandalled feet of angels come,
And enter in your earthly home.

These angels come to fill your chairs.
You hear their footsteps on the stairs;
You feel their warm breath on the cheek,
And sometimes catch the words they speak.

Between you and their saintly sonis
Love's shining river sweetly rolls;
Whose waves of beauty, as they glide,
But bring you nearer to our side.

What scenes of glory or of light Awaited my aerial flight! What forms, what faces floated by, As I ascended to the sky!

Friends, known and unknown, drew anear,
To give me cordini greetings here;
They placed my Spirit-hand in theirs,
And led me up the golden stairs.

And one among that number bleat, More beautiful than all the rest, Pressed on my lips affection's kiss, And welcomed me to realms of bliss.

More beautiful!—oh, well I knew
That rollant being, pure and true—
Her face illumed with heavenly smiles;—
It was my donr aunt Mary Olice.

What words of hope and strength she breathed, As she my brow in garlands wreathed! And guided me the river o'er, To be with her forevermore!

And still another figure bright, Resplandent in his robes of light, Whose Spirit suddenly was borne To mansions where none wake to mourn,

Came forward with a smiling face, To clasp me in his leved embrace, And greet me to the Better Land, When death dissolved the mortal band.

Yes, here among the true and good, My darling uncle Androw stood; With him the night has presed away, Or merged into perpetual day

His life is one of purest bliss, And blossings numberless are his; immortal garlands dock his brow— No mental pains spilet blin now.

Still others, in their regal robes, And some from distant stellar globes, Were there, to make the way more clear For my triumphant passage here.

These beings stood beside my bod, When you, dear kindred, called me dead; To celebrate, in bright array, My Spirit's glorious Natal Day.

And ob, the boon to me was given,
As I unfolded into heaven,
To hover near your hearts so true,
To bless, to cheer, and comfort you,

I saw the young and slender form,
'That lately throbbod with life so warm,
Locked in the arms of death's ropuse,
And free from mortal pains and woos.

I saw the blossom on the breast,
The sweet flowers that my coaket dressed;
The symbols of my life above,
Of Immortality and Love.

And ob, I saw your heavy grief,
That vainly struggled for relief;
And thought, if I could only speak,
'Twould dry the tears from off the cheek.

No more, dear ones, that buried frame Will feel consumption's wasting flame; No more its accreting, with'ring breath—It sleeps the peaceful sleep of death.

'Mid higher fields the soul doth range,
'Mid scenes more beautiful and strange;
Thro' flowery paths and vernal groves,
Where Love's undying spirit roves.

Great joy to me has lately come,
For grandpa has been summoned home;
Death's flowing river has he crossed,
And joined the loved, but not the lost.

Yes, he has passed the golden bars, And up among the shining stars; And I to greet him was the first, When Heaven upon his vision burst,

And it was ordered thus to be That grandps soon should follow me; That I should go the first, and wait To ope for him the pearly gate.

The faith that cheered his Spirit so, While living in the world below, To his delight he found was true, When he had reached the home of blue.

For him the gain, for you the lose;
For him the gain, for you the lose;
For him the smiles, for you the tears,—
For all Life's never-ending years.

Kind heaven will bring these links again Together in one solid chain; Nor death shall ever break apart The chain that binds the heart to heart.

And bear the saying well in mind, No cloud but that is silver-lined; No night so long, so black, nor drear, But some time it will disappear.

A few drawn breaths, a few heart-beats—
Then to Heaven's beautiful retreats
Your souls shall pass to find a rest.
And be with him for ever blest.

And it will please you, loved once dear, To know I am progressing here, That Spirit-Life has many schools, All governed by unchanging rules.

That Truth, blest saviour, will redeem
The children of the Great Supreme,
And Education's light will fall
Upon the hearts of each and all.

In this great school-house all may learn, For all the fires of knowledge burn; And none so rich, and none so poor, But find admittance at the door.

However dark may seem your night, God's arm will lead you out aright; He'll strengthen you to hear each cross, And give you gain for every loss.

In this award heaven of perfect peace, Exempt from discard and disease, You all some day shall dwell with me— And then how happy we will be.

And I in heaven will welcome you, Clad in a pretty dress of blue.

What glorious scenes we'll visit then!
Too grand for either tongue or pen
To picture out; for they transcend
The power of men to comprehend.

Then bide your time; for few the years Fre God shall call you to the spheres; To these immortal shores sublime, That border on the stream of time.

He firm of will, in purpose strong;
Tides up life's threads and march along;
Fill in the hours with decils of gold,
And God will bless an hundred fold.

Nor yield yourselves to dark despair: Remember, Georgie needs your care— Needs all the care that love bestows, As he to riponed manhood grows.

And, Georgie, atruggle to be good; To fill the place that Rena would; In word and deed he ever kind To all the dear ones left behind.

Here many well-remembered forms,
Who braves with you life's battle-storms,
Will pass before your gladdened gazeThe forms of brighter, happier days.

Please give a kiss to grandma dear,
And tell her to be full of cheer;
Por she will be restored to health,
Worth more than richest mines of wealth.

And ye shall meet, on heaven's fair abore, When life on earth with you is o'er, Clad in her robes of azure sheen, Your darling RESA IMOGESE.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE WORLD ARRAIGNED.

BY B. T. LOCK WOOD, M. D.

OH, WORLD! Thou must tire of thy burden of errors,
And of Priestcraft's wily conservative away;
Long hast thou trembled at its hell-fangled terrors!
Long thou a victim of its sordid dismay.
Old scarcorow "Tradition" has ever thee feted,
And scheming Churchanity blinded thy sight;
With fogyism's whims thou art ever mated,
Ever lingering thus in the darkness of night.

Oh, shameful, shameless world!—wilt thou longer

A buriesque, a nulsance, a shyster remain?

Arouse in thy might, in wisdom grow stronger—

That thy children may love thee, nor longer complain.

Awake from thy thraidom!—Lo, the genius of Science,

Dispelling all else but Reason's just sway,

Bidding Sophistry's twaddie fearless defiance,

Unfolding Life's laws in a sensible way.

Progress has started, and nothing can stop her
Prom annihilating the errors that come in her way;
She'll silence the Priests—and that will be proper;
Then the Churches will falter, then quickly decay.
"Reform" is her watch-word; she hurls it asunder,
And bids thee, oh, world! to join the crusade
Against Theology's brimstone and thunder,
Against its every nonsensical parade.

Then a better philosophy surely will follow;
Its fore-gleams are illumining thee now;
While Orthodoxy, all rotten and hollow,
Is dying—yielding its uttermost vow.
"Spiritism!" Spirit-intercourse is peering
Resistically into the powers that rule;
"Tis vain, hence, World, to be longer encering;
For hence, 'twill master the home and the school!

THE PRESENT HOUR.—One of the illusions is that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is Doomsday.—Emerson.

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P. O. Box 436, Washington, D. C. Fee. One Pollar.

SPIRIT MESSAGES,

GIVEN AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE, FRB. 2, 1879,

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHEL-

INVOCATION, BY ROBERT ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN.

HOLY Father! thy children once more for the wonderful gift of life, which un- Ella Head. They call me Hattie, here. ures of life. We thank thee for the dark same, and it's all beautiful here. shades that have darkened our paths, and feet in travelling over earth's rugged way; about fourteen years old. and we ask that their traces be not oblitcrated, but that they remain as mementoes of the Spirit's progress through darkness and gloom.

Angel-hand, aid and assist in every hour of difficulty; and, oh. may every moment be improved for the dissemination of light and truth; and, oh, may encouragement, patience and perseverance be given to the souls in need of aid, and mortals and immortals co-operate together in the work of lifting upward and onward thy own humanity!

ANNIB TALBOT.

to those I left behind. I want them to know that I live as really and naturally as I did when here. It is so different, this other life, from what I imagined, that it seems strange; and yet it is more beautiful. more lovely than I could have dreamed. We do know each other there, and we do meet our dear friends on the other side.

fied now with the change, and if at some ALL who desire messages from departed time my dear parents can feel to give me father send a parent's tender blessing to triends, through "West Ingle," should ad- a private opportunity of coming and con- my dear wife and bid her be of good vincing them of my identity, I shall be cheer, for the angels guard and guide her. perfectly happy.

> I died with consumption, past twenty years of age. It is going on two years, about that, since my illness. I lived in Cambridge, Mass. My father's name is John, and my mother's, Caroline. I died in the Fall. Thank you, sir.

RATTIE E. HEAD.

On, how strange! Do Spirit-people raise their Spirits in aspiration towards have to come and give their names? thee. We come because thou hast reveal- [They generally give their names for idened thyself in endearing attitude to human-tification to their friends.] Well, my ity. We come in confidence to thank thee name's a queer one. It's Head—Harriet

folds in all its beauty and fragrance be- I came all the way from Maine, and I fore our sight. We thank thee for the never was so far before. I guess I'd like sweet flowers, emblems of thy love and to send a letter, anyway, tell you who I care, tokens of thy ministers of joy to am. I think it's real nice to come. Do thy suffering children. While we thank you know what beautiful flowers and birds thee, oh, Father, for the wonderful dis-there are in this world? [Yes.] Oh, it's play of thy material works, we bless thee just splendid! I'm glad I died and went above all for the Spiritual unfoldments to heaven, and I don't want any one to that have been revealed to us. We bless feel bad nor cry for me, because I can thee for the sorrows as well as the pleas-come to them, and I love them just the

I came from Berwick, Maine. I guess for even the thorns that have lacerated our it isn't many months since I went. I'm

HITTY JOHNSON.

I'm Hitty. That's what they calls me. I want to put my arms right round mamma's neck and hug her close. You tell her I loves her lots, and grandma does, too, and we bring her flowers from the pretty Spirit-world.

Me-hit-a-ble Johnson—that's my name; but I be Hitty, and I comes from New Hampshire. Good-bye.

LUTHER BAKER.

WITH your kind permission, sir, I send an assurance of continued love and so in private. I thank you very much. My name is Talbot-Annie Talbot. I abiding sympathy to my dear beloved have been away quite a while, now, but I wife, and to say that I still watch over would like so very much to send a letter her and our darlings with affectionate interest and guarding care.

Time rolls on, unstaying its course for human sorrow and affliction, and the seasons continue to come and go since I was called upon to part with—as I supposed all that made life dear to me. But it is not so. In Spirit, I am knit closer, far closer than material ties can bind, to my little family, and I am ever close beside to I want father and mother to know this, protect and comfort with a husband's love, to feel that I can come to them, bringing a father's blessing; and with this abiding love to each dear one, and thanking them knowledge in my soul, that we shall meet so very much for all their ministrations to again in sweet reunion, where partings

I would say that our dear mother and To our dear sister, too, we send a loving greeting and a warm blessing of peace.

I have been assisted to come by an angel-child, who understands the way. For him, also, I send love to all who love him in return. I am truly grateful to you, sir. My name is Luther Baker, and I come from Baltimore.

CHRISTIB R. LORING.

Good evening, friends. [Good evening. I come in place of my father, Dr. Peter Renton, who, having been before, authorizes me to come tonight, although he may manifest in the future, as he feels a drawing to do so sent out by those living, who would like to hear from him again.

I was a little interested in this when here, and I remember my brother thought it rather silly; but I felt there was a truth in it, and it attracted my attention.

My name is Christie R. Loring. Father is as apt to call me Chris as anything else. I send my love and remembrance to all my friends, wherever they are. I sometimes visit Weston and try to manifest, but it's not always easy.

Father, mother, George, and, indeed. all of us, send our love to John, and assure him that if he feels any interest in this, and will go to some good, private test-Medium, we will come to him and give him all he needs.

I sent a letter to George once through a stranger, when he was visiting Boston from "Arkansaw"—as he calls it—and he did not know what to make of it. He understands it all, now, and is anxious to do what he can to enlighten John.

I have been in Spirit-life a number of would be pleased to say a few words, to years, and have much to tell, if I can do

CHARLIE HUTCHINBON.

My name is Charlie Hutchinson. I belong to New Hampshire. I went away young, but have been gone a good many years. Father is with me, but my good old mother is living, and if this meets her eye, I want her to know that we gather around her to brighten her days and bless her with our love; also, send love to dear sister, and tell her that her little one is safe and happy.

MERRAGES GIVEN FRII. 9, 1879.

ABBY M. OUTTER.

I would like to try and make myself my weak and worn-out body. I am satis- are unknown, and farewell is left unsaid. known to all I love on earth. I come

a blessing to me to reach my family, to do better soon. make it understood with what tender de- I was a firm believer in true, practical The child's name is Lizzie or "Lissy" Cox. votion and loving care I watch over them. Spiritualism, and it was always my en- She has been in the Angel-world but a few I would like to tell my husband that in deavor to let it be known, and to impress months, and comes from a great distance. this beautiful house of mine, all the weak- it upon my friends and family. And so I Her mother is with her in Spirit-life, and ness, the weariness and pain, is gone, the just want to send them all a word of love is anxious to inform the child's aunt that faded looks have fled, and I am strong and and assurance of my consciousness of all they are now together, and to bless her well and free, rejoicing in the glories of things appertaining to them. heavenly life, and that with sweet friends heart and home. Whatever changes he may make, I shall be pleased and satisfied, and shall bless with undying sym-

All the sweet principles of true Christian life are dear to me, all the liberal sentiments in religion are beautiful to me,

sends love and eternal remembrances to all who are dear.

We have been assisted here by that grand soul, Theodore Parker, and blessed with a knowledge that we can still return and minister to those we love.

about ten months since my Spirit parted pressly to him. from its frail tenement of clay. My husband is George H. Cutter, of Lexington, Mass., and I would like to have my message sent to him there. I thank you for allowing me, a stranger, to come.

WILLIAM WHITE.

I know not, Mr. Chairman, whether it is a reflection of weakness from the Spirit just left, or the effects of my own recent illness I feel, but certain it is I do not feel as strong as I could wish.

When I remember how changed my condition to what it was a short month ago, I feel to exclaim, "Glory to God and the angels!" Then bound by a firm but invisible cord to earthly matter, now free ever so much; he won't do a bit as Charley as air, with power to develope and expand all my innate powers and capacities. Truly, I can join in the refrain, "Nearer feels all the time that he'd like to help 'em. My God to Thee." I rejoiced, Mr. Chairman, in the singing of the beautiful song, "Sweet By-and-Bye."

I am called William White, an old resident of Waukesha, Wisconsin. I under- you, helping to keep you nice; because High street, Boston. As stated in the to my Spirit-home, and I determined to come here, if possible, and manifest. So many passing away from our place have promised to come to Boston and send us greeting, who have failed, that the first thing I thought of after getting a little trol, and speak for the other Spirits wishstrength, was to come to the Voice or ing to manifest.

from Lexington, Mass. It would be such best I could now, trusting to be able to who seems to have a difficulty in speaking,

I wished for no display, but I desired think the child was named for her aunt. whom I have met, I return to bless his the services over my remains to be in harmony with my belief. I wished my love, and to tell "auntie" she comes back departure to be an example to others how and plays at home. "She cannot go to a Spiritualist could die. I lest my affairs her sather yet, but perhaps she can some arranged as it seemed best to me, and I time, and do him good." Her love is am at present satisfied. The Reverend sent to all. gentleman suited me in his remarks, which were untinged with old creed-worn attempts, before—Jennie Ross—wishes to send her for they enrich the soul with gems of rare at doubtful consolation. But it exhausts love "with a kiss to everybody, especially me to speak, and I can do no more than to mamma." She "knows what is going on. My father is with me here. He, too. bless each one, and will strive to come and grandpa sends a blessing. They were again.

FRANKIE BARTLEY.

write a letter to father. [Yes, you are welcome.] I'm Frankie Bartley, and I My name is Abbie M. Cutter. It is girls, and to father; but this letter is ex-

> Tell father that Johnnie and I, and aunt Mary and grandmother, all want him to do something for us, and if he will, we'll help him, so he wont get sick nor nothing.

Katie's going to get spliced, you know: and if she goes away, mamma'll be awful lonesome, and it won't be half so pleasant and nice at home; and we want father to let Katie and Jimmy have a room, after they are married, and live at home. That'll keep mamma from being lonesome and getting sick, and it will be company for father, too. I guess be'll want some company besides the cat, that goes to sleep on

Jimmy is real good, and we like him VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE. did, and father won't have any fault to find. if he does as we want him to, 'cause Jimmy

you are doing so well, father. We can Sloaue through M. T. Shelhamer, published come pretty good, now; and there's a in your last issue, is correct. His father beautiful Spirit-lady-Ruth-that's with is at present engaged in business at 173 stood, in my late illness, that I was going she wants to meet you, bright and good, when you come to the Spirit-world. Good-quainted with the phenomena of Spiritbye from all.

CONTROLLING INTELLIGENCE OF THE CIRCLE.

evening, we think it best to assume con-preceding twelve months?

wishes very much to reach her "auntie." for all her tender care of the "baby." We

The child is very anxious to send her

Another little girl, who has been here all at home Christmas."

There is a male Spirit present, who THE gentleman said I could come and hopes to be able to manifest in person some time; but who is very anxious to send his love, "his best love, with a divine send my love to mamma, and to all the blessing." He says, "Spirit-life, this new life of mine, is so strange, yet so good. that I have hardly begun to realize it. The future life is so much more than I could have imagined, that I am amazed. All regrets are swallowed up; old fears have disappeared. There are a few shadows, because of things it seems I might have done different-little things-but the great light lies before, and blesses me. I am auxious to impart my blessing, to whisper words of affection and of personal memories to one on earth. I shall come again and try to do so."

> The Spirit has been in the higher life nearly a year, and gives his name as Charlie Schnebly, Arkansas.

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

66 CHURCH STREET, BOSTON, Peb. 18, 1879.

DEAR BRO. DENSMORE,—From personal inquiries this afternoon, I am able to as-We all send our love, and are so glad sure you that the message of Frankie communication, the family are not acualism.

Would it not be well to publish yearly As our Medium is not very well this a list of the messages received during the

I am much pleased with your able and just review of the Rev. Charles Beecher's Anuels' Circle, and announce myself as A little girl, five or six years of age, recent work. Our beautiful faith, when

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My door beether, I have been often mar-You all know my sentiments, and what you, and have tried to make you realise most to say about death and the life be- my presence. Pather and our dear book their wide and I will now however your can be viden were with your the other night. there are him of death and the chill, hand when you felt so discoursered. Did you is upon your and them were will guidly not been mucher's hand upon your books THE THE PARTY NAMED IN COMPANY OF THE PARTY I trivial to be just and generous in all my stood at your side; John at your lab: dealings with my follow-more: I ship as mother was morrest; and thiber seemed the mines of more offered frience and tends for the course means a series for the course as their relations demonst which then from their hell assembled mer. your some-insides. But you know thatber and have rowers not been seen as the speed of the speed been and the seen and the seen and the seen and the seen as the seen and the seen as the seen

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THROUGH OF WINLAW PRIVA MAY LIBELLE LINE

I wish to communicate with my and

I am glad to greet roll, my son from him violen, mor with hor in we whom, in mouth husbod. I take you glad tilings. tonght among row

My mill, a classic of the Spiritual came to me, as I was about my my or on the the last

properly presented, will seldom be entirely rejected by members of the Christian Church. A gentle and judicious manner of approach will prepare our religious friends for the demonstration of immortality, so kindly vouchsafed by our Heavenly Father. Adopting the motto of a pure and exalted intelligence, as recently given to me, let us "work for the life to come."

Your Fellow-Servant of the Angel-A. B. WEYMOUTH. World,

[For the Voice of Angela.] ETERNITY.

BT CASPO.

TRLL me not of Houven's Messings. If we never there shall see Friends we loved so truly, purely. In this world of destiny.

Tell me not of Heaven's pleasures. If that pleasure export he-That our friends can never meet us. That their forms we'll never see

If we never there shall linger Round the Throne of God, and be With our own, our loved and lost onco-Bound to us by sympathy.

Who could ever hear the parting. When the other shore that was It we did not hope to meet them. And with them forever be?

JEFFRESON CITY, Jan. 3, 1879.

| for the Voice of Angela.]

COMFORTING MESSAGE FROM THE SPIRIT OF EVA BURGE,

TO HER AGED FATHER AND MOTHER,

THROUGH E. D. BLAKEMAN, MEDIUM.

BRIGHT angels are out in chariots of gold; From the heaven of heavens they come; Dear father, dear mother, ob, come to the fold Of love, pure love-your beautiful home. The time is at hand, yes, short, at the most, When you will be taken away, To Join the great throng, the immortal host, In regions of eternal day.

Ob, there, Your manalon is ready, all deck'd and arrayed In beauty and glary divine; Bejoice and be glad, do not be afraid-Your mantles of purity shine; Come then with the angels as sonn as you can, In their golden charlots to ride; Bidding farewell to the children of men, And all earthly troubles beside.

You will dod Fathers and mothers, yes, sisters and brothers, Are ready to greet you in love; Uncles and aunts, and a great many others-(Old friends in bright circles above.) Such oft are commissioned to watch over you. To guard you and keep you from barm; Until upon earth your labors are through, When the bright Summer-Land shall charm; Yes, charm and astonish your Spirits incloud, With beauty supernal and sweet As you through the gardens of glory proceed, On pavements of gold for your feet.

You, and Garlanda of flowers, beyond all compare By friendly good Spirite made up in each hand and side, you will find up there. For you when they call you to sup-To eat of their fine deloctable fruit. Must luscious and sweet to the taste Nor need you once fear, but take which best suits-Ying never need out them in hade.

fine is no drug; but a plenty you'll find To perform all your duties in peace -

To worship, to visit, to brighten the mind. In knowledge and strength to increase. By learning that's great immutable laws. That givern the rest Universe Of arsteins of worlds-of the Groat Piret Cause-The growt for me to rehearme

Suchas The two Dual Porces in all Nature foundtion!- Number Midder, we see Whose created works everywhere do abound. Well balanced, in all they agree Pouttre and Manter Porces Divine. Chrornel by Intuitive Will! In panderous worlds, in atoms combine, Nature's own laws to fulfil

JANUART 28th, 1879.

Note .- If interested parties, speed, well-meaning Spiritualists, or others, desiring communications akin to the "Com forting Measure" above seen, will enclose a new bank-note in a white envelope, and carry the same chose to the body about three days, then send it the undersigned in a registered letter It will enable him to come into add manner with their kindred Spirits, (Guardian Angels,) and to write from their impress, valuable and comforting words, either in pactry or prive, as the parties may profer. He careful aml have the papers all new and clean, if possible. Let the value be from one to thre dollars, according to the ability of the party

Address-B. D. BLARRMAN, Circleville, Ohio.]

PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE "WEST INGLES" DEPARTMENT.

RILL YOUNG.

I am a stranger to you, West Ingle, but I desire to speak to my friends in Taylorsville, Indian Valley, Plumas County, Cal. They do not expect to hear from me, and yet they know, if possible, I will add my voice to the countless number of testimonies given to prove Eternal Life and Progression. Job Taylor and myself were interested, long before we openly expressed ourselves upon the subject of Spiritualism; and since he has spoken, leaving the door open, many of us gladly follow his example.

My dear friends and neighbors, and all who may read this message. I carnestly desire to talk freely and frankly to you, and with the same characteristic bluntness that used to be my nature before I became disembodied.

I tried to be just and generous in all my nearly right as possible; I was never burdened with the fear that hell awaited me, after I had measured my life span. My inner consciousness gave me a clear knowl-lings, that somehow never reached us. edge of the fitness of things and the jusone and trusted the other, and felt comfortable in my own mind.

clear tests of immortal truth; and when I mysterious ways of the Deity. came to the open door through which I Oh, my dear brother, find out the need

must pass, to know all things for myself I did not shrink from it, though I did not realize what awaited me.

I left my family and friends, knowing it would be a blessed change to me, and so it proved; for I am now able to do for those I love more than I could if I laid remained in earth-life.

I tell you what it is, my friends-you who are afraid of Spiritualism-you had better look deep into the reality of religion, before you seek it by the church altars. It is an easy thing for men and women to bow down their heads and speak God's name in hours of desolation, with every appearance of reverence and profound worship; but when the change comes, neither altar nor temple will save you. The mask will fall. The Supreme Lord and Universal Power has his own way of discovering duplicity and hypocrisy. The soul must stand bareheaded when it recognizes the Supreme.

Love and justice sing a glad wolcome to weary souls, and they who preach dread vengeance, and seek to make men quail before the merciless threatenings of the Almighty, will find themselves mightily mistaken; and it is well for them there is no personal hell. I speak as I feel; I BILL YOUNG. am for the right.

MARGARET WALTON MEAD, IN SPIRIT-LIFE, TO HER BROTHER, WILLIAM MEAD, OF YATES, N. Y.

Oh, my dear brother William! Is it possible I can reach you through the Voice OF ANGELS? I tried so long, and the Medium was sick and in trouble. She said she would give me the first chance, but then came dark days for her, and bitter sorrow. Now all is passing away, and we can reach our friends again.

My dear brother, I have been often near You all know my sentiments, and what you, and have tried to make you realize I used to say about death and the life be- my presence. Father and our dear brothyond, and I tell you honestly you can er John were with you the other night, have no idea of death until the chill hand when you felt so discouraged. Did you is upon you, and then you will gladly not feel mother's hand upon your head? reach out weary hands to grasp the truth. Did you not know she was near you? 1 stood at your side; John at your left: dealings with my fellow-men; I did as mother was nearest; and father seemed to feel that he could help you to gain all your soul-desires. But you know futher was always looking for power and bless-

I would you were happier, brother Wiltice of a Supreme Being. I accepted the liam: I would you were surrounded by dear ones. You have the grand, loving nature which can only expand and grow in D. W. Hambly—his wife, (who is in the atmosphere of domestic love. You Spirit-Life, reaping the blessed harvest look deeply into the heart of all things cresown by her hands.) used to give me many ated, and you have sought to find out the

make yourself useful in all spheres of man-truth and knowledge. I was not willing

You will say, "Sister Maggie has become a philosopher, since she departed this life." Not so, my dear brother: I am conversing cheerfully upon the real things which enter into your real physical life. They may talk of heavenly love and augelic affinity; but you know, my dear William, that human hearts crave human love; and it is needless to gainsay it. Idols of clay are fashioned to fit hearts of human passion, and the loves of earth-life must be human. There comes a higher and better life, a purer and nobler love; and you can wait, if you will, and find one who is here clad in garments pure and white, and crowned with womanhood's jewels of

Here are all the dear ones of our old home. Here are our parents, brothers and sisters, and a long line of noble ancestors; and you are very, very dear to us all.

Walk fearlessly, brother William; do not be turned aside for human power. You are surrounded by your Spirit-friends. loving and ever fondly beloved.

I wanted to live, William; but I am satisfied now. Tell those I loved that Maggie never forgets her friends, and those she loved the best are ever near and dear, and tenderly watched over by her who has never been dead to love, faith and sympathy.

When I think how widely those dear ones are scattered—some on earth, more of them here—I say with a prayer in my heart, "Oh, Lord, let us all be guthered her mother. in one family, in thine own good time Bring us nearer, nearer together, and make us happy under thy sheltering love.

Mother was glad to be free. How she wanted you before she passed away !- She was so long helpless, and lived more with past memories than with present sorrows. was called; and then she gladly came love. into her rest.

brother, and will try to give you another earth-life; and if I can, will point out the true pathway to the higher phases of Spiritual knowledge. You are doing all you can; and the Spirits of the noble and true are aiding you in your noble efforts towards spreading abroad the Spiritual truth.

WILLIAM WHIGHT TO HIS WIFE, ANNA ASH WHIGHT, OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

I FIND it pleasant and profitable, my dearest wife, to hold communion with you

You know how hard I buttled with death, ere I yielded to the power over which mortals can have no control. Day by day I found myself becoming more powerless to defend myself; and at last, sunk overpowered into, as I thought, the grave. But, Anna dear, the grave is a bugbear. There is really no death, and the change from care, pain and grief is pleasant, sweet and satisfactory. We do not forget one tie which binds us. We do not even lose our identity. I am the same Will Wright you knew and loved so dearly. I am still your devoted husband. I can gaze on your beautiful, but fading Ince, with clear eyes, and know all that is passing around you.

The many months and years passed since I left you have enlarged my capacity for knowledge and experience, and strengthened my consciousness of your womanly purity and worth.

Your efforts in behalf of the poor and needy, your kindness, and sweet, womanly charity, are all known by me, and recorded to your honor and glory here where all labor for others and not for self.

Your friends are here; your father, mother, sisters and brothers are surrounding you, even now. Our own children Frank, and the one who passed into Spirit-life before it breathed the air of earth. are now by your side. I call her Annayour name, my wife. She could not have a sweeter name, even among the angels, nor a braver and truer spirit, than that of

Now, my dearest Anna, do not grieve for those who are disembodied. Let your Spirit unfold itself into more beauteous forms of love and charity. Let all the impulses of your noble nature spring forth into new life and greater strength. member, my dear Anna, that God is the Angel-friends ministered to her, and she source of all blessings. He governs the was content to bide her time till her name human family with equal and unvarying

There are different conditions and at-I have much more to say, my dear tainments of men; yet each one nutst eventually receive his share of all the message embodying my views of the higher gifts of peace and happiness. though they may often come through channels of sorrow and care.

There is a great joy in store for your faithful Spirit, when you meet us in this beautiful land of the Soul. You will know why you were compelled to bear heavy crosses. Watch and work by faith, in the church or out, it matters not where; so yon do your duty and do it well.

I am still your faithful husband, in WILLIAM WRIGHT.

of your own grand and noble nature, and through "West Ingle," the Medium for THROUGH MRS. SUSAN GOODHUE WAGNER ROBERT DALE OWEN.

> FAIN would I stiffe the emotions of my soul, and keep in sacred privacy the words that thrill in my still pulsing bosom: but my unfettered Spirit prompts me to give utterance to truth, or to give to the dear ones of earth some token of kind remem-

Apart from the things of life, I know nothing—the life that was, the life that is, and the life that ever must be. Of all that a spurious and fraudulent I can only express my detestation; but while I condenin I pity, and while I censure I forgive.

Why should man falsify himself, when there are so many grand truths to be developed, and so many proofs of indestructible life? You of earth, who knew me best, can appreciate my life-work, and the devotion with which I espoused the grandest and dearest of all truths to me-that of modern Spiritualism—and to which, after years of patient investigation and anticipation. I became a martyr. Not boastfully do I say it, but reverently and joyfully: and were it possible to yield again my physical body to the requirements of the divine law, I would willingly do so, for the conscious knowledge of this moment.

I have no wrongs to redress, but much to glority; and to my accusers I would say, Peace be with you. I am not an arisen saint or prophet, but an emancipated, conscious Spirit.

The redemption of man must ever be through the divine attributes of his nature. disciplined to love, and worked through moral and intellectual law. Spiritual eyes have beheld what my mortal could never have perceived. clouds that obscured my vision have passed away. The doubts that once harassed me, the darkness that for a time enveloped my mental nature, shadow me no longer; but have given me a broader and more comprehensive view of life as it is a even unto the eternal fitness of things.

ROBERT DALE OWEN.

THROUGH C. E. WINANS. FROM MRS. ALETTAN PAINE

I wish to communicate with my son. Luther Paine.

I am glad to greet you, my son. Your mother, Alettah, calls you, not with a hollow voice, nor with her eyes closed, or mouth hushed. I bring you glad tidings; I have arisen in Spirit, and come hither tonight among you.

My son, a vision of the Spiritual came to me, as I was closing my eyes in the last

hours of life, and opened to me a view of the immortality of the soul.

Since I entered Spirit-life, I have found much which has been useful to me, Luther. All knew my peculiar views; for I never kept my light hid under a bushol. All knew that I said what I thought. My church-creed does not weigh heavily on my mind; because I have found a religion more suitable. I was a Lutheran in belief, when I lived here on earth; but since I have passed to this life, I have found out, Luther, that your religion is a true one—a religion that teaches of a life beyond. And, my son, you have it demonstrated to you daily. I am glad that you are a believer in the communion of Spirits; not from curiosity, but because of its truth and beauty, and the pleasure and delight which it affords you.

The education which you have received and can receive through the Philosophy of Spiritualism, will be of vast importance to you in this life and the life to come. There is much you would like to understand. You would like to take a peep under the curtain, and learn of your powers of the hereafter; but you must wait for the power to be given you. You have powers well worthy of being proud of. Those mediumistic qualities you have, you inherited from me. I know now I was mediumistic when I was here. There are a great many I loved, and a great many that loved me, and I wish they knew that I still live.

My son, you cannot lay aside your Medium power. You must still work for a higher circle. Then you must work for humanity, while you stay here on earth. Our voices must be heard, speaking for the grand cause of Spiritualism, because of the great love the Spirit-world has for you and the earth-friends. Am I a Spiritualist? I realize what it is to be a Spirit and enjoy Spiritual-life—to be freed from care, from sickness, from disease, and again to feel the freedom of health, and the power which the great Father of all has given me. That makes me a Spiritualist. I did what I thought right when I was here, and I will do my humble work when I come back here. My heart is rejoiced, when I find I can come back. I can come here from my Spirit-home, and send forth words of love and peace to those I have left behind, and have them feel that I am not gone. I love my children; I love them well.

Luther, my son, you will find that to go onward and upward is to do your work well. It brings a blessing which none can take away.

Henry Paine sends love; he will communicate with you all very soon.

I and your father, Luther, will often be with you, and assist your controls in the great work of developing you. I will come soon again, and give more. So, good-bye. Your mother,

ALETTAH PAINE.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE

THROUGH WEST INGLE.

LOWELL, Lake Co., Ind., Fob. 5, 1879.

Brother Densmore:—With gratitude we received the Voice of Angels for Jan. 15th, with a message from my dear, dear daughter, Ella Castle, through "West Ingle," which was very characteristic of her, and satisfactory to me. We are very thankful to her for the message, and to you for sending it to us. I hope we shall receive more from her.

> Yours, respectfully MRS. ALMEDA CASTLE.

"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 AN-GELS free to those unable to pay for it. To any and all our patrons who can send any amount, if ever so small, for the above purpose, we will credit the amount they may send, in the next issue of the paper.

Since onr last, we have received the following donntions to

C	Tunie" Fun(t:		
	J. K., Cincinnati, Ohio,	\$5.00	
	Mrs. Cleonore Zwicker, Blue Grass, Iowa, .	0.35	
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