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LITERARY.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

SPIRIT PRINCESS ALICE OF HESSE.

THE KISS OF DEATH—THE KISS OF LIFE.

THROUGH TRYPHENA C. PARDEE.

Oh, honored mother, mother queen,
How palpitates the veil between
Thy land of Love and ours!
Thy breath is felt in mournful sighs,
Along the borders of the skies,
In plctous, touching powers.

Oh, tender mother, mother queen,
Thy broken heart, thy grief so keen,
Finds sympathy above;
And Angel-bands are hovering now,
With chaplet fitted for thy brow,
Of joy-buds interwove.

Oh, loving mother, mother queen,
So blest with health thy house hath been,
So free from death-dealt woe,
That elms enfolded in the skies,
Where Life's immortal daystars rise,
Seemed like a myth to glow.

Oh, faithful mother, mother queen,
The zephyr's softest songs serene,
At summer-sunset's hour,
When mellow'er the amber clouds
Declining daylight's tinted shrouds
Blend all their magic powers;—

Oh, stricken mother, mother queen,
Can't half express the happy scene
That charmed my parting breath,
When music such as earth knows not,
On which my Spirit seemed to float,
Inspired your "Kiss of Death."

Oh, darling mother, mother queen,
Thy *dearest wish* to test obtain,
Through stranger-hand unsought,
Burned in my soul for help to pray:
Then Angel-Tune led the way,
Where now I rest my thought.

Oh, dearest mother, mother queen,
On ether-wastes, o'er ocean main,
I trod with sweet delight;—
With heart unrobed of earthly pride,
I now stand forth Life-dignified,
For human Love and Right.

Oh, noble mother, mother queen,
God save thee from the doubter's pain;
Eternal Life is mine!
And vast through all the starry maze
Is felt the wealth of living praise!
To share this bliss is thine.

Oh, cherished mother, mother queen,
Communion's light dissolves the screen
Whose shades make sorrow rife;
Please now to all my kindred dear,
To quell the sob, and dry the tear,
Bestow the Kiss of Life.

Oh, royal mother, mother queen,
To the river's bank of fideless green,
Where fragrant dews descend,
We'll come for Truth's baptismal spray,
Impearling Life's glad new-born ways,
Where Angel footsteps wend.

Oh, gracious mother, mother queen,
Celestial raptures swell amain,
Through all the courts above,
As round thy temples we entwine,
And clasp with opal-gems divine
The wreath of deathless Love.

ELLINGTON, N. Y., Feb. 4, 1879.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

APPENDIX TO PLAIN TALKS ON HEALTH.

BY THE MEDICAL CONTROL OF M. T. SHELHAMER.

SINCE the publication of the second or third instalment of my articles, entitled, "Plain Talks on Health," I have seemed to sense—as it were—not exactly a dissatisfaction arising from the minds of two or three medical men who have perused those papers, but rather a disappointment that I had not expressed something deeper, more analytical, in regard to the subject matter.

These minds have sent forth questioning thoughts, which thoughts, unexpressed by tongue or pen, have yet reached me in my Spirit-sphere. The question resolves itself into the following: "Has not Dr. Warren, during his long residence in Spirit-life, acquired deeper knowledge concerning the laws of physical life than he possessed on earth?" And if so, why does he not impart this knowledge more fully to mortals?

In reply to this silent questioning, I would say, that after many years of experience in the true science of Physics, after more than a quarter of a century's research into the new school of medical lore, i. e., the causes of physical derangement, I am prepared to say, that in the realms of natural laws alone are to be found the preventatives of all physical inharmonies or bodily ailments. And that as the realm of nature will preserve mankind from disease, so, when sickness does attack the physical organism, he must look to Mother Nature for the remedial agents to assist recovery.

From the old school of Allopathy, I have advanced steadily and surely to the higher department of Eclecticism, knowing that no one system of medical science is adequate to meet the demands of impaired nature.

But my Eclecticism chooses not to repair backward, to make use of those parts of any system of treatment, which only tend to unbalance the true harmony of the bodily frame and its organs, and to keep the interior condition of the patient in an unhealthy condition; that the nature of its one local trouble may be changed.

The fields of Nature are broad and roomy. Within her domain may be found a balm for every ill, an healing agent for every wound. First in the great list of restorative agents for bodily pain and disease, I esteem healthy, human magnetism—magnetism imparted to the sufferer, through contact with a healthy, sound, pure-living, sympathetic fellow-being—one who lives in harmony with Nature, breathes in her life-giving forces of air, sunlight and water; who feeds upon her wholesome foods, eschewing aught that is unfit for the stomach to contain; whose higher attributes govern the moral action of life—one unpolluted by the action of narcotics upon his system; and finally, one who is susceptible to the power of Ascended Benefactors of humanity.

Such a physician, whose treatment is purely magnetic, may become a blessing to mankind; and his is the first office in the department of medical skill.

Next to magnetism, I denote the action of electric forces upon the human system, casting out disease, and strengthening the organism to withstand the approach of illness.

And then comes, I think, the Botanic cure—the Thompsonian, if you will. The herbs and roots of the field contain a virtue undreamed of by the majority of mankind—through successive gradations, that have become adapted to the needs and wants of man. Belonging, as they do, to the department immediately below him, they possess largely those very curative powers necessary to restore the tone to his system.

Thus I give you a brief compendium of my ideas of the department of Medicine, as I now perceive it from the Higher-Life. There is nothing abstruse in their rendition—nothing requiring deep study to comprehend; but as these papers were written, not for the erudite few, but for the common class; those intelligent, reasoning, every-day people, who understand the meaning of a carving-knife, but would not perhaps comprehend a scalpel, I trust that they will meet all the requirements of their office.

In addition to the various modes of medical skill and treatment I endorse, let me add, there is nothing like good nursing; and to understand thoroughly the offices belonging to a nurse, is to understand and discharge one of the most beautiful and necessary duties of life.

While these expressions of criticism have been given forth by a very few, it pleases me to also observe the readiness which others of my readers have shown to adopt some of my suggestions, and to put them into practical use, thereby placing themselves in a condition to maintain good health. To one and all I would say, God speed you onward!

[For the Voice of Angels.]

CIVILIZATION:

MESSAGE NUMBER EIGHTEEN.

SPOKEN BY DEMOSTHENES, THROUGH J. M. A., AT
MATFIELD, MASS., OCT. 18, 1878.

GOOD MORNING, my friend and sister. I am commissioned to bear to you the wishes and views of the body of people whom I represent at this time, regarding the New Life, to which I referred years ago in that chamber at Ancora, in message No. 1, so-called.

I have been watching with great interest the progress of events, since that time, in the line of this new work or movement; and I am sure I have much cause for congratulation on the progress which has been made, although to mortal eye it has been slow, painful, and oftentimes hopeless.

We are sure of one thing,—the race will never be happy, contented, prosperous, (in the best sense of that word,) peaceful (in any sense of that word,) and harmonious—in other words, will never attain to the summit of its possible excellencies, internally or externally, outside of such a system—or, equivalently speaking, inside of present systems.

So much is certain, in our minds; and we therefore work with renewed diligence, with increasing energy, as time passes, to lay the foundation deep and strong for the inauguration and permanent establishment of Group Homes, Group Villages, on the basis set forth and published to the world, in outline, from time to

time since my first message, before alluded to. (My brother Fourier, who stands by my side, calls my attention to the fact that the leading features of the new system of life were presented publicly at Ancora by himself through this same channel, by request of the people residing there; and he wishes it to go upon record that such was the case—antedating by some months my first communication.)

We are now ready to say that this place, now occupied by yourselves, and which you have laid out with great care, (so far as room and circumstances have allowed,) on the basis of hexagonal grouping, does not appear to us to be so well suited to the permanent uses which you have in view, as some other point more remote from the large centres of civilization-as-it-is, and more free from the bitter, biting blasts of tempestuous Winter. It is true you have done well. We congratulate you, and ourselves, on the measure of success which has been obtained here; but the occasion of your coming being but temporary in its nature, will not be expected to hold you always. We therefore recommend, (not myself alone, nor two or many, but we all as with one voice—all, I mean, connected with the inception and presentation of the plan.) we all, as with one voice, recommend a removal soon to such point as shall be shown to you as next in order.

The light which has been lighted here cannot be quenched. Your effort cannot be lost to this section. The influence of what has been done will continue to be felt. You leave a monument, though small and unpretensions it may be, which will continue to mark for many years the first bringing forth to external view some of the features of the harmonial system of life. [I have built, the past season, a small hexagon brick house, mostly with my own hands; though neither carpenter, mason, painter, nor paper-hanger.—J. M. A.]

My opinion is, in common with many others, (though we speak individually now, rather than in the collective capacity,) that the wisest and best plan of procedure would be to cut loose wholly from this point soon, (so far as responsibility for the mental condition of the persons remaining,) and speedily to place yourself upon *new ground*, where the conditions will be [still] more favorable than here for the development of the work. You have already had a message from my brother Galen on that subject, to which I would refer you. As to location, I coincide with him in his view.

There be some, connected with our work, who feel it would be wise to light the fires of spirituality and peace in the far South of your land; to make a beacon-light for the people in that section; though it be perhaps only a partial development of the Spiritual system of civilization, it might serve to do its work, and strengthen perhaps the workers for more extended efforts in other sections. But my thought is, that concentration should be made at once upon the spot best adapted, all things considered, to the permanent establishment of the new form of life, and on a scale commensurate with its importance. Adieu. No more at present. (I wish not to make mistakes in my

messages, and might do so were I to attempt to continue under present conditions.) [Immediately after the Spirit withdrew, there came into view and into our room a "caller." The meaning and occasion for the remark of the Spirit about "present conditions" was then evident.—J. M. A.]

[For the Voice of Angels.]

GLENDOWER;

A LEGEND OF THE OLD AND NEW.

BY ALICE CARY.

THROUGH MRS. SUSAN GOODHUE WAGNER.

[CONTINUED.]

It is to the attainment, then, of all the practical and divine principles we would ever wish to aspire to; for there can be no real progress unless the fundamental or developing process is understood. The intuitive sense of man must have motive-power; thus the physical body is the rudimental or primary condition of life, the first growth or development. Though the grosser nature is not intact to the finer perception, but the original conception, the natural outgrowth of higher and more transcendent perfection.

"Father, this life distresses me; this life annoys and bewilders me. Is all nature an illusion, a chaotic, barren waste? Are images existent entities or fanciful illusions—the spectres of morbid fancy, to be dispelled as dreams?"

"Remember, my dear child, knowledge is the prolific fruit, the path-finder to the domains of the soul; and those domains are invincible to all obstructions. The revealment or discovery of some unknown force, through scientific or mathematical investigation or manifestation, does not change the decree; it only establishes the fact. Thus all mysteries will be explained when the material sense becomes placid, or harmonizes to inherent or illimitable spherical action. Ether is not a light or vapory essence, but a solid substance, composed of many bodies, whereby all matter is furnished with divine emanation; not the incipient attraction, but the condensed thought or motive force that moves all nature, that conquers all opposition."

"Then I fancy, dear father, that all sense hath cognizance of all that was, and all that is to be; or the Spirit divested of the material body does act as an independent agent; through the arbitrary condition or supernal transition to the abandonment of cumbrous matter."

"Child, all matter is Spirit, and all Spirit matter; developed by the same process, subject to the same essential unfoldment—one the functional, the other the infinite or supreme acquirement."

"But, father, how am I to account for scenes so strange and varied? How am I to harmonize the tangible and intangible? How am I to solve the problems of today? Here I am—without apparent effort, transferred to a place hitherto unknown—through abnormal transition; still my normal sense is the same, the attraction or desire. I cannot realize that this is the awakening of my Spiritual life, this the divine fulfillment, the co-operative intelligence

of mind or Spirit to at once enlighten or resurrect my entire nature."

"Child, as I observed, there are no marvels in Nature. Where the cause is understood, the fact is grasped. The death of the physical body is a natural condition: that we may be developed for the higher phases or spheres of independent action, subject to the laws of generation, of volition or evolution through matter and space. My conscious thought is ever with me, sleeping or waking; my desires, objects and aims, only repressed, not obscured, passive but not inactive, stifled but not suppressed. Then through the volition of eternal entities we are developing into the fixed principles of divine law."

"But my condition, dear father, is so changed. I feel as if two worlds revolved around me, that all beautiful things I trace each hath its own vocation in the expanse of space. Is my ideal life, then, the original conception?—are forms the embodiment, or real entities, or symbols of generic substances? Vivid have been my life-dreams, and all seem to be blended in one varied, demonstrable mass of distinctness, or compactness; evading my own intelligence, obscuring my own perceptions. Sad it is to linger among the ruins—sad, but sweet. Love greets me every where—sweet images. All life is animate with beauty. But the past, the past, what shall I do with that?—call it a dream? It has not vanished, but claims the same recognition, the same divine consideration, that I realize in the present."

"In the laboratory of Nature, my child, are many distinctive elements, the analysis of which is perfected through many systems, subject to modifications—the electrical, moveable, or spontaneous combustion of matter and force, called Spirit; of mineral or vegetable substances, through coalition of pyrotechnical solids and fluids, through absorption and infusion of divers and compact bodies; revitalized formations or gradations of passive or transitive matter, one the verb, the other the adverb."

"But, father, are there not boundaries, where pre-occupied senses might be absolved of even partial volition, where the definite or indefinite prefixed law may not be the inanimate future?"

"Child, there may be distinct entities, but not separate forces. The combination or derivation of elements of creation unto absolute conditions, the permanent issue, the inflexible or conformable edict, the presumable phase, then, of life is individualized—condensed motion of finite or infinite adaptability to concrete forms.

Oh, granite walls, the bolts of lightning fall!
O'erleap my brow, I ask not for the crown!
High on the crest of yonder mountain
The red flame leaps with fierce frenzy,
And smouldering heaps of ashes lie
Like blackened corns north the sky,
Nature's revolt—o'er rough crags adown the slippery slides
The molten lava glides, the avalanche slides;
Matter transforms and alchemy divides.
The earthquake and the mighty volcano
By one gigantic stroke, by one stupendous throw—
Thus my impulsive life must ever form a part.
Nature evolves, and o'erreaches art.

"Father, the contingencies, the incongruities of life are wonderful to contemplate, whether the ideal or the real. It seems like some beau-

tiful thing I have prized, that has perished, the treasured gift of some loved one. The fragments I seem to gather, though I would have the whole;—the shattered temples, the desecrated shrines, the virgin host that greet me, that throng about me. The walks and talks we have had, the places where we have been, are sweetly and sacredly remembered—ah, and treasured, too; but now perforce those affections and conditions have been supplanted by newer attractions, but all with the impress of the old. Must things that we cherish so fondly ever be sacrificed, or idols that we have reared, all unconscious as we have been of the sweet possession, be wrested from us? The assurance of one, or the continued fidelity of the other—or I would say, the attributes of the divine life, overreaching the selfish or exclusive one, but retaining the distinctive identity."

"Child, the Spiritual unfoldment of divine thought opens new spheres of beauty and love—the super-added charm of irresistible life, of higher degrees of scholastic perfection. From the mundane to the super-mundane life we trace the visible effects of this, one the reflex of the other. Thus the rotary goes on to the numerical number, multiplying our individual resources and strengthening our capacity or procreative desire of life. The chemistry of Nature is ever applied to faculties within us, and under its vitalizing influence we are awakened or quickened to corresponding or congenial ideas; the phenomena of life is the unfoldment of every new force, as every force is of divine origin. It is because they are misapplied, or misdirected; thus they subvert the good we would wish to accomplish. The mythical, or vague, so-called, becomes the natural or accepted condition of things, as soon as we become susceptible to the impressions. We come in contact with the proper qualities or affinities of conceived action, clothed in the image of divine beauty. We are the highest conception of perfection, transmitted to us by irrevocable, fore-ordained law. It is our highest privilege to enjoy unlimited, unrestrained liberty to perpetual life, that has lifted the veil of uncertainty and given us the supreme entirety; and as all tangible substances must be governed by natural principles, thus the physical structure of man, yielding to one of its inevitable laws, can only be raised in the Spiritual through divine emanation. The comparison of one law with another teaches us how they may be properly applied. Thought is ever with us. The transmigration of certain bodies or things are ever assuming form, are actual belongings. It is only the sensation of matter that makes the acute present condition reject the original idea."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

(Selected by M. J. K.)

EVERY human being is irresistibly impelled to act precisely as he does act: in the eternity which preceded his birth a chain of causes was generated, which, operating under the name of motives, make it impossible that any thought of his mind, or any action of his life, should be otherwise than it is.—Percy Bysshe Shelley.

(For the Voice of Angels.)

LETTER FROM DR. DAVIS.

CHICAGO, January 2, 1879.

BRO. DENSMORE,—The little Indian Spirit here alluded to, one of the Band of Control of my wife, Mrs. Hattie E. Davis, tells us that she has been in Spirit-life nearly one hundred snows, (winters,) having passed from the mortal when she had seen but seventeen "leaf off 'um bush," (Autumn season,) and never having seen a pale-face while upon the earth. And now, by her heavenly graces, and ever-truthful and Christ-like teachings, she has so especially endeared herself to us, and the many that have availed themselves of the blessing of her "council talks," that I felt almost involuntarily impelled to breathe to her the following laconic greeting, in rhythmical verse, which was not intended for the public, but for her only. But she says, "Oh, chief! am much nice 'um sing-talk! Me big much like! Chief, put 'um in 'um talk paper!" meaning the VOICE OF ANGELS; and therefore, for her sake, this is from your brother,

DR. D. AMBROSE DAVIS.
TO LITTLE SPIRIT MINNEWA, (PLACID WATER.)

Oh, our sweet Minnawa!—dear little Spirit-squaw!
How gladly we welcome thee down to the earth!
We call thee an angel, and God's dear evangel;
But oh, we lack language to tell of thy worth.

Forever untiring at all our inquiring,
And ready and willing to answer each call,
How can we but love thee, since none are above thee,
In blessed bestowals of kindness to all?

How often hearts saddened have by thee been gladdened,
And led to look upward as never before!
Oh, yes, thou dear angel, thou art God's evangel,
For daily we find it so, more and still more!

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

BRO. D. C. DENSMORE,—In February 15th number of VOICE, I notice a message from Nellie Bickford, from Wisconsin. We received a message from one Nellie, purporting to be our still-born child, some three or four years since. I presume she is the same that my father speaks of in his message, who is called "the lily," in her heavenly home. If so, I should be pleased to have her identify herself, by telling some of the conversation that passed at that time. She speaks of her grandfather and grandmother, uncles and brothers in Spirit-life, which is all correct. One brother passed to the land of Spirits last April. I should be pleased to hear from him or in fact any other friend in Spirit-life.

Nellie says she would like to join the Tunie Band. I would be pleased to have her. She says I see that times are very hard, and the luxuries of life seem far off with my dear parents. That is true, not only in the mundane, but Spiritual sense as well.

It is soul-cheering to receive a word from any departed friend, as it rekindles a flame of love in our hearts that nothing else can.

Hoping to hear from some more of our departed friends often, and that your labors while here may be crowned with not only financial success, but spiritual glory, in the next step upward, I remain,

Yours, in Love and Truth,
HIRAM BICKFORD.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

SPIRIT ECHOES.

BY SPIRIT VIOLET.

NUMBER TWO.

"WAFT, waft, ye winds, the story;
And you, ye waters roll,
Till like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole.
Progression, oh, progression!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Hath learned Progression's name!"

I HAVE just listened to the above varied rendition of the inspiring missionary hymn, and my soul thrills in harmony with the aspirations and the desire to spread the light of truth before all people, thus expressed.

It was in no hall of worship, amid no immense gathering of Spirits, that the words of the hymn fell upon my hearing. But, in passing from the earthly home of those I love, (where I had been to whisper my matin greeting of sympathy and affection,) to my peculiar haunts in the Spirit-world, I met a knot of Spirit-missionaries, (I should say not more than a dozen in number,) who had met together to exchange reports of what had been, and what there was to be accomplished; had met together, to consolidate their forces and energies, to combine their powers in doing good to those in need; in shedding a stream of light among the dark places of earth.

There were venerable men, whose years had been spent working for the good of others. Their flowing robes and the sandals upon their feet rendered their appearance patriarchal indeed. There were elderly females, in whose countenances appeared the light of pure benevolence and love. These were the nurses, the tender counsellors, the gentle Mother-Spirits, whose lives are devoted to the ministering to sin-sick, battle-worn, weary souls, who enter Spirit-life without hope or faith. There were, also, young men and maidens, novices in the work of teaching others; but who, from their earnest desire to be of use and to do good, were drawn into this particular field of toil.

The garb of all but the patriarchs was similar to that worn upon earth, except that the females were clothed in plain, less elaborate garments than I think any of their earthly sisters would have been

content to wear. No badge of office glistened upon their breasts, or gleamed from the shoulder. Nor was this necessary; their credentials shone from their sparkling eyes, and beamed in their tender, pitying faces; theirs is a mission of peace, and only the implements of love and goodwill do they require—tender, faithful hearts, earnest speech and helping hands.

They had just begun to sing the old well-known hymn, (one verse of which I have quoted,) as I came up. And the melody, trickling through the lines like a stream of golden light, together with the earnestness of expression, arrested my attention and thrilled my being with a new purpose, a higher aspiration.

I could see the full intent and purpose of their meeting; here, in a comparatively isolated spot, where the trees hemmed them in from external scenes, unmolested by others, they had met to report, and to gain strength, cheer and encouragement from their intercourse in friendly, soul-felt communion.

"Oh," thought I, "What a glorious mission—to be of use to others; to be a beacon-star to some lonely wanderer amid the trials of life; to speak words of hope, of kindness and love to the broken-hearted and sad. Oh, that I, too, might be like them."

Instantly, one of the band, a gentle, tender, beautiful female Spirit, of about forty years, turned to me, her hands outstretched, as if in welcome, her whole countenance illumined with joy, and said, "Dear child, thy mission is already begun, thine is the task,—to carry love and sympathy to sorrowing souls yet in mortal,—to whisper words of peace and hope—to point them to the higher life. What more heavenly task than this! The divinest work for the soul is to fulfill that duty laid upon it. In thee, we see the promise of good to be accomplished. Go on thy way; inspire the Spirits of those you approach, with faith and trust in the love of God; point each one to the Land of Life beyond the rolling tide of death; carry pure and gentle thoughts to mortals struggling with the trials of life; drop the sunlight of peace upon all you meet. Thus can you and every Spirit become a messenger of joy, a missionary of hope and truth. God bless and guide thee in thy efforts for good!"

Like a holy benediction, the words fell upon my Spirit, filling me with a sense of love for all things. Then and there, did I resolve to do all in my power to cheer, enlighten and instruct the sorrowing and weak; feeling that in this, I should per-

form my work, and brighten the golden links binding me to loved ones on the shadow side of life.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE. THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

MALDEN, MASS., March 1st, 1879.

DEAR BRO. DENSMORE.—The message given in your last issue, (March first,) by Frankie Bartley, through M. T. Shelhamer, I recognize as being correct. Having been acquainted with his mother, I have very many times heard her speak of Frankie as being a lively, cheerful little fellow, while in the form; and he seems to possess that same characteristic in Spirit-life. His brother Johnnie I knew well, and the sister Katie spoken of was formerly in my employ. There are two or three sharp points made in his letter "to father," that none but those personally acquainted with him would understand. Therefore I shall take particular care to see that his father gets his letter, and he may possibly verify it himself, although I believe he is not a Spiritualist.

Yours for Truth,

D. L. PALMER.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

LETTER FROM P. C. MILLS.

To the Editor of the Voice of Angels:

DEAR SIR,—Will you please state in your paper that I am on my way West, and would be pleased to make engagements to lecture anywhere in the Middle States during March and April, and anywhere East of the Mississippi River during the Summer, at Conventions, Grove-meetings, or Camp-meetings. Terms reasonable.

I think the VOICE of ANGELS is making wonderful improvement, and filling a place greatly needed, and is destined to do great good. The communications are grand tests to those to whom they are given, and I have a great interest in the success of the paper. The Angels will bless you as their instrument, my brother, and you shall see fruits of your labor full ripe and sweet.

Yours, for the truth,

P. C. MILLS,
Inspirational Speaker.

129 EAST SIXTEENTH STREET, New York City.

It is a beautiful belief,
That ever round our head
Are hovering, on viewless wings,
The Spirits of the dead,

—Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

THE devil tempts us not; 'tis we tempt him, beckoning his skill with opportunities.—*Felix Holt*.

INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

LITTLE BEN'S PRAYER.

BY MUBAN B. PALER.

"Our Father who art in Heaven,"
Prayed little brown-eyed Ben,
"If you can hear little children—
And ma says you can—
Please send the holy angels
To watch around my bed,
And when it comes tomorrow,
Give us our daily bread.

"And oh, keep mamma from sorrow,
Make her strong to work and sew;
All last night I heard her crying,
For her heart was aching so.
I heard her murmur softly,
'Help me to bear this rod,
Strengthen my fainting spirit—
I beseech thee, oh, my God!'

"When her head is aching badly—
All through the long, long night—
When her face is white with anguish,
In early morning light,
Please lay your hand upon her,
And whisper, 'Peace, be still!'
Then the pain and grief will vanish,
Obedient to thy will.

"I know you took my father
To your mansion in the skies;
Though I've seen the white snow falling
On the place where his body lies;
But, dear Lord, spare my mother,
Or if you must her Spirit take,
Oh, call us both together—
Let me go for mother's sake.

For she could not be happy,
In the land of cloudless day—
Her harp would not make music,
With her little Ben away.
You are our God of mercy,
Loving even sinful men;
Then in mercy spare my mother,
Through Thy love for little Ben.

Grant that she and I together
May cross life's troubled tide,
And enter the heavenly portals,
Walking ever side by side;
And meeting by the River,
Which they tell us is so fair,
Oh, grant we may meet with father,
Who I know is waiting there!

[For the Voice of Angels.]

WHY STAND YE HERE IDLE?

Why stand ye here idle?—There is work to be done;
The work is not finished that Jesus begun;
The work for humanity, in love and good-will,
Is waiting for tollers to forward it still.

For souls are in bondage, bound down with a creed;
While hearts are yet famishing in hunger and need;
And many are blind, by the blind being led,
Who are offered a stone, when they're starving for bread.

They are trusting in Jesus to save them from sin,
Not knowing the kingdom of God is within;
And think being washed in the Nazarene's blood
Will make them forever pure, holy and good.

Why stand ye here idle?—Go teach them the worth
Of purity, honesty, goodness and truth—
Of temperance in all things, with good will combined,
To the high and the lowly and all of mankind;—

That all men are brethren, made so by one blood,
In the sight of the Father all equally good;
Who looks down in tenderness from Heaven above,
And encircles them all with his infinite love.

No longer stand idle, but go forth and teach
The cause of humanity to all you can reach;
Blind eyes shall be opened, the hungry be fed:
Instead of a stone, you shall offer them bread.

Teach, whatever they sow, that they also shall reap,
And that from this great law there is no escape;
If they sow to the flesh, in anger and strife,
They need not expect a calm, happy life.

Then boldly go forth and battle for right;
The grain in the field is already white;

And onward and upward your pathway pursue,
While lending your influence to the good and the true.

Bright angels will help you, if this work you do;
They'll guard and protect you and guide you safe through;
At last they will welcome you home with delight,
If you heed their pure counsels and strive to do right.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

SATISFIED.

BY CARPO.

I WANDERED afar alone, afar on the mountain-side;
The thunders around me rolled, the dark crept on as a tide;
Around me the jagged rocks, while the lightning flashed
O'erhead;—
The wild beasts' piteous groans, the yawning abyss ahead.

I thought of the God on high, how often my soul would doubt
In the past; I knelt to pray for light and the true way out;
I felt I was doing right, but I never could understand
All the things I had been taught of God and the other land.

I could not believe the Lord would give just as high a seat
To the man, who all his life had been at the devil's feet,
As the man, who all his days had served in the cause of God;
The first, if he did repent, should receive His chastening rod.

Spirits brought me peace and rest; I wakened as from a
dream
That bade me hasten forward, and all my past sins releom.
I now see! shouts my glad heart, My soul will never dread
more!

I now see! shouts my glad heart, I see the radiant shore!
JEFFERSON CITY, Jan. 3, 1879.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

TO D. C. DENSMORE.

THROUGH MRS. A. B. F. ROBERTS.

PEACE and harmony fill thy soul;
A wreath of flowers or shining gold
Shall deck thy brow by Angel hand
In the long-wished-for Summer-Land.
Thy soul, most gentle, pure and good—
By the vulgar misunderstood.
Listen, my earth-child, brother dear;
Hold up thy head, and banish fear;
The Angels will guide you home aright,
And win for you rich laurels bright,
To crown thy head and cheer thy heart;
From them you'll never wish to part.
For all those who the cross have borne,
White garments shall by them be worn.
Listen, then, to the Angel-voice,
Whispering, saying, Oh, rejoice!
While journeying this earth below,
Mantled in green or whitened with snow;
Bid unhappiness depart;
Keep the sun of joy in thy heart;
Reflect the same unto others,
Blessing your sisters and your brothers.

SPIRIT-FRIEND.

CANDIA, January, 1879

[For the Voice of Angels.]

AN ACROSTIC.

BY SPIRIT JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE, THROUGH HIS
MEDIUM, M. T. SHELHAMER.

DEAR friend, how little do I really know of thee!

And yet a Spirit-knuship draws me near thy soul,
More potent than the ties that mortals know;—
Blest Sympathy, that o'er our Spirits roll,
Revealing treasures pure as sifted snow.
Oh, I would bring this offering to thee,
Sweet tidings from the loving Angel-throng,
Eternal Friendship from the land of Song.

Divine are all the attributes of God,
And Man himself shall gain them all at last;
Virtue triumphant treads the jewelled sod;
In joy, I bow with thee in solemn awe,
Submissive to the will of Sovereign Law.

Who dwells in love, and not in hate.
Is owner of a blest estate.

DR. D. AMBROSE DAVIS.

THERE are men whose lives are spent in
willing one thing and desiring the opposite.
—Lecky.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

LETTER FROM MONTANA.

H. W. BROWN, of Glendale, Montana
Territory, at the end of a business letter,
writes as follows:

I take a deep interest in
the "Civilization" messages, and hope soon
to see a new form of *real* civilization estab-
lished, such as will unite the rich and poor,
high and low, learned and ignorant, Chris-
tian and "heathen," wise and "otherwise,"
—in one great band of energetic, pro-
gressive, philosophical friends. There is
room enough for all, if all had their share,
and only their share.

There will be little cause for crime,
when each has his and her share of mate-
rial for the comfort and growth of the
physical and Spiritual system; and such
can only be procured for the masses by
organization.

Knowledge is the first great want that
should be supplied. With this, we want
sufficient innate or inspirational wisdom
and force to use it to advantage, and all is
well.

In such a society, where each individual
could "follow his bent," and all thinking
minds have the advantage of a first-class
education, (which we are sorry to say
many solid thinkers of the present day
lack,) there would certainly be nothing to
retard a rapid progress towards perfec-
tion; and mankind would soon be more
like angels than beasts.

May this great change soon come, is
our soul-felt prayer.

H. W. BROWN.

GLENDAL, Montana, Feb. 15, 1879.

P. S.—Dear Brother, this note on Civ-
ilization was not written for publication,
but if you wish to use it in the VOICE, you
are at liberty to do so. H. W. B.

CORROBORATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE

THROUGH C. E. WINANS.

EDINBURGH, Indiana.

FRIEND DENSMORE,—The communica-
tion, through C. E. Winans, in VOICE OF
ANGELS of February 15th issue, I fully
resognize as coming from my mother,
Mary Van Bibber, who passed to Spirit-
life some twelve years ago. Since then,
on two occasions, I have seen her fully
materialized; at each time giving me a
hearty shake of the hand, and held quite
a lengthy conversation with me. Among
other things, she said that in a short time
I would receive a message from my son,
Andrew, who has been in the Soul-World
over thirty years.

Praying for your best welfare and pros-
perity, I remain,

Fraternally yours,

ANDREW J. VAN BIBBER.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

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NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS., MARCH 15, 1879.

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.

TUNIE.

WHILE sitting in the dusk of the evening, contemplating the ever-changing scenes and cares of life, in this whirling, bustling world, darling Tunie, dressed in the white drapery of innocence and fraternal love, came into my office and saluted me, as is her wont, with a parental kiss. Noticing by her manner that there was something of importance she wished to communicate, I asked, "Well, my loving Tute—a name I always substituted for Tunie, before she passed from the scenes of earth—is there anything of importance you wish to say to me now?—or have you come merely to have a social chat with me, this beautiful eve? If it is one or the other, or both, out with it, for you know I am ever at your command."

In answer to this, she said, "Yes, dear father, I have come not only to avail myself of the privilege of having a dear good chat with you, but, at the same time, I come to ask another favor at your hands."

Seeing she hesitated, I said, "You know I am always ready and willing to grant you anything, even before you ask it; that is, anything within my power. So, don't hesitate, but tell your wishes at once."

"Yes," she said, "I know you are; but as you know, I am very much interested in the welfare of our paper, and anxious that as many as possible might avail themselves of the truths it teaches; and remembering the old saying, that 'too much of a good thing is good for nothing,' and as my mission tonight is upon the same theme that has characterized my humble labors heretofore, namely, looking out for the indigent poor, who are actually famishing for Spiritual food, and too poor to pay for either books or papers, out of which their Spiritual stomachs might receive nourishment; and as I have made a few public, and many private appeals to you in their behalf; the thought flashed across my mind as I entered, that perhaps I was making myself too officious. Hence my hesitancy on entering."

Having assured the dear anxious soul to the contrary, she continued, "You know, dear father, that we have many on the free-list; and, as circumstances compel them to move about from one place to another, and not having paid anything for the paper, they are ashamed to ask you to change their address; and although the paper goes to their former place of residence, yet in many cases, they never get it. For a time they have it forwarded, but after awhile it ceases to come altogether. Now, what I want is, that you put a little piece in our paper, telling these people that when they change their place of residence they should notify you, and you will willingly change their address accordingly. If you only knew how much good it does them, and how anxiously they look for it, and how disappointed they feel when it fails to reach them, you would be as anxious as I am to get it to them; and although your sympathy for such has no bounds, yet you have so many cares, and so much to do, it is not expected that you can have the same care over the wants of others as you naturally would if differently situated. And this is not all: you know that you have dropped a good many from the mail-list who paid a trifle, two or three years ago, but nothing since, all of whom you considered all along as paying subscribers. Now, if you will excuse me, in many cases you did them a wrong. You know there are thousands of people in the world, who are considered well-to-do, and try to keep up appearances, hoping a change for the better will come; and although willing and anxious to assist, yet it is utterly out of their power to do so. They don't want to be considered beggars, and hence, when their paper ceases to greet them, they feel ashamed to ask a further leniency, and say nothing about it. Now, I want—and so does darling Jennie, grandmother, grandfather, and in fact, all of our relations and friends, and their names are legion—that you should make an addition to the above request, by asking these people, couched in such language as not to grate harshly upon their overburdened, sensitive souls, to write you in perfect confidence about it; and if they want you to put their names on the mail-list again, you will do so with pleasure, and they can take their time to pay for it; and if they are never able to pay anything, that you will settle with them on the other shore. Not only that, but you must tell them that they need not feel under any obligations to you, or any one else, because if they did, it would spoil the pleasure of sending it. Assure them that doing this will greatly enhance your happiness—as I know it would—and not in-

terfere with or prevent its going ahead all the same. There, dear father, as I have freed my mind, I feel better; and as I know you will consider favorably my suggestion, without encroaching farther upon your precious time, when you should be asleep—with that love that has no bounds—I bid you good-night.

TUNIE."

NOTE.—Friends, I have not time, as the printers are waiting for "copy," to more than say, I cordially consent to all Tunie has suggested, and ask you, to whom Tunie refers, to do precisely as she suggests, and I will not disappoint you.

Pub. Voice of Angels.

A JUDGE of the Supreme Court is to be elected here the coming Spring, and the Hon. A. G. W. Carter is mentioned by some of our leading lawyers for the place. Although Judge Carter practiced his profession in New York city for a time, yet he never relinquished his privileges as a citizen of Ohio and Cincinnati, and he is now here to make permanent residence. His legal knowledge and experience, together with his familiarity with the duties of the Bench, and his well known integrity, eminently fit him for the position of Supreme Judge. —Cincinnati Saturday Night.

NOTICE.

ALL who desire messages from departed friends, through "WEST INGLE," should address her,

P. O. Box 436, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Fee, One Dollar.

ANOTHER VERIFICATION.

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

SAXONVILLE, Mass., Feb. 17, 1879.

FATHER DENSMORE,—I write to say that, in the February number of VOICE of ANGELS, I find a message from my dear sister, Mary Grover, through M. T. Shelhamer—who died in California about twelve years ago, which I pronounce a splendid test; as the Medium could not have known anything about me or my connections. I have not the shadow of a doubt in my mind but that it was my dearly beloved sister who wrote it.

This test makes me stronger than ever in the faith that our loved ones do come back to give us good counsel, and guide us onward and upward to higher conditions. Thanks for printing it, and I hope to have more in good time.

My wife sends her kind regards along with mine.

Fraternally yours,

FREDERICK H. GROVES.

THE least sight of Christ is saving; the least touch of Him is healing.

SPIRIT MESSAGES.

GIVEN AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE,
FEB. 16, 1879,

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELL-
HAMER.

INVOCATION, BY ROBERT ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN.

Oh, thou infinite and eternal Spirit, whom angels worship and whom arch-angels adore! We, thy children, would offer the language of our Spirits as incense of gratitude to thee for thy revelations of good.

We bless thee, that we may know that in thee there is an infinitude of strength for the needs of thy children. We bless thee, that experience has taught us that thou art able to sustain, protect and guide each one through the troubles of life. We bless thee, that we find in thee a counsellor for every need and necessity.

We thank thee for the riches crowding upon our spirits, for the joys which are ours. We thank thee for the aspirations of each soul towards the better way of life; for this oasis in the toilsome journey, where we may behold the efficiency of the means established for earthly communion with thy Angel-Ministers.

Bless these messages sent out to mothers, fathers, sisters and brothers; and through them may the clouds of doubt and fear be swept away, and troubled souls in mortal be able to sing songs of praise to thee. Bless these Spirit-messengers, these unseen little ones, who glide out into the highways and byways and gather in the longing Spirits who yearn to commune with dear ones still on earth. Grant thy continued love and blessing unto these, that they may wash away the stains of life, and plant the bud of hope in the suffering souls around them.

Bless this human instrumentality for Spirit-communion; grant unto her strength and courage to go forward; give unto her soul a full conception of the sacredness of her mission, with patience to carry it on faithfully and truly to the end.

CONTROLLING GUIDE OF THE CIRCLE.

ONE or two questions having been presented to us by inquiring, earnest Spirits in the form, we have deemed it best to reply to them upon this occasion, and furthermore, to add, that should any of our readers see fit to question us upon any subject that we feel competent to answer, we shall be pleased to give them our opinion through the message department of the paper. Said questions to be forwarded for reading at our Circle.

One who is a novice in things pertaining to the Spiritual, but anxious to learn, wishes to know if he "can have all the

stuffed birds in Spirit-life he wants?" Our answer is: All that is beautiful, all that is good and lovely, exists in the higher grades of Spirit-life, and the soul-yearning for the good and beautiful will assuredly gravitate to that state where his wants will be satisfied. But there are no stuffed birds in the Spirit-world. In that land all life is sacred. Nothing is destroyed. No wanton sportsman hits the bird upon the wing. But the lover of stuffed birds, of preserved butterflies, will find his fondness for these developing into a love for, or pleasure in, living, singing birds of beautiful plumage, living, glistening insects of varied hues, and of these he will have all that his love for the beautiful desires.

Another question, "Is there marriage in the Spirit-world?" Not as understood by the generality of mortals. Those who are fortunate enough to be truly mated on earth, understand the true meaning of soul-union; understand that there is something higher, purer, sweeter and holier than the earthly semblance of wedlock, of which the material loves and passions are but the expression necessary to mortal life for the preservation of the family circle and the propagation of the race. Each Spirit will eventually find its true counterpart in the Upper-Life. Then will occur that harmonious blending of thought, aspiration and feeling that will round out and complete the perfect marriage union.

EMMA C. WINCHELL.

I NEVER felt so well in my life. Am I selfish? I want to come everywhere I can to my dear mother. But I have been gone such a little while. Perhaps when I have been here longer, I shall not feel so anxious to come, but will let others have the first chance. I am a woman grown, but I always lean on my ma, and I want to tell her it's all beautiful.

My head's just right, now. I am glad, ma, you came to me, because if you hadn't, I would have been dosed with that paregoric mixture so much, it would have been hard for the Spirits to wake me up. But you kept me right, and I was, perfectly conscious when I passed over.

My name, sir, is Emma C. Winchell, and I am much obliged to you. I was a Medium, and my band helped me over. My Indian-guide helps me to come to mother very often, and ma feels good when I come. I can influence the little Indian, because she is a child of nature, and I have no false teachings to overcome.

Oh, it's a blessing to me to come. Dear mother, you know what I had to endure.

Well, my Spirit's at rest, now, and everything is just right. My guides tell me, ma, I have a work to do. They knew my head would never be well, nor my nervous system strong. They knew you couldn't take care of me, and so they sent me to the asylum on purpose, that through me they might see the workings of such institutions, and now I am going to do all I can to prevent everybody, and especially Spiritualists, from sending their friends to such places. This is my work, and some time I am going to give the people an account of what's going on there.

Give my love to everybody. Wear my ring, or something, all the time, so I can come close. CARRIE WINCHELL.

With great love to her mother, at Fond du Lac, Wisconsin.

FRANCIS ALGER.

This is a novel experience to me, sir, but I am induced to occupy this position by the hope of reaching my father and brothers and all I love.

One year ago I would hardly have believed I should be returning in this way, but, sir, we learn so much in the life beyond, that we are anxious to impart the light to those remaining. And so I come, asking those near to me to let the light of truth shine into their souls, and not only this, but to impart it by tongue and pen to those who look up to the for guidance. I know they are liberal and tolerant in their views; that the are in their right places, fulfilling their missions; but I want the light to so stream in upon them, that not one follower shall mistake the way.

Be kind enough to say that I have met friends and kindred—grandparents, whose road was long and wearisome here, but who have rest, now. I was the first to meet and welcome mother, and we are blessed in being together. It is a land of peace, as well as a land of retribution and eternal justice; but all work out into the light at last.

My experience on earth was not lengthy—thirty years would nearly cover it; but such as it was, it has prepared me to appreciate the home of the Spirit.

[Francis Alger, who would like his message directed to the Rev. Horatio Alger, of South Natick, Mass.]

FANNIE BROWN.

I've don't know 'oo. [Oh, well, you're going to get acquainted with me.] I've tum from Mish-gan—Michigan. I've Fannie, and I've want mamma to know I've jus' the jollies' 'ittle dirl she ever did see.

I've got a wed sacque, I has; auntie

dave it to me; its knitted, 'cause my wed
sacque wot I did have here all went to
holes. Ise dot one now that won't do
to holes.

Fannie Brown; an' it's Gaud Wappids.
[Grand Rapids?] Um; you'se put my
name in the paper. Dood-bye. [Good-
bye.] Dood-bye, pitty frowers.

GEORGE FAXON.

GEORGE FAXON, sir. I do not care to
be identified. I do not care to make a
stir, but I would like my name to go to
one interested in reformatory measures,
hoping to induce him to visit a good reli-
able private Medium, where his Spirit-
helpers and relatives can come and talk to
him. If he will do this, he will receive a
double blessing, Spiritually and physi-
cally.

I have been away so long, it seems like
visiting a foreign country to return to
earth. I wish to guide my note to Quincy,
Mass., to Henry H. Faxon.

DR. EZRA GANNETT.

STANDING upon the pinnacle of truth, I
yet feel to call out to those above me, who,
from their exalted positions, scan the fu-
ture as well as the past, "Watchman, what
of the night?" and floating down upon the
soul-inspiring atmosphere of progress,
comes the answering cry, "The day has
dawned; the sunlight of perfect knowl-
edge, of individual freedom, is at hand,"
and I stretch out my hands towards the
darkened, despairing souls in bondage,
and say, Bless God for it!

The world has heard but little of me of
late, not because I have fell backward,
but because I feel that in the great need of
humanity, personal recognition is of such
little consequence, compared to united ef-
fort, in working for truth, that I am con-
tent to join forces with those about me,
and sink the personal "I" in the grander
"We." Also, I am waiting to learn more
of God's truth before I venture to teach it
to the people. But tonight I feel to say,
God bless you, every one; God bless all
humanity!

DR. EZRA GANNETT, of Boston.

MESSAGES GIVEN FEB. 23, 1879.

DAISY M. NEWCOMB.

[THE Chairman said, "There is such a
beautiful influence here tonight, I can
hardly contain myself. I see a profusion
of the most beautiful flowers. The room
is radiant with them. One little one
holds up before me a single daisy—a real
daisy—but I do not seem to get what it
means." In a few moments, the Medium

was influenced, and spoke as follows to
the Chairman:]

I see Daisy. [Are you a daisy? Did
you show me that little daisy?] Ess, I
did; a lady div it to me, 'cause I is Daisy.
My name is Daisy. A pitty, pitty lady
tame and fetched me here, 'cause I wants
my mamma and my papa, I does. Ise
only been dorne 'dessa a 'tittle bit while. I
isn't seep; I went to seep, an' I felt bad,
here, here—[feeling of the Medium's
throat and head]. Ise waked up now,
an' I see mamma ky inside, she do. I
tisses mamma and papa, an' I loves 'em
lots. Tell mamma and papa not to ky.
Ise be in a pitty, pitty place, and the
lady's real dood to I. Daisy wants to see
mamma smile, 'cause it makes me feel
nice.

Lady say to tell 'oo I be Daisy M. New-
tum. [Daisy M. Newton?] No—New-
cum. [Newcomb?] Hum. I sees papa.
Papa's round the 'tars. [The cars?] Ess.
I loves him. Lady says you tell paper
man to send it to Mr. John Newcomb,
Boston Highlands. I never knowed of
'iss place, 'fore. [Well, you'll come again,
won't you?] Ess, I'll tum. Bye. [Good-
bye.]

[Mr. Densmore, please send us above—
Mr. John Newcomb, Boston Highlands.]

DANIEL HOLBROOK.

[It was several minutes before the influ-
ence spoke.]

MR. CHAIRMAN, there is such a terrible
pressure upon my head, that I feel I shall
have to desist. I am so anxious to reach
my son, that I am loth to leave. I *must*
give my name—Daniel Holbrook. In
Spirit-life a number of years. I hope to
come again.

CARRIE JOHNSON.

Good evening, sir. [Good evening.]
I would like to say a few words. I am
Carrie Johnson, of Philadelphia. I passed
away when I was eighteen. I have been
gone a number of years, and this is the
first time I have been able to come. I do
want my friends to know something of this,
and the Spirits told me by coming here I
could come closer to those at home and be
able to make them feel my presence.
I thank you.

JOHN A. PORTER.

I COME, sir, from Springfield, Missouri.
I come to learn how to do this thing, that
I may influence a Medium in the presence
of my friends. I have seen something of
the material manifestations of this thing,
but have never manifested myself. This
is a new experience to me; and to say the
least, a singular one. But I am anxious

to come directly, tangibly, to a friend in
Missouri, and to accomplish a certain pur-
pose that needs to be accomplished. I
want that friend to give me a call, and be
sure I will respond.

I am John A. Foster, fifty years of age.

THOMAS CORNELL.

How do you do? [Shaking hands with
the Chairman.] I never met you before,
but I have seen those who have been to the
Circle, and it seems so beautiful and home-
like, I feel as though I had always known
you. [We are glad to welcome you, sir.]
My son was here a while ago, and now I
come to add my blessing to his, and to
tell Lucy that this world is so beautiful,
so grand and glorious, that it more than
makes amends for all we suffer here. Fire,
disease and death are all recompensed in
the life-to-come; and you, my dear girl,
will rejoice with exceeding joy, when you
receive the welcome of the Angel-Band.
You are more than blessed. The loving,
helpful Spirits have gathered round you in
the past few months with renewed strength.
They whisper to you in seasons of quiet
and repose, and your Spirit catches the
murmur greater than ever before.

To you I bring the love, sympathy and
blessing of brothers, sisters, father, mother,
child, and hosts of others. They gather
round with holy love and benediction.

And to the dear companion, who has
been your guide and stay, we waft bless-
ings of peace and affection. For him a
father's blessing, a mother's love, ever re-
mains, resting upon him in benisons of
good. I sow the seeds wherever I can,
content to wait their springing-up-time,
and delighted to watch them developing
and unfolding, one by one.

Dear love and tender Spirit-sympathy
rest upon those near to you.

I am, sir, Thomas Cornell, of New York.
I wish my letter to go to Mrs. Leroy Farn-
ham, Delta, Michigan. I believe it will be
accepted and appreciated. If I did not
think so, I certainly would not have come.

What a joyous gathering! What a
profusion of flowers! [Yes, it is the
Spirit-birthday of the tall young Lady
Spirit, you see here, and the little ones
seem to make it a gala day.] I see;
beautiful idea. Well, God bless you all!

IMPROMPTU.

A FRIEND of ours, "D. L. P.," being hard
pushed by adverse circumstances, and not know-
ing which way to look for succor, got off the
following impromptu:

Oh, Angels, guide me in this hour,
And tell me what to do;
Oh, guide me by an unseen power
To what is good and true!

[For the Voice of Angels.]

LITTLE MESSAGES FROM "LITTLE SPIRITS."

Philadelphia, Jan. 1, 1879.

DEAR GRANDPAPA,—I wish you a happy New Year, and give you love's tidings in a little song:

The New Year it is coming;
To some it will bring sorrow;
To others it brings joy.
Many friends have passed away,
Many have been born;
And for joy and some for sorrow,
Some to mourn and some to weep,
Some to laugh and to be merry,
Some to work and some to roam;
Some are born to be good and noble,
And do the work of God.
Happy New Year to my grandpapa!
Happy New Year to my grandmamma!
Happy New Year to my mamma!
Happy New Year to my papa!
Happy New Year to my little sister Emma!
And Happy New Year to all!

LITTLE HELEN.

The foregoing was written by Helen, through the Medium's hand, in contradistinction to the other, which was received clairaudiently, and repeated to me. In writing the date, she made the remark, "Why, this is New Year!"

LITTLE SPIRITS' NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

"Happy New Year to all!
We little children give you a call,
Wishing you Happy New Year, one and all;
Wish you much joy from us Little Spirits!
We come day after day with merry greetings to all.
I come from that home where all is joy;
Soon we will meet to part no more;
Soon you will land on that evergreen shore,
Where sorrow will be known no more.
We are all here in a band,*
Landed on the Jordan strand;
By-and-bye you will greet us,
Clasp our little Spirit-hands,
Welcome us to earthly homes.
We will gather by-and-bye,
Gather in your midst;
Clasp you fondly in our arms;
Then we'll stay, to part no more.
It shall not be very long;
Love and cherish one another,
So we all may meet together,
And part no more.

LITTLE HELEN.

*The band of Little Spirits now numbers forty-three, and is constantly increasing. Some of them are daily visitors to the Medium, Mrs. Hoffman, who is residing in the city again, and has for two or three months past.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

LETTER FROM MRS. J. A. CAMPBELL.

Chardon, Ohio, Feb. 15, 1879.

DEAR BROTHER DENMORE,—You request me to give you some of my experiences concerning the raising of low or undeveloped Spirits out of darkness into light. I have many such experiences, which, from time to time, I shall endeavor to give to your readers, through your inestimable little paper, the VOICE OF ANGELS.

This is my first, which occurred when Spirits first began to control me, about fourteen years ago: My father, who was well connected, and well educated for those times, (being related to the Dabolls of Groton, Conn.) was a business man, being a sea-captain, a good part of his life; but yet always unfortunate. Having met with many losses and misfortunes, he at length yielded to the habit of intoxicating drink. He

became a sot, and of course his wife and children, of which there were finally ten of us, felt the crushing influence of ruin. It would be simply impossible to portray by tongue or pen the sufferings of our poor mother while passing through this hell.

At times, my father would try to reform, and even went so far as to join the Baptist Church. The home altar was set up. Prayer and singing, and constant reading of the Bible, was attended to. How well can I remember my mother pealing forth her songs of praise for his deliverance from the power that enthralled him. But they were short-lived. He would again and again fall from his high resolves, to plunge deeper than before; till all power of resistance seemed to depart, and he became a perfect wreck.

At last, word came to me, in my far-off home, that father was dead—died in November, 1848. Oh, how the news struck me! The question arose within me, where was his soul? The answer came, mentally, of course, in hell. He had gone, where he had so often read to us, "into outer darkness," where there is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth.

Well, the following year, in December, my dear mother died, and died as she had lived, a good woman. We laid her away, and were glad that she was at rest.

Then, in the year 1865, I had great and mysterious developments at my house. There were voices in my room, calling me by name; hands were laid on my face and head; whisperings, and rustling of drapery, and rushing of cold draughts of air.

I was at the time a member of the M. E. Church, but still I felt that this thing must be inquired into. So I went to a Medium, and, without telling her anything, my father's Spirit controlled her, and addressed me as his daughter, saying they (the Spirits) were unfolding me as a Medium; that I had a work to do, and they a work to do through me. I at once yielded, a willing instrument, and obeyed the heavenly calling; and, although I was despised and rejected by the Church, and by the world generally, I have never been sorry that I enlisted in the cause of spreading this glorious gospel of Spirit-unfoldment and light, to a priest-ridden and church-beggar world.

Soon after this, I became controlled, and now I come to the main point in question. I found myself placed on the hither bank of a deep, dark ravine, and on the opposite side I saw my father, bowed down in deep dejection. Lost and devilish Spirits would hover around him, and taunt him with his past misdeeds; for each seemed to know all that he had done. While I stood looking at him, the text came to me, that he so often had read, "They shall be cast into outer darkness, where there shall be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth;" and "when once you get there, there is no redemption," he used to say.

Then I saw a bright Spirit in the clouds, away, above, and beyond him, coming towards him, and as she approached, it grew lighter, and he held up his head, and looked around. It still grew brighter and brighter, till he rose

up again. Then he saw the angel, and beheld it was his wife, my mother. She said, in tones of sweetness, "I am commissioned by the angels above to bring you up out of darkness into light, and from the power of Satan unto God."

Then I saw that there was a limit to her approach. She seemed to remain where she was, and her arm elongated until it reached him, and clasped hands. Then it contracted, until he was drawn to herself. Then they embraced each other, and turned and went out of sight.

A short time after that, he controlled me, and said, "Now that I have been redeemed, it shall be the work of my life to atone for my past misdeeds, by doing all that I can to emancipate others from darkness and death to light and life." "I," said he, "have chosen my mission, to go down into rumholes and gambling-dens, and do all I can to save such as have been drawn in under their influence."

And many, many times has he controlled my organism, and spoken most eloquently to seemingly thousands and thousands of dark Spirits, that have come up, with eyes and mouths distended, listening with all their souls to hear the word of life.

I do think, Mr. Editor, that if Mediums generally would unbend a little from their dignity, and give those unhappy Spirits a chance for instruction, a great many more would sing the song of redemption in their ears in the bright hereafter.

If this is acceptable, I will, in my next, give you the results of my experiences in this direction under another teacher, calling himself the "Odd Fellow."

MRS. J. A. CAMPBELL.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

HEALING THE SICK BY MAGNETISM.

NATURE is constantly striving to produce an equilibrium, and attraction has existed ever since creation commenced. All visible bodies are held together by attraction, and bodies attract each other, and from each other. If two blocks of marble are put together, one being cold and the other hot, they will attract from each other, till both will, in a little while, be of equal temperature.

The motive life-power is in the brain, and is the positive and negative forces that go from the brain, through the nerves, to the heart, which is the end of the nervous system; and the heart, having no nerves, acts as it is acted upon by those forces that proceed from the brain, through the nerves to it, and put it in motion. The positive causes it to contract, and the negative to expand. If the positive predominates, the time that the pulse is still between the beatings will exceed the time occupied by the motion, or beat; but if the negative predominates, the continuation of the beat, or motion, will exceed the time between the beatings. When there is no perceptible distinction between the motions, or

beatings of the pulse, it is evident that there is a great want of the positive principle, and if the positive force can be supplied by contact and sympathy with one in whom the positive force predominates, the sufferer is relieved. The magnetic forces that proceed from the brain are different from those produced by the battery, and contain a life-giving power that the battery can never impart.

As two blocks of marble, being of different temperature, attract from each other, so two persons, being of different temperaments, attract from each other, when they are in sympathy and in contact. It is through the ends of the fingers and thumbs that the magnetic current flows most freely.

The nervous system is, in one sense, an extension of the brain, or, in other words, it is the telegraph-wire that carries messages to the brain, and a conductor of the life-giving forces. Whatever excites the brain, instantly excites the nervous system, and the motion of the heart is affected.

Aside from attraction and repulsion, the animal form could not exist. By attraction, nutritive matter is drawn from the food taken into the stomach, and carried into the blood, from which it is attracted to build up the waste places in each and every part of the system, while the worn-out matter is taken by the blood, and thrown off through the lungs, pores, and kidneys. The skin attracts moisture from the atmosphere, and discharges it by perspiration.

Mind is attracted by mind, and one mind can control another mind as positively as one physical form can control another. But though that law is coeval with man's existence, was brought to bear when the disciples spoke in languages unknown to themselves, and the law of animal attraction, or magnetism, was resorted to when Elisha raised the Shunamite's son, also when Jesus did many wonderful things, and when Paul and others healed the sick, and though Jesus told them plainly, that those that believed on him should do the works that he did, and even greater, it was but little understood by even his professed followers till 1843; when just at the time that many were expecting to see Jesus come personally and visibly, with ten thousand of his saints, the laws of magnetism were revealed to the inhabitants of earth, and the news spread over the earth as though it were carried on the wings of the wind. But strange as it may seem, the very ones that were looking the most earnestly for the appearance of Jesus and his saints, were frightened when the laws of magnetism were revealed, and they really thought the Lord had delayed his coming,

and that the devil and his angels had come in his stead.

After the inhabitants of earth had had five years to learn the alphabet of magnetism, and how one mind in the form could control another mind in the form, also the form that the mind thus controlled occupied, minds out of the form began to communicate through minds in the form. If the form is governed by the mind that occupies it, and one mind can control another mind in the form, and mind can exist and be itself out of the form, why cannot a mind out of the form control and communicate through a mind in the form.

If two blocks of marble of equal temperature be put together, they cannot attract either heat or cold from each other; but when one is hot, and the other is cold, as before stated, they attract from each other. So two animal forms, being of equal temperament, do not attract materially from each other; but if unlike, the equalizing magnetic forces pass to each other, the positive forces passing to the negative one, and the negative forces pass from the negative one to the positive one; and, if one is healthy and the other is diseased, a healthy influence goes from the healthy one to the diseased one, and disease is conveyed from the diseased one to the healthy one. The magnetizer often feels the loss of the healing, life-giving force that he has imparted to others, also the disease that he has taken from those that he has magnetized. Jesus called that force "Virtue," for he asked "who had touched him," saying that someone had touched him, for he perceived that "Virtue had gone out of him."

It is evident that the woman that touched Jesus at that time had a strong anxiety to be cured, and a full belief, that, if she "could but touch the hem of his garment, she would be cured." Thus she was in sympathy with Jesus before she touched him, and it was her belief, or faith and desire, with her sympathy, that assisted her in attracting from him that healing principle that she required.

Again, Jesus took their infirmities upon himself, and bore their sickness, just as every magnetizer is liable to do so. Dr. Perkins, not understanding the laws of magnetism, invented what he called "steel tractors," long before the laws of magnetism were generally understood, and his success in curing diseases was such as convinced him that he could cure those that had the yellow fever, and to test it went where it prevailed; but through those tractors, which he held in his hand, he took the yellow fever and soon died. Why did he take the fever and die so soon?

Recent discoveries have revealed the fact, that by holding a ready conductor in the hand while magnetizing, the chance to throw off diseased influences is, in a great measure, prevented; and disease is attracted directly into the system of the one that magnetizes with steel tractors. That is why Dr. Perkins took the fever and died so soon. If he had understood the laws of magnetism, he would not have used those tractors in cases of yellow fever.

In 1844, when magnetism was a wonder, in conversation with an aged doctor, he said to me, "Some twenty years ago, I was called to doctor a man who was suffering terribly with rheumatism. He had called upon all of the doctors in his vicinity, but none of them could help him, and he was in such extreme pain, that he had not slept any for four days and nights. It was in cold weather, and I had to ride some twenty miles to get to his place, and when I had got there, I was very much chilled, and not knowing what to do for him, I thought I might think of something while I was getting warm; and to pass away the time, I asked his wife to sit down by the bed and run her hand under the bed clothes, and rub downward on his hip where the pain was located. She did so, and before I had got comfortably warm, the man was sound asleep, and snoring. She had cured him, and I had nothing to do. She was a very delicate, rather feeble-looking woman, and he was a very strong, robust man."

A knowledge of the laws of magnetism explains that case. She was negative, and the suffering man was positive, and the negative force in him was not sufficient to balance the positive, at least not sufficient to force the blood to the extremities, and there was a want of free circulation where the pain was; and when a reinforcement of the negative principle was received, the circulation became free, the congested capillaries were relieved, and the pain ceased and sleep followed.

It is not in harmony with the laws of magnetism that any magnetizer can affect all diseases alike. The positive ones can affect the negative, and the negative affect the positive ones, as was the case with the young man that you raised in Cincinnati, when he was all but quite dead; he was nearly drained of the positive principle, and in you it predominated, and the moment your hand touched him, being in sympathy with him, (the mother's mind assisting,) the positive force or healing balm was imparted to him, as readily as heat passes from a hot iron to a cold one, and his form being impregnated with an additional force of a life-principle, began to

ally; his heart began to contract more and more, thus giving it a chance to expand and force the blood along through the arteries to the extremities, and back to itself through the veins. It was then that you noticed that the veins were filling up, and the nerves were awaking. The hand that you placed on his head, had the effect of conveying the positive principle through the ends of your thumb and fingers directly to his brain, and it shot like an arrow through the half-dead nervous system to the heart, giving it more action.

Had you been negative to him, you could not have helped him, unless he was too positive, and needed a reinforcement of the negative power. So it is in nearly all cases, the positive can affect the negative, and the negative the positive.

As mind affects mind, and mind affects the physical form, it is very plain that if one is susceptible to impressions or influences from others, and a number of minds either in or out of the form concentrate their mental powers upon that one, his power will be increased; therefore, a good healing Medium can, with the assistance of disembodied Spirits, do much more in the healing art than those that are not.

Jesus claimed to be the medium through whom the Father did His works, and it is said that angels ministered unto him, and if angels are ministering Spirits, it appears that Jesus had some assistance from them.

That his mind was affected by other minds, is evident from the fact, that, in a certain place, "He did not many mighty works because of their unbelief."

If a so-called revival preacher goes to a place and starts a religious excitement, and a few strong opposing minds attend his meetings, and keep quiet, but feel disgusted with him, he will soon feel their influence, and complain of death in the pot, and leave, consigning his hearers to go to perdition. But if he can by a magnetic influence get in sympathy with his hearers, he can lead them just as he chooses. Religious excitements are merely magnetic excitements, generally speaking, that die when the magnetic influence is gone. Honesty, virtue and kindness are *real* ornaments, not shadows.

JACOB A. SPEAR.

BRAINTREE, Vt., Dec. 12, 1877.

I PRONOUNCE that young man happy who is content with having acquired the skill which he aimed at, and waits willingly when the occasion of making it appreciated shall arrive, knowing well it will not loiter.

THE stoutest armor of defence is the brave spirit within the bosom.

PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

"WEST INGLE'S" DEPARTMENT.

TO D. W. HAMBLY, OF SNAKE VALLEY, PLUMAS CO., CAL.

FROM JOB TAYLOR IN SPIRIT-LIFE.

My ever dear and respected friend, D. W. Hambley, your dear wife, myself and a few other Spirit-friends, have been trying to communicate with you for a long time. Bill Young and Bob Smith have made several trials, and have not succeeded as yet. I have controlled "West Ingle" once, and now I have the chance to speak to you in the cause of our Spiritual Philosophy, and I will improve the time to let you know we are none of us unmindful of you and your present surroundings, and the eager desire you have to hear the truth from tried and trusted friends. There are some things I want to say, and yet hardly know how to put them in a suitable language, as it is almost impossible to do so understandingly, as we Spirits are not always master of the laws of revelations.

You remember I used to wonder why the Spirits could not speak comprehensively to their own friends—and why there were so many important things left unsaid, while the simple truths were so freely uttered. Well, my dear old friend, I do not wonder now. I find we must progress in matters of revelation, as we do in all matters appertaining to immortal life. I can tell you this. You are right, and I ask you as a friend, to give my own family the knowledge I am now imparting to you. I wish you had the Medium talk with you and our friends for a season. She would have power to convince you that Spiritualism is the true light and the anchor of the soul.

Tell our friends that I, Job Taylor, am neither dead nor asleep, and that I intend to give them a test of the truth, before I am done. The Medium has promised to give me a chance to speak, through the Voice and I will improve it, too.

The Spirit-World is no dream, no vision. It is a bright and glorious reality; and I have found my own friends all here—many of them acting as ministering Spirits to the earthly friends yet in the bondage of the flesh. They have been quickened into newness of life, and are made to manifest in powers of beautiful, harmonious action; and are doing all they can to aid the living to understand the truth as it is, by pouring out upon them the incense of pure thoughts and devout emotions; and to feel as far as is possible their deep yearnings for the higher phases of Spiritual knowledge; that they may all obtain light, sympathy and liberty.

My dear friend, you are faithful to your ideals of immortality. Do what good you can, and tell our friends that Job Taylor is now ready to give any of them a message who desire it. All your friends are ready to speak with you.

JOB TAYLOR.

JAMES ASH TO HIS DAUGHTER, MRS. ANNA WRIGHT.

My dear child Anna—for though your hair is growing white with care and time—you are still a child to me. You remember what I promised you, when last we spoke together in the flesh. I said, if Spiritualism was true, I would return and let you know. I have waited years, my dear daughter, (counting time by earthly record,) for this avenue to open, that I might reach you through an earthly Medium. Now I am here, I will try to tell you what I think your soul craves to know.

Your dear mother, who died in New York, on the twenty-first of December, 1869, is here. Your dear husband, William Wright, and baby Frank, are with me now. Frank's hands are laid upon yours many times when you are alone; and we have all tried to make you understand we were near you. Oh, my dear child, put off the garments of unbelief and accept the New Revelation we give you through this message. You are not called upon to leave your church, my daughter. All places are God's, and all ways are good, if they lead to peace of mind and harmonious conditions within.

The consciousness of right gives the soul firmness to carry out God's law of progress. You understand what I mean. And here let me say, you did well when you answered your pastor the question, "Do you believe in the immortal progression of the Soul after death?" You replied, "I believe in the immortality of the Soul, and also in the progression of the disembodied Spirit; I also believe that the ministering Spirits of Heaven are our nearest and dearest who have gone to the Home of the Immortal." You did not know I was near, listening to all you said. How your answer rejoiced my heart, Anna!

Mary, Charlotta, and John are wishing to communicate with you. My time is exceedingly short, but I will come to you again.

My child, William, your husband, and your long lost brother, Edgar, will send you a message very soon.

Heaven bless you, my daughter, and keep you from all the temptations of life. Do not make the change proposed. Do

not mate with one who will make you a cross-bearer among women.

I am now and evermore your father and guide,

JAMES ASH.

THROUGH C. E. WINANS.

Good morning, sir. Will you let me talk a little? My uncle John brought me here, so I am going to send a long letter to my pa and ma. When I left my ma I had no name, so aunt Merca gave me the name of Harry M. Marsh. Uncle John says I have been in Spirit-life twenty-seven years. It may be longer; I can't tell. I know I am a big man, now; and it's so nice to come here where we can tell the folks that we live; and it's nicer in our home, because we can understand things better than you can here.

Pa, cousin George sends love to you. He says he is often with you. Grandpa Kinney sends his love to ma. Grandpa and I are often together. He is going to send a longer letter to you and ma than I have, some time, soon. I would like to write more, but I forget all I want to say. I will come again. Good-bye, all.

HARRY M. MARSH.

To Jonathan Marsh.

ALBY STANTON, TO HIS MA IN EARTH-LIFE.

MA, why do you fret, why let those dark clouds hover around you? Don't you know that pa and your children are hovering near you? Oh, ma, you are not forsaken. No, not by your Spirit-friends; because we are trying to cheer you, trying to enlighten you of a future life beyond, where hope never droops and where flowers never die, but where life everlasting is that life in this beautiful Summerland. So, ma, wipe away those tears of sorrow, and let a ray of light come to your stricken heart. You are not out of a circle, but in one that we, your children, have formed around you. Pa is often with you. We are on the watch, so when that Spirit of yours leaves the body, we will care for you then.

Ma, Lafe sends love to you. I showed my light to you the evening before the Medium left for home. Oh, wasn't it nice! You seemed well pleased. Well, I must go, now. Pa will send word to you, soon. I am your child, Alby.

Send to Eliza Stanton, Columbus, Ind.

HANNAH MONTGOMERY, POSEYVILLE, POSEY CO., IND.

Good evening, friends. I want to send another message to my dear parents at home. My name is Hannah Montgomery.

Oh, you dear, sweet ma, how I love to converse with you! I am so glad that

you recognized your little girl, although you never recognized it through our blessed little paper, the Voice. Oh, ma, how you do cherish those few lines I sent you before. You often go to your drawer and look over the few lines of love and cheer I sent you, and here, ma, I try in my feeble way to send you another message, and may you open wide the door and let me come in. Don't be afraid, ma, of public opinion, because truth will prevail in the end. Ma, all the knowledge and light that you can gather from your loved ones in Spirit-life will enable you to understand your Spiritual-surroundings, when you come here. I am so happy here with my little girl companions. Love to pa, and then you, ma, and all the rest. Kind regards to aunt Mary and Uncle John. Good-bye, all.

Send message to Mrs. Lill Montgomery, Morgantown, Ind.

"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:

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