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LITERARY.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE SUGAR SNOW.

THROUGH TRYPHENA O. PARDEE.

The gleaming snow reluctant yields
To the mellow voice of Spring—
Again descending folds the fields,
As returning robins sing.

The white, clean clouds are scudding by
On the face of new-born blue,
Pronouncing plainly o'er the sky,
"Rolling time proves God's words true."

"Seed-time and harvest never fail"—
This the children early learn;
And wonder why the sugar-pail,
With its luscious sweets in turn,

Was mentioned not among the rest:
For as sure as winters go,
There comes a sugar-sign most blest,
And they dance the light, dumpy snow.

They know the snow-birds now will leave,
And their pleasant chirp, so gay,
Give place to phuebes on the eave,
And the swallow's twittering lay.

Oh, sugar-harvest, early sent,
With the first fond flush of flowers,
We hail the snow-procurer lent
To reveal thy nearing hours.

Anticipation's onger play
Paints the gliding moment—bold—
The pearly sap, on tupples day,
With richer tint than gold.

We almost taste the coffee made
From the first day's gathered store,
And see the round cakes neatly laid,
And the counting by the score.

Stern Winter's harsh and blustering gales,
Darkened days of blinding storm,
And searching winds, and pelting hails,
Leave us now with prospects warm.

The feathery flakes that softly fall,
Tender as a parting kiss—

Unbind the sweetest fount of all—
Sugar-making—Spring's first bliss.

And when 'tis molting on our tongues,
Thoughtless of the changes wrought
By Nature's subtle frost-screws wrung,
And in season to us brought—

Oh, may Life's mission be as pure,
Swelling joys within our souls,
As does this snow, with pleasures sure,
That the Spring's first break unfolds.

For we shall pass like thee, bright snow,
Mist-like, when our tasks are done,
Unseen to all the earth below,
Into mystery's regions flown.

The mysteries of godliness
Send us signs of Spirit-life,
Bespeaking climes of happiness,
And man's immortal paradise.

We greet them all—these signs of grace—
Foretastes given for earth and heaven;
A breath, a vapor changes place—
Angels rive, whom the mortal's riven.

ELLINGTON, N. Y., March 24, 1879.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

GLENDOWER;

A LEGEND OF THE OLD AND NEW.

BY ALICE CARY.

THROUGH MRS. SUSAN GOODHUE WAGNER.

[CONTINUED.]

On a hillside high and steep,
O'ergrown with weeds and flowers,
Where the wild grapes cluster sweet,
Trellised into shady bowers—
Where the fragrant jasmine twines,
And the columbine combines
All its sweetness and its grace
With the poppies gold and red,
Growing in the garden bed—
Clustering with pretty spots
Of daisies and forget-me-nots!—
Oh, the home I loved so well!
Oh, its treasures who can tell!
Ere the life-time shadows fell
On my heart, so bruised and sore.
Chilling for the going o'er,
And forbearing I forebore;
Trespassing so many times,
Weaving all life's prose in rhymes.
Was or was I not to blame?
Was I, true or false, the same—
That I aspired for a name
That, recorded on life's page,
Is my divinest heritage?

Canst thou blame me, earth once dear,
That I love to linger here?
If my heart were cold as stone,
I might grope my way alone—
Shutting out the clearer light
In the darkness of the night.
Dear ones, dear ones, let me stay
In the broader light of day!

When I look beyond the clouds,
In the bright and starry spaces,
There are no cold forms or shrouds,
Only dear familiar faces,
Loved ones filling vacant places,
Homes of light that doth abound
On the green immortal ground.

What shall I gather, roses or thorns? Oh, my spirit! Oh, my soul! Life is full of sorrow and joy. Though the water may be turbid, the river dark and deep, and slippery paths and rough ascents and rugged hills to climb; the reflection is sweet, after the toils, after the struggles, that we may reap the reward; though as the broken reed, with broken and contrite hearts, but with faith renewed, and love intensified and strengthened unto devotion, and fervent aspiration, and inspiration to all harmonious life. The echoes of time as it glides along; the echoes of thought caught up as sweet refrains, whose plaintive melody thrills all nature, fills all infinity with tenderest cadences floating out in songs of ceaseless praise. Where does life belong but to the natural conditions of life, ever present, everlasting, the redemption from death and the grave? Is it the philosophy, or phenomena, or both, that now absorbs me, and brings my untrammelled Spirit back to earth again? or rather gives me positive possession of sense and perception, to the developement of all spiritual and material consciousness; the same paths to tread; the same scenes to behold; the same affinities, aye, even desires after the body corruptible, the incorruptible to love, and life forever. Paths all through life's marshy ways of mire and quicksand lead on to firmer ground, to broader light. How naturally we retrace the steps that we have taken! How delightfully pleasant to revisit the dear and sacred places, the bright nooks, and familiarize or identify ourselves with all the belongings—bright days, dark days, days without shadow, when we gathered all the bloom; when birds swung on blossoming branches, and trilled all their sweetness into our souls! The pastorals of love; an Easter morning, when the first bulbs, as if in response to the first warmth of the Spring sunshine, look up and live, as if to say, Oh, earth, ye may cover but cannot hold me; behold, I burst my bonds and am free! And then, oh, then, we paint such pretty pic-

tures, flowers of all kinds and coloring; only the imitation; we have the real hearts-ease and palm, cedar and myrtle, olive or rue, it may be, as mottoes or peace-offerings unto the Easter day. Oh, saints and sinners, are they garnered in, treasured up, or are ye weary of the reaping? All love is born to sacrifice, thorn-pierced, foot-sore and heavy laden. Such are life's burdens; but hope giveth courage and denies despair. Each moment blends in one the same domain, and not the same. I change my location, but not condition; if condition means the propagation of ideas; as offshoots of thrifty plants, each twig one of itself, but cleaving to the parent stem; firm in its stature, infusing all life and vigor to its numerous offspring; but limits not the fullness of the one, nor measures the barrenness of the other.

I am asking where does life belong; and a figure, robed as a priest, gives his own version, gives me a book. I read; how curious the pages, in scrolls, and not in letters, in ciphers, and not in words. He taunts me, and the warm blood courses through my veins, my cheeks glow, my temples throb, and all my pulses beat in accord to my feeling. He carries a sword, a sceptre and a crucifix; and the figure, all in gloom with heavy mantling, stood as on a pyramid. "There was a time," he said, "when man was the revelation; now the revelator. Bastards do spring up, and unto Scribes and Pharisees the glory hath been given. Few are the souls who dare to compromise even unto God the Father, the Son and Holy Ghost. So say the priests; and yet their whole system is a compromise, neither the one nor the other having the better of it: for whether ye do or do not, the same is still the same; and though in material substance there may be fluctuations, and divers kinds of forms and credentials given, and huckstering on byways, and even souls do not escape the barter, pawned with as much precision and deliberation as merchandize; as though for the absolving it was foreordained a special order or charter be given unto the favored few of God's own choosing, of priests or charlatans, and unto them is given the holy unction—ambassadors, forsooth, to teach the unlearned what even the learned might not aspire to know!—as genius never prates of what it knows; for knowing thinketh it knoweth not. The cobbler is always certain that he makes; but he who hath the innate principle fashions and primes; wonders at the wisdom of the half-in-half.

Thus man's capacities have underlain, or wrought not in truths, but miracles; given to forms what should have been given to facts; and thus the illegitimate offspring, heresy, becomes the legitimate or assumed authority to the illiterate, untutored, unenlightened; not asking whence comest or wherefore goest thou, until all idols seemed replete with divine attributes; shrine-worship, where masks were presented to the occult vision, nor tampered with the soul; as that were obsolete to the formula, or ostracism, or pretensions and exact mannerism, apportioned unto saints; and with threats, and menaces, held in bondage by the sword, aye, the sword, the inquisition, the dungeon,

the sacristy; where, under the guise of all things true, were given all things false, marbleized, fossilized, until petrification dried up the very marrow of existence, as dry dust; and loyal to their masters, look through their eyes, narrowing their own conceptions to their sordid ideas, alms-giving for penance, contrition for punishment, submission for torture.

Greece calls. The Spartan mother shirks not in danger; her courage was born of a heroism that defied cowardice and overawed bigotry, of which even tyrants might be proud; of gall and wormwood mixed; for hostile unto sublimest piety smite for the courage it evinced, even unto blood.

Oh, Rome, Rome, thy citadel hath been shaken, but the thunder of thy voice re-echoes from the bygone ages, conquered, but not subdued; pillaged, but not destroyed; dismantled, but resurrected. Thy monuments are trophies of thy victories, thy bastiles mementoes to eternal fame, that treachery may no longer desecrate! Appalled, the usurpers at their own infamy, flee from the wrath to come, of outraged innocence once by the sword, fire and flame; when despots held virtue at the point of the lance, and genius 'neath the edge of the sword; now pregnant with new life, whether of victory or defeat; unshriven as yet, holding to thy coffers, thy tinsel, thy brazen images and idols; that thy people may fall down and worship thee; but thou art crumbling to thy fall, before the host of the mighty of enlightened reason, trampling not thy birthright, but restoring thy inheritance—the imperishable glory, where liberty may perch upon thy standard, and redeem thee from iniquity, to the honor of thy victims. He ceased—

And clasping his hands to his breast,
He stood for a moment in deep meditation;
And words of wisdom fell from his lips,
As if he were given a new inspiration:
So absorbed he was in profound contemplation.
And he measured his words distinct and slow,
But smooth and fluent they seemed to flow.
"Sleep, dove," he said, "sleep sweetly now;
Who careth for me, who careth for thee;—
The clock on the belfry points to four,
And measures our years by the score—the score.
Are ye weary, or me, for the gliding o'er?—
Whatever of hope we might resign,
To weigh in the balance against old time—
The choice of youth in its fresh young prime.
Oh, fate, thou dost hold me fast with thy scroll;
As age upon age doth pass me by,
No visible marks I can descry,
And leaves me the same while they onward fly,
Regardless of time on thy faster wing,
Merging thy winters into spring.
The heirloom of knowledge, thy fruitage bring,
And careth not if I am peasant or king.

"And I saw an angel in form and face,
With all its sweetness of love and grace,
And gathered one by one to the fold;
Another form I now behold,
With flowing hair and lustrous eyes,
As if all souls he would analyze;
And he turned in a glass some golden seal,
And in earnest tones I heard him read:

"Man is the factor; God the maker, the urbane progenitor of undisguised erudition. The foliage of nature, the basic structure, covers the crudities of the gross embryo, pulses the fetal life, gives tone, vibration, occupation, inspiration, gives vital force, with all other forces; bounding the orifice of life, not separate; for the first thrill of life duplicates the whole; blends all the parts and particles, absorbs all

there is of life, human or divine; for who doth part? Not God or Nature; only reverses, only divests, nor reconstructs; for all his plans are ultimate and final; nor of primitive principle, save in himself. The force, the verification and the word was God, and the word is God. Ye watch the stars in their fullness of light, in the expanse of space. The thought occurs, if light be life, must not the luminaries of the soul ever attract, and be the pungent principle? We know not whence comes the thought; but it is there; not seen, but felt, responsive to the intuition. Thus part to part is joined, as well as defined, as though we saw. Who cares to see, when he may feel?—one happening with the other. Whittle ye may your own designs, not God's. What, would ye whittle the wind, or the rose give it the aroma?—whittle the sun, the earth, the moon, the stars, the ceaseless motion of life, of sound? Weave all your fancies into phantasies; make the tangible the intangible by your own supreme efforts; the intangible the tangible; to carve out statues, chiselled as dead images, repellant to nature, repugnant to reason, contrary to divine or natural law; suppressing the beautiful, destroying the natural, ignoring the eternal, and living the grosser conception, the organic, the fetal, the conditional, and the perishable! Nay, limitless are the soul's conditions; every comprehensive thought doth but unfold another, quickens another perception, opens another avenue; as the leaf expands in the sunshine, and the bud unfolds to the dew.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

HOW TO CURE A COLD.

WHEN the first symptoms of a cold is a feeling of chilliness, it is evident that the circulation of the blood is not free; and the quickest and best remedy in that case is a cold, or tepid bath, followed by brisk rubbing in a warm room, which should be continued till the skin becomes perfectly dry and warm. An assistant is necessary to rub the back, and especially between the shoulders, which should be rubbed downward, each side of the spine, till redness is produced.

A severe cold, when this remedy is resorted to in season, may, generally, be broken up in fifteen minutes. It causes the blood to circulate freely to all parts of the system. The nerves proceeding from the brain are all affected by rubbing between the shoulders more readily than by rubbing any other part of the system; and a chill there is more likely to produce a cold, than in having every other part of the system get chilly, when it is warm between the shoulders; therefore, instead of putting irritants, such as mustard plaster, onions, poultices, etc., on the stomach, to relieve the lungs, put an irritating plaster between the shoulders; taking it off as often as once every twelve hours, and rubbing with a cloth dipped in cold water, and wrung so as to prevent its dripping; and then, when it is rubbed sufficiently, apply the plaster again, and

continue to do so till itching, and some soreness is produced; and when that is effected, the lungs will be relieved.

If the cough is tight, and what is raised is frothy and stringy, it is evident that there is a humor on the lungs; and in that case take a half tea-spoon full of sulphur and molasses once a day, and drink a good portion of hop-tea every night, just before retiring. The hop-tea will cure the torpid liver, and produce quiet sleep.

We have not been able to learn yet, that a case has ever been known, that an excessive lager beer-drinker has ever died with consumption. Consumptions are from one or both of two causes generally, namely, a scrofulous humor and a torpid liver. The hop-tea is just the food that the torpid liver needs, and the sulphur drives the humor from the stomach and lungs, and the plaster between the shoulders draws it there, and it escapes, in part, through the eruption caused by the plaster.

Sweating cools down feverishness, eradicates morbid or worn-out matter, and equalizes the circulation of the blood. But to avoid taking another cold after sweating, the skin should be rubbed with the hand. A cold sponge-bath before rubbing, is the most sure to prevent taking cold.

If there is pain in the head, as is often the case when a cold has been taken, use the warm head-bath, as described for softening of the brain, in my next.

JACOB A. SPEAR,
Experienced Hydropathist.

A REMEDY FOR SLEEPLESSNESS.—When ready for bed, sit down in an easy position, relaxing all the muscles of the body, and let the head drop forward on the breast, as low as it will fall without forcing it. Sit quietly in this way for a few minutes, letting all the will power off the body, and a restful, drowsy feeling will ensue, which will, if not disturbed, lead to refreshing sleep. If the sleepless fit comes on in the night, one can simply sit up in the position described. Stiffness of any part of the body must be avoided, and it is well to bend the body after lying down rather than keep it straight or thrown back upon the pillow.

The writer suffered several years from sleeplessness, caused by severe pain and nervousness, and was taught the above by a physician of great experience and ability, and found through it complete relief. Many persons similarly afflicted, within the writer's knowledge, have tried it, and always with good results.---*Watch Tower.*

A CURE FOR WARTS.---G. W. Hoof, of Chicago, writes to the *Inter-Ocean*: Some two months since I noticed in a country paper a simple remedy to remove warts. As I had no less than twenty large seed warts on my hands, and several smaller ones, I applied this remedy as published, taking a common Irish potato, cutting it in two, and applying the juice over each wart two or three times a day. Mine have all disappeared, and as this remedy is handy for all I thought it worthy of republishing.

A SIMPLE DISINFECTANT.—One pound of green copperas, costing about ten cents, dissolved in one quart of water and poured down a water-closet, will effectually destroy the foulest smells. On board of ships and steamboats, about hotels and other public places, there is nothing so nice to purify the air. Simple green copperas dissolved in anything will render a hospital or other places for the sick free from unpleasant smells. In fish-markets, slaughter-houses, sinks, and wherever there are offensive gases, dissolve copperas and sprinkle it about, and in a few days the smell will all pass away. If a cat, rat, or mouse dies about the house, and sends forth offensive gas, place some dissolved copperas in a vessel near the place where the nuisance is, and it will purify the atmosphere.---*Boise City Republican, Idaho.*

SURE CURE FOR EAR-ACHE.—The *Journal of Health* says: There is scarcely any ache to which children are subject, so hard to bear and difficult to cure, as the ear-ache. But there is a remedy never known to fail. Take a bit of cotton-batting, put upon it a pinch of black pepper, gather it up and tie it, dip it in sweet-oil, and insert it in the ear. Put a flannel bandage over the head, and keep it warm. It will give immediate relief.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

COOSA.

EVERGREEN HOME, Waterford, Vt., Feb. 17, 1879.

D. C. DENSMORE:—Dear Sir,—“Coosa,” a Spirit who controls me, was a favorite with your Spiritual Editor, L. Judd Pardee, and his name will be familiar to some of your readers. I think the following test will be appropriate for your paper. One day, “Coosa” being with me, I said to him, “I am going to send a letter containing money to D. C. Densmore, Weymouth, Mass. I shall not register this letter. I desire you to give it your Spiritual attendance. If you see that he receives it, please inform me.” He said, “I will try.” A few days after, I was standing near a favorite arm-chair, and “Coosa” came to me, saying,

“I find you standing by yon chair;
I’ve come from the angels, bright and fair,
For the VOICE OF ANGELS your mind to prepare,
Receiving immortal jewels from mansions rich and rare.”

I received his message as a Spiritual telegram, for which I thanked him, and he retired. Two hours afterward, a gentleman entered my sitting-room and placed my paper in my hand.

I hope you and yours will continue to hear Angel-voices during the din and strife of your earthly life,

Fraternally,

BARBARA ALLEN.

The following verso was given the Circle through Mrs. M. Y. Bridge, Jan. 21, 1879:

Why do we linger in the shadows,
When the mountain-top is glowing?
Why do we drink of stagnant waters,
When the fount of life is flowing?

Let every minister while he is preaching remember that God makes one of his hearers.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE NEW DISPENSATION.

NUMBER TWO.

We here affirm that as yet we are in the field of Spiritualistic exploration and discovery only; that all the machinery and appliances yet invented, or that will be, are a necessity to complete that exploration and discovery, because the mass of minds can be reached only in that way.

While, on the other hand, many have gathered up sufficient to make them feel that they have learned enough of the rudiments of Spiritualistic music to commence at the work of constructing a machine, from which all the octaves and chords of the bass, or man notes, and the soprano, or female notes, may be so arranged, that social harmony, with happiness and heaven as a result, may take the place of the social discord and the misery and hells we now have.

Then, again, it must be expected that from these new discoveries there must arise the necessity of as great, if not greater work of reconstruction, in all that pertains to religious beliefs and moral ethics, as there was in the discoveries brought about in astronomical, geological and chemical sciences that now exist—all of which have overturned all old theories and philosophies in these matters.

It must be remembered that that power of mind to measure and place things, made and placed most ancient philosophy, all of which, except our religious philosophy, has been reconstructed.

Spiritualism brings us to the last and most important of modern reconstruction; and while it must be remembered that all we have now as a social structure is built, governed and controlled by ancient religious philosophy, religious reconstruction must mean social reconstruction; and because it does raise questions, that now begin to agitate the advance-guard in Spiritualistic research, leading directly to this field of inquiry, is why we stated in the beginning that the year 1879 opens with the most important phase Spiritualism has yet presented.

Looking all this square in the face, it is no wonder that those who learned the A B C, and have got so far along as to see the next step, for lack of moral force, or some other cause, step into the Church, or perchance cry, “Hold! hold! All there is or ever will be is simply phenomenal Spiritualism. It is not a religion, and never can be.” We affirm it can and will be; not in the broad sense the term Spiritualism implies, for that covers the field of all human progress, and all the changes

made thereon, with all the religious beliefs, political formulas and social customs that have appeared in the past or will in the future. But to suppose that nothing of change will occur—no religious reconstruction to come as a result—is to suppose that God, in the law of human progress, will not, as he has in the past, move humanity forward, step by step, and each step under a governing principle suited to the needs of that step. Religious belief in some form has been this governing principle of the past, and we infer it will be in the future.

NEW DISPENSATION.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

A VISIT TO ROBERT BURNS.

BY SPIRIT JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE, THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELHAMER.

[CONTINUED.]

AGAIN we paused, this time by the side of a parterre of the most beautiful garden lilies that I ever beheld; the creamy, cup-shaped blossoms, which crowned the slender stems supporting them, rose tall and straight from a low mass of deep, dark and glossy leafage, while the regal flowers, with their tints of snowy richness, flecked with tiny bars of golden hue, emitted a fragrance of the most exquisite yet subtle of delicate odors. There were dozens upon dozens of these royal blossoms, filling the air with their rich perfume, and inviting the honey-bee to visit them in his search for sweets.

As I paused to admire this magnificent group of beauties—mentally likening them to a bevy of pure-souled, white-robed angels—and to drink in the full richness and glory of the scene spread out before me, there came, wafted upon the scent-laden air, a strain of sweetest music—such as I have often heard in Spirit, but which is never produced by any but highly cultivated or advanced souls—accompanied in this instance by a female voice in singing; and such singing—so full of melody, of expressed tenderness, with its rich undercurrent of harmony—mortal tongue or pen is inadequate to describe. I looked at my companion inquiringly. Said he, "It is my Highland Mary, the sainted soul who passed on before me, and who has made me what I am. This patch of lilies is her especial pride. I have named them for her, and call them 'Thee snaw Mary.' We shall soon be with her, and you will see for yourself."

[Let me here remark, that our conversation was by no means carried on after the manner of earth, but as soul speaking to soul, through the medium of thought, and without the aid of language. Yet oc-

asionally I could perceive a word, corresponding to that used in his dear old language of earth, color, like a ray of light, the pure, reflecting flow of thought in the mind of my friend; and I noticed that it seemed to give him joy to now and then break out in the never-to-be-forgotten "mither tongue."]

I was delighted at the prospect of meeting "Highland Mary," which delight of course was perceived. We moved on, past those beds of beautiful verdure and bloom of every hue, and arrived at the pond, or rather, lake, it should be called; for it was a superb sheet of water, clear as crystal, and extending over a vast area; its margin was laid with tiny, white cobble-stones, presenting a neat, pretty appearance. A fairy-like boat was moored to a landing-place, upon the side of which I observed painted a large, thrifty-looking thistle.

A rustic bridge extended across the lake, over which we passed; at the farther side were a number of tiny arbors, around and above which twined and clung flowering vines, some of which were very familiar to me. Towards the nearest of these honey-wreathed pavilions my companion turned. The sound of singing had ceased, but through the swinging leaflets of the vines I could perceive the white drapery of female garments.

In a moment more we were in the presence of that sweet, long-loved, immortalized "Highland Mary"; and well might Robert Burns have mourned her loss, and well might the poet soul have sung his sweetest song to "Mary in Heaven." The features of this sainted maiden were indeed almost transparent; a halo of celestial beauty shone about her form as she moved; her beautiful eyes emitted a radiance that must have been dazzling to those not fitted to enter her sphere of purity; her bonny hair, confined from her face by a silken snood, rippled down her back in waves of golden light. The beauty of mind, the purity of an innocent heart, the tenderness of soul, expressing itself in sympathy towards the weak and erring, combined with the certain traces of experience in human suffering, all manifested themselves in the chastened refinement of that lovely countenance, and the sphere of purity surrounding that angelic being.

I stood before her abashed and humbled; but a moment more, the sweet voice of Burns' Mary bade me welcome, and I was made to feel at home.

Years of experience in the Higher Life had been of inestimable value to that maiden; she had had the teaching of highly-developed Spirits, and the beauty, bril-

liancy and grace of a cultured mind, that was accustomed to deep-thinking, were plainly discernible through the web of her remarks. I was content to be a listener, and to drink deeply in the scintillations flashing from the gifted mind of my host, and from the tender, loving soul of his companion.

But our stay in the pavilion was short; I would fain have lingered far longer, but the lady, "on hospitable thoughts intent," after the fashion of woman everywhere, seemed anxious that I should be conducted to the house, and have refreshments. My protestations were overruled, and we accordingly started for the abode—not by the way my host and I had come, but around the outer side of the garden. On our journey, I made a new discovery: Mary had turned to me previously, and said, "I would like you to see my aviary, the place where I keep my pets; in fact, their shelter-house." And soon I understood to what she referred. We were approaching a thicket of bushes; I recognized furze, gorse and hawthorn among them. Passing through this thicket, we entered an extension of the garden, still laid out in beds of beautiful flowers. A grove of trees, in the centre of which a pretty fountain sent up its jets of crystal water, arrested my attention; and beyond that, the sparkling roof of a large glass building. The bushes and trees resounded with the melody issuing from the gaily-feathered throats of numerous songsters, of every size and variety. It was a bird kingdom upon a small scale. As we entered, the birds surrounded us, lighting upon the heads and shoulders of my companions; but while they flew pretty close to and around me, only one, a tiny white warbler, would alight upon my person. This perched upon my shoulder, and chirped and nodded as pert as possible.

We entered the glass building. Within were planted shrubs and trees, some of them bearing fruit, others seed. There were no cages, but I observed numerous nests attached to the bushes and trees. There was no floor only the natural earth; the sun shone warmly, and all was beautiful. There were also no doors, but here and there entrance-ways, which were always open for the convenience of the feathered denizens of the place. A stream of water gushed from a rock, and gurgled and plashed over a heap of stones. This was the bird-house belonging to the estate, and the especial pride of "Highland Mary."

We tarried a few moments, and then continued our way to the house, which we soon reached. How different the scene. A plain, unpretentious, white dwelling,

with no attempt at ornamentation; the sun shining down upon it, bringing out all its simplicity. Within was the same; neat and cheerful, suggestive of comfort and repose; but nothing finical, nothing tawdry; no glitter, no display. There was no covering to the cool white floors, excepting here and there, a rug or mat of green rushes. The walls of the apartment into which I was ushered were draped in snowy gossamer-like fabric; the chairs round, wide and comfortable, the tables oval but plain. Here we were served with refreshments—fruit of various kinds, a kind of sweet cake formed of honey and the meat of nuts, and sparkling water.

Afterwards I entered the sitting-room of Spirit Mary. Here the walls were draped with blue silken stuffs; the furnishings were more elaborate and elegant than the other parts of the house, and all arranged in exquisite taste. My hostess entertained us with her tender, soulful singing, striking a harp-shaped instrument, which sent forth a delicious accompaniment to the song.

In Mary's apartment, or boudoir, I observed a pot of primroses in full bloom, the yellow petals of the flowers recalling old familiar scenes of earth; and the sight of these flowers recalled to me also that they were the only ones I had noticed within the dwelling. This seemed singular to me; with all that wealth of bloom and fragrance without, it would only be natural to find every room adorned with slips and cuttings. Of course the drift of my thought was perceived. Burns smiled, but Mary enlightened me. "Robbie will never pluck a flower," said she, "for his own use; he does not think it right to bring them in out of their native elements, and deprive them of life on the stalk. He thinks they are hurt when they are culled; he also leaves them all out to be enjoyed by any one who comes along; but I have seen him often break the flowers for some sick lassie, or poor laddie, who lugs at them wistfully. He knows by that, they had none too many flowers and pleasures on earth." I looked at Burns; his kindly face lighted up with intelligence and Spirit-beauty; every feature aglow with goodness, and every member of his body filled with energy, with suppressed power, with concentrated activity, now in abeyance, but ready to spring forth for the well-being of another—he who had risen above all earthly passions through his great love for and faith in humanity; and I thought how characteristic of the man is this abode of peace and rest—the home, the shrine of his faith and love—plain, simple, yet full of cheer and interest—no glitter nor show;—

like his own kindly heart, unpretentious, full of kindness, overflowing with interest in God, Nature and man! Without, all is beauty and fragrance; yet the natural productions of life, refined by care and cultivation, typical of the rich, the beautiful expressions of his poet-soul—refined through love, cultured through sympathy, manifested in sweetest heart-songs, exemplified in those peaceful homes I had seen, whose inmates rise up and call him blessed! Characteristic of the soul is this, who would cull a flower to give a poor heart cheer, yet who will pluck none for his own use, to deprive them of natural life—who, when he had inadvertently uprooted the tiny, way side-flower with his share, immortalized the humble daisy with—

"Thou bonny crimson-tipped flower,
Thou'st met me in an evil hour,
For I must crush among the stower
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now 'twere past my power,
Thou bonny gem."

Still the same good man, gentle alike to "mon and beastie"—tender to wayside flower and weed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

NOW, AND THEN.

BY J. H. HODGKINS.

PURITANS say there is evil in an abstract sense;
It is a law by which we judge all that's good;
If we put it in the indicative mood, present tense,
We will discover the kindness and the fatherhood

Of God, who made this law to teach us right—
The lesson to forsake, and to pursue the good;
Revealing this law to us, both day and night—
A law in force long before the flood.

Now, theologians say we can break God's law:
Which is void of sense in a superlative degree;
The most our will and feeble might can draw
Is the infringement, affecting you and me.

And this is the law of compensation he ordains,
To hold all living entities within his power;
Sending on the evil and the good his plentiful rain
His sunshine, his harvest, and his showers.

That man, in gratitude, might raise his eyes above,
Viewing things above earth's transitory joy,
To God, our father, the fountain of all love,
Where our Spirit-friend to learn wisdom without alloy

But death hath caused us many bitter tears
For dear ones that priests in ignorance say are lost;
They through interest have tampered with our fears,
Making desolate many hearth-stones at fearful cost.

But the day is past when in error they shall eat their bread,
For they will have to meet our facts face to face;
Today we hold sweet communion with the dead,
And find by their return they have just begun the race

Of life, of light and knowledge, in the eternal state,
Where all will find, by the eternal law of being,
Must work out their salvation, without fear or hate,
And where all our thoughts will not depend on seeing.

Oh, this mighty, potent life-force, called God,
Least understood by those the world calls learned,
If turned aside becomes a chastening rod,
But by the simple child is readily discerned.

Now one hath said, these light afflictions are but dross
Compared to joys upon the thither shore;
Counting all things here but vanity and loss—
Where our soul will see its travail and want no more.

I know theologians say this is a world of woe,
Dead in sin, and steeped in all evil;
But I know God rules here below,
And has not turned us over to the devil.

That evil men do, and think the penalty not sure,
Is where the difficulties of theologians begin;
They steal the horse, and think that prayer will cure,
And wipe out the law of compensation for their sin.

The law of compensation is the law of God,
And to the results of which all men must yield;
Grievous, not joyous, will fall the rod,
And from its righteous penalty there is no appeal.
DOVER PLAINS, New York.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

WISDOM'S WAYS.

BY WILLIAM BAKER FAIRBANKS, M. D.

CLIPPING is catching;—so are all the ills
Mankind is subject to; and well it were
If editors of papers—of journals,
Periodicals, and all other means
That news convey—would stay the printing of
All murders, riots, suicides and strife,
As well as all gallows scenes, robberies,
And minor ills, that degenerate man
Is guilty of. If this were always done—
Red of example, man would better prove;
As these dread pictures were from him withheld,
And as more pleasing scenes were held to view,
More kindly feelings, motives and resolves
Would stimulate his soul, and make him strive
To imitate and act the better part.
If from the Bar, the Pulpit and the Stage,
This hint were promulgated far and wide,
The world, that now is sinking deeper down
In infamy, would soon regenerate,
And disenthralled, rise in its might once more
Above degeneration, and again
Be what it should be—a paradise to man.
Some, wrongly impressed, may think and argue
That such defects in man should be upheld
To terrify, and thus prevent such deeds.
A false conclusion;—as the growing scenes
Of destitution, villainy and sin
Fully demonstrate, and loudly appeal
To those who thus—whether from love of gold,
Or mistaken views—still make these evils
Public, and thereby cause repetition
Of the ills that better were not so.
We, therefore, in the name of mankind, plead
That their mistaken notions be reversed—
And that, instead of magnifying ills,
Hereafter they will publish them no more.

LANCASTER, Penn.

A FRAGMENT.

Do not strive for earthly treasures,
Be content with humble fare;
'Tis not long ere you will meet us
In a world that's free from care.

[The above was said to a member of the Circle, through the Medium, Mrs. Bridge, Denver, Colorado.]

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

THROUGH WEST INGLE.

RIVER STYX, Medina Co., Ohio, March 18, 1879.

BRO. DENSMORE.—*Dear Friend*,—I see in your issue of Feb 1st a communication from my son Fremont, through "West Ingle," in which she gives many truthful tests; and I *know* the message is from my boy. May she be blest in her noble mission in connecting the visible and invisible worlds; for I know she is a remarkable Test Medium!

Please send me six papers of that number, and credit the balance of the dollar I herein inclose to my account with the VOICE OF ANGELS. I like the paper better and better, and I wish it could be made larger; and I hope, Bro. Densmore, you may long live and enjoy good health to continue the noble work you are engaged in; for you are doing great good. I remain, yours truly, JACOB N. REESE.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

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NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS., APRIL 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.

CONNERSVILLE, Wisconsin, Feb. 14, 1879:

BROTHER DENSMORE,—I wish to ask a question, and have it answered through your valuable and instructive paper. It is this: If it is not Spirits that control Mediums—us almost everybody outside of our ranks assert—what does control them? I know they do; but I don't know enough about the subject to give an intelligent answer when confronted with such questions: and I thought that a few words through your paper, upon the subject, might benefit many who are anxious to know more about it. . . . May God, through his ministering angels, strengthen and assist you in your noble work, is the prayer of

MRS. E. A. VARBLE.

REMARKS.

A few days since, we received the above letter and question therein, which letter we will answer to the best of our ability. Although we have responded to the same and cognate questions scores of times before in these columns, yet it is thought it may not be amiss to go over the ground again, for the benefit of those just commencing to look into the merits or demerits of the claims of Modern Spiritualism.

If our claims cannot be logically sustained—that is to say, if it cannot be proved beyond a peradventure that Spirits from the unseen world can and do influence and control people on the mundane plane—then there is positively nothing for our much-vaunted Spiritual edifice to stand upon. Hence, what is now considered by millions of the best minds and deepest thinkers in this age and generation, in all parts of the inhabitable globe, as the best, most reasonable and practical system of ethics, ever inaugurated on this planet, for the benefit of the human race, in its efforts to reach higher conditions, becomes at once the grandest humbug and wickedest fraud that ever imposed itself upon the credulity of the human race.

Although want of space precludes going into as exhaustive details as the subject demands, yet if reason is allowed her full sway in the premises, we think it susceptible of absolute proof that it can not only be shown—to any reasonable mind—that

Spirits from our side of life *do* act upon and control people on the lower plane of being, but that there is *nothing else*, in all of God's illimitable space, that can thus act either upon Mediums, or anybody else, as to that. Now, then, for the proofs:

To begin with—in order to get at an intelligent solution of the subject—it is absolutely necessary to ascertain what Spirit is, what its mission, and from whence it originated; because until these questions are settled, especially the first, there is absolutely no basis to work from. In saying that "Spirits *do not* control Mediums," our critics acknowledge that there are such beings somewhere; by which admission we infer that they mean the ever-active life-principle that permeates all things—the only indestructible, never-dying thing in existence—in other words, *the human soul*.

Presuming the above is their definition of the word Spirit, (for there are various definitions, all differing from each other in meaning,) we will endeavor to ascertain its origin. To do this, we will assume, what everybody concedes as truth, namely, that there is an inexhaustible source or fount of light and life somewhere, out of which not only the human soul, but the souls of all living things, (for everything, whether animate or inanimate, has a soul or life-principle,) emanates. This source or inexhaustible fount is what is generally called God, or a First Great Cause—a being said to possess *all* knowledge, wisdom and power—who doeth all things well, the same yesterday, today and forever—in whom there is no variableness or shadow of turning; and as the soul is acknowledged to be the only indestructible thing in existence—outside of Deity himself—withstanding the sulphurous flames of pandemonium for ever and ever—it *must* of necessity come from an indestructible source, which source is conceded to be the Divine Mind. This being true, there can be no question as to the soul's origin; and we see no reason for multiplying words upon a thing clearly obvious to all.

Although the foregoing is imperfect as to details, and subject to criticism, yet it is all we have to say about the subject at this time; as no amount of words would strengthen it as to the mission and ultimate destiny of the soul; as we understand it, it is to unfold through material organisms the innate powers and possibilities wrapped up within itself. Hence, with all due respect to our critics' judgment about Spirits not being able to manifest and control Mediums, we repeat that, as there is nothing else in all of

God's unbounded universe but Spirit that can manifest power to act upon material bodies, it *must* be Spirit, and nothing else—the whole world to the contrary, notwithstanding—that not only acts upon and controls human beings in general, and Mediums in particular, but who is also the direct cause of every conceivable manifestation of life throughout the vast empire of Nature's endless domain.

If the question is asked, "What do you call Spirit-manifestations outside of human Mediums?" we answer, every manifestation of life, from the tiniest insect, up through the animal kingdom to man, is a Spiritual manifestation. The slightest movement of a muscle, the wave of the hand, the infantile antics of the new-born babe, are each and all Spiritual manifestations; because it is the Spirit within the body, and *not* the body itself, that produces the movements.

Another proof of the above is, that the moment a Spirit leaves its body, whether reptile, animal or man, the vacated spiritless body may be cut into mince-meat, and not the quiver of a muscle, or the slightest tremor of the sensitive nerves, is perceptible; thus proving beyond one single doubt that it is the Spirit, through its organ, the body, and not the body *per se*, that not only causes all the movements of that body, but also that it is the Spirit, and nothing else, that enjoys pleasures and suffers pain.

We might go further into details, and show perhaps more clearly, by citing other evidence in support of our premises; but the above is deemed sufficient to answer our friend's question; and as that is all we were requested to do, we leave it here.

NOTICE.

TO ALL OF MY PATRONS AND FRIENDS.—As I have lost considerable money sent through the mail, I respectfully request that you will forward all monies to me either by postal order or registered letter.

M. T. SHEEHANER.

CORROBORATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE

DECOHAN, Iowa, April 1, 1879.

DEAR BRO. DENSMORE,—I hasten to return you thanks for the kind message published in the VOICE OF ANGELS, April 1st, from Mother Rotner to myself. A thousand thanks to her for loving words! May the angels help me to be worthy of them, for they are worth more than money or treasure! The message contains a good test, as she says she passed away on a good and joyful day, which is true; for she left us last Fourth of July, and it was

a lovely day. . . . May the dear angels strengthen your heart and life for your blessed work, is the prayer of your humble servant, JANE A. ROTNER.

SPIRIT MESSAGES,

GIVEN AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE,
MARCH 16, 1879,

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELHAMER.

INVOCATION, BY ROBERT ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN.

Oh, thou Infinite Spirit! Author of life and Giver of every blessing! We ask that the lesson read may be impressed deeply upon every mind; that we may gather good and receive a sense of thy presence with us here tonight.

We bless thee for "Home, sweet home," for all homes upon the earth and in the Spirit-world; homes where thy children may mingle together and dwell in harmony and peace, as they partake of the fruits of that spirit of love manifested through all thy works.

We bless thee not only for these human habitations, and their adornings, but for the sweet emblems of beauty which thou hast spread abroad with a lavish hand; for the sweet, delicate blossoms, tokens of thy love, but which are but shadows of those Spirit-flowers that bloom in the gardens of Eternity, where our loved ones dwell in "homes not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Bless the mission of this Circle! May it permeate the dark places, bringing light to souls anxious for tidings from their loved ones gone before! May it tune the hearts of mortals, that they may sing in melody thy praises—thou, who hast richly sustained them over life's rugged path! Harmonize the hearts of thy children; lead them to unite in fraternal sympathy, until in that heavenly home, where they shall receive no blemish, where they shall reap the fruits of their labors, they may join the Angel-throng who hymn in chorus, "He doeth all things well!"

WM H. LUELING.

It does not seem a great while, sir, since I passed away to the higher life. I went out suddenly, with a stroke at the heart. I did not expect to go so soon, or I should have had my affairs arranged. Still I do not complain. I used to have a strange fluttering sensation, once in a while, around the heart; but I made light of it to myself, and said nothing.

I was a Spiritualist; I enjoyed Spiritualism; I liked to read our little paper and looked eagerly for its coming. Of all the religious beliefs and theories I ever knew of, this was to me the most rational

and beautiful. After I passed away, I thought I would come to Boston and manifest through the VOICE OF ANGELS; didn't know but that I might manifest through Bro. Densmore, in his School Room; but Angel Tunie directed me here, and I am glad to come.

Let me introduce myself as W. H. Luelling. I come from San Jose, California. I want to send my blessing and love to my dear wife. Tell her I have met our dear friends, all our loved ones. I am happy.

I do not realize Spirit-Life fully even yet. It is not strange; but life, its conditions and surroundings, are so much more than I could have anticipated, that I feel I am but a student.

Please to say that I watch over, guide and protect her here, and our dear ones, and will lead her home and welcome her in heaven. I am exceedingly grateful to you, sir.

ABIGAIL WINGATE.

I COME, hoping to reach my son Benjamin. I have been dead many years, but never tried this before. I loved my Bible; I love it yet, and I thought it sacrilege to tamper with these things. But my son is in danger; and I was told if I came here, Ann would take him my letter. He is in great danger; he is too fond of strong drink, and I want him to try and overcome the habit. It is a curse that will cling to him and drag him down, unless he breaks away from it now. He is constitutionally weak; it will not be a great while before he must die; and I want him to go free from the habit he has contracted. I may not know much, but I know that this curse will follow him beyond the grave, and prove a terrible scourge to him, unless he fights it down here. Besides, he owes it to his family to overcome the evil. He owes it to his patient wife to resist temptation at all times.

My children are scattered all over the world, so that I have no hopes of reaching any but Ben.

My name is Abigail Wingate. I come from Maine; I might say, Bangor.

WILLIAM PITT.

I AM not at all satisfied. I can't see why I had to be crushed out, without a minute's warning, leaving distress and misery behind me. It's no use; I can't be reconciled. I don't know how long I've been away, but an accident sent me out while I was at work earning my honest bread, and I don't feel it's just right.

I'm not able to come to those dear to me, and I'm very restless. [You'll see differently, and feel better after you leave this

Circle.] I don't know; the good folks here have been talking to me; but things don't seem just right to me. Some have all the good things, others all the bad ones. I'm William Pitt, from Hinsdale, Massachusetts.

HELEN RICHARDS.

How do you do, sir? [How do you do?] I have been away some years now, and I never have been able to come before. I thought I would like to so much, as I think mother will see it in the paper. I am a young lady now, and I think she will be glad to know I am happy and at rest, and that I love her with enduring love, and often bring her comfort and peace. I want her to believe it is all true and beautiful, and that the angels do watch over those they love on earth. My name is Helen Richards.

LUCY LENDALL.

WILL you allow me to come? [Yes, indeed.] I am Lucy Lendall. I come from Salem. [Massachusetts?] Yes, sir: old Salem. I am fourteen years old. I don't know any thing about this. I thought angels watched over good people; but I guess I ain't an angel; I haven't any wings, and I ain't dressed in white. [Oh, yes, you're an angel; angels are messengers, and you are going to be a messenger of truth to those you left here.] Well, I guess so; I want to say that heaven is very close to earth, and angels come every day to those they loved on earth; and I come, too; and it's all so pretty, I am glad I died and went to heaven; and I don't believe mother can be in sorrow, 'cause I'm out of pain now. It isn't quite a year yet.

JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

I HAVE been requested, Robert, (to the Chairman,) to give a short address upon the temperance question, for the benefit of one who indulges in his cups. No address can do the subject justice. Could mortals feel as I do about it, they would shun the intoxicating cup as they would a viper. Could they have gone through my experience, and lived on earth, they would never rest until intemperance in all its forms was abolished, scourged from the land. The man who indulges in strong drink will have a terrible reckoning when he comes over to our side of life. The burning thirst of a perverted appetite, the terrible craving for drink which he cannot obtain, is nothing to what he will have to bear in Spirit, unless he resolutely sets to work to conquer the appetite by a determined will, a strong resistance, while in the body. Not only will he have his unsatisfied cravings, his unquenchable thirst

to battle against, but the white faces of his impoverished, neglected, slighted wife and children will haunt his memory worse than any tangible ghosts could do. He will sink into abject misery for a time; how long, depends upon his own spirit and its desires.

Oh, could men and women realize the full penalty they will have to pay for their indulgence, they would sooner hold their hand in the fiery furnace until it withered, before they would use it to lift a glass of anything containing alcohol to their lips.

There is too much misery and suffering, too much pain and anguish, too many broken hearts, blighted hopes, blasted buds of promise, ruined homes and wasted brains made by intemperance, to make it possible for one to escape retribution. Oh, let me entreat you who possess this habit to crush it out; resist manfully the temptation to forget care in the depths of the wine-cup, or the beer-cup; fight the evil as you would a fiend, who would rob you of all most dear and sacred to you! Trample the desire under your feet! Arouse all the might of your will against it, and pray earnestly to the good angels to gather around you with strength and courage! Keep the fact ever before you, that the tempter is near! Never close your eyes to the danger, lest when you least expect it the avalanche falls. Whatever trials, fears and anxieties approach you, do not fly to the liquor-shop for refuge; rather enter a den of wild beasts, for if these crush the body, they cannot harm the soul. And finally, as one who has suffered, and speaks in love and sympathy from the depths of his own experience—resist, resist all temptations to lift the glass to your lips, if you hope for rest and peace in the Angel-world; to say nothing of the terrible physical evils that are sure to attack the body of him who is intemperate.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT MESSAGE.

NEW SHAMON, IOWA, March 17, 1879.

MR. D. C. DENSMORE,—*Dear Sir*,—In *VOICE OF ANGELS*, May 15th, 1878, was a message from my dear husband, S. H. Hunt, through West Ingle; and although it was answered by my friend, A. Williams, to the effect that the message was satisfactory to me, yet I thought I would like to say something over my own name, with a hope it might induce him to communicate again. Every sentence, and his usual mode of expressing his thoughts, was so natural and characteristic of him, that it was impossible for another to simulate him. This reflection has been the source

of great comfort to me, and I wanted to express my gratitude and heartfelt thanks to you for the great privilege of reading your soul-cheering, excellent paper, as it furnishes Spiritual food for the sin-sick soul.

Hoping I may receive other messages from my dear, kind, sympathetic husband, and wishing that prosperity may attend your noble paper, I remain, with great respect,

Mrs. Mary A. HARR.

(For the Voice of Angels.)

MY TREASURE.

BY OWNERS.

I've a treasure that I value
More than ulcers do their gold;
It yieldeth me more pleasure
Than earthly gems can hold.
To me it's more than sunlight
To the beautiful flowers' bloom;
It is as life that wondrous power,
That's hid in Nature's womb.

The world is very beautiful;
I love my place of birth,
And bless the Maker of it all
That I'm a child of earth.
Its forests vast, its mountains grand,
Its valleys fresh and fair,
All say, whenever I question them,
That I've a purpose here.

The Springtime's life, the Summer's sweets,
The Autumn's bounteous store,
The Winter, whose white coverlid
Bespeaks the Father's care—
The starry dome above my head,
And the deep, murmuring sea,
All speak of life, that wondrous force,
The life that's yet to be.

All things are here, wondrous thought,
When rightly understood;
Ours to use and not abuse
The gifts of Father, God.
All things are ours, for life and death,
The thought brings joy to me;
And by its light, through day and night,
May I thy kindness see.

I've a treasure that I value
More than ulcers do their gold;
It yieldeth me more pleasure
Than earthly gems can hold;
It bathes all life in beauty,
Enriches all works of art;
It's the gem above all others—
A faithful woman's heart.

••All things are ours; for we are God's."—St. Paul.

(For the "Voice of Angels.")

SPIRIT ECHOES.

NUMBER THREE.

BY SPIRIT VIOLET.

In the stillness, in the calm, the beauty and the glow of early twilight, when the rosy shadows deepen into purple splendor, and bathe hill and dale in a halo of rest, I have been thinking over an interview I but recently held with a fair young Spirit, who but lately burst the bonds confining her to a material body. She was sad, very sad. All this life is new and strange to her; and although surrounded by tender care and loving sympathy, yet filial affection draws her constantly back to those dear parents, who, sorrowing as those without hope, cannot realize her presence with them.

"My mother," she said to me, "oh, my mother! If I could speak to her; if I could tell her of this home! But this blow has been so heavy to her; she is so sad, so miserable, that I cannot help her."

"You can, you will bless and comfort your mother," I replied; "if you will come with me, I will show you how to send a message to those you love. You have heard of a Medium?"

"Yes, but it would be no use for me to go to one of those; my friends would not accept anything from them; they believe it is all nonsense; and I am afraid it would be of no use."

"But you can make the effort; and if you fail, it will be no worse than it is at present."

"Oh, yes, it would," she exclaimed. "I might not be able to give facts enough through another to satisfy my friends of my identity; and I think it would break my heart to have my love rejected. I would rather not attempt it."

However, in a little while I gained the young lady's consent to accompany me to a Spirit-Circle; and I hope ultimately to induce her to send a message to her friends. Her evident sorrow and distress has filled me with deep solicitude to unite her in Spirit with her sorrowing mother. But how true it is, that hundreds of Spirits, manifesting through organisms foreign to their own, and giving the best they can—manifesting their love and sympathy, bringing words of counsel and cheer—have been repulsed by distrust and suspicion—even positive denial of their presence—because they found it impossible to give every item demanded of them!

Such a reception of their efforts causes sensitive, loving Spirits untold pain and sorrow; causes them to recoil from earthly conditions and their barriers, and retards their manifestations.

Were I upon earth, understanding this matter as I do at present, I would far rather accept a loving, sympathetic communication purporting to come from a friend—not with over-credulity, but with the thought, "It *may be* from my friend, who may not be able at present to give me all I wish; but I will not reject this token of love, lest in doing so, I reject and wound the Spirit of my friend."

In this way would I throw out a ladder of reciprocal love, upon which my friend could descend and give me tidings of immortal life; thereby strengthening conditions, until that Spirit gained power to give me all my soul required.

The picture of that mother, hugging her pain and misery to her heart, weeping

for the death of her darling, presented another to my view—another mother, mourning the departure of a beloved daughter; but not without hope; for *she* knew the angels could return to comfort and bless.

Who can realize the anguish of a loving mother's heart, when called upon to part with the mortal form of one of her own children? Father, brother, sister, uncle, aunt and cousin may sorrow and weep; those nearest in kin may realize with pain an absence, a vacancy in the family circle, a niche in their love never to be filled by the form of any other; but they have their business, their pursuits, and in time their pleasure, to call their attention; and the grief becomes a tender, sweet, though sad memory. And well that it is so; for death is but the golden bridge over which the loved one passes to immortal shores; and she who left them bodily, is unseen, simply because she has come so close to their hearts that she can enter into their love and permeate them with a Spiritual radiance.

But yet, the mother's heart is longest in healing; she it is who looks for her darling to come to her; who falls asleep weeping, and who wakes with a sense of something lost, of hope fled, that is almost akin to despair; and who hourly calls in spirit the name of the one child who is dearest, because unseen.

Oh, darling mothers!—oh, sorrowing, heart-broken mothers! Weep not; your dear ones are all around you, bringing love, peace and comfort to your souls. They are not lost; sweet and low they whisper tidings of that happy reunion yet to be; and though you know it not, their loving arms are around you, sustaining and strengthening; their sweet lips caress you, their white hands lead you onward towards the higher and the better life! Happy, blessed mother, who knows this truth! To you it is a pearl of great price, a crown of unspeakable glory.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

LETTER FROM NEBRASKA.

JUNIATA, Nebraska, March 16, 1870.

BROTHER DENSMORE,—If it is no trouble to you, please send me VOICE OF ANGELS for Feb. 15th. For some cause or other, it has not come to hand, and I don't wish to miss reading a single number. Especially do I miss the reading of "Glendower." It has suggested, or rather developed new thoughts in my mind, which I may communicate to you in some future letter. I am trying to think for myself, and express that thought. There certainly cannot be

anything wrong in that; I cannot help what I think; it comes from the same source from which everything comes. I have been in the habit of writing down thoughts and sentences, as they occurred to my mind, for the last year past. I carry a small book and pencil in my pocket, and whenever a novel thought occurs, I jot it down. When in the work-shop, I have the book handy at any moment; when in the field, I usually carry it in my vest pocket. You would be astonished to see what an amount of nonsense, or common sense, or uncommon sense, one will thus accumulate in a year's time.

I enclose you a slip cut from a newspaper, headed "The Indian Idea of Property." It has an interest to me which few can appreciate. There is a deep meaning attached to and running through it, which it would be worth while for us to study. These free sons of nature put us to shame about our boasted civilization. God forbid that he should partake of our civilization! I hope the Indian will hold to his customs with such tenacity that no amount of civilization (?) will avert him from his purpose.

THE INDIAN'S IDEA OF PROPERTY.—Among all the North American Indians, when in a primitive condition, personal property was almost unknown; ornaments and clothing only were recognized as the property of the individual, and these only to a limited extent. The right to the soil as landed property, the right to the products of the chase, etc., etc., was inherent in the gens or clan, a body of consanguinity, a group of relatives, in some cases on the male side, in others on the female. Inheritance was never to the children of the deceased, but always to the gens. No other crime was so great, no other vice so abhorrent, as the attempt of an individual to use for himself that which belonged to his gens in common; hence the personal rights to property recognized in civilization are intensely obnoxious to the Indian; he looks upon our whole system of property rights as an enormous evil and an unpardonable sin, for which the gods will eventually punish the wicked and blasphemous white man. From these opinions, inherent alike in their social institutions and religion, arises the difficulty which the government has always met in obtaining the consent of the Indians to the distribution of the lands among them in severality. Tribes have been willing to receive lands and distribute them themselves among their gens. Among those Indians who have been longest in contact with the white man—as the tribes in the Indian Territory and Minnesota—much property has been accumulated, and with the increase of their wealth the question of inheritance and individual ownership has at last spontaneously sprung up, and at the present time these tribes are intensely agitated on the subject; the parties holding radical sentiments are rapidly increasing, and it is probable that soon among

these tribes the customs of civilization in this respect will be adopted. Among all other tribes the ancient customs are still adhered to with tenacity. In this matter, and many others of a similar character relating to their customs and beliefs, we must either deal with the Indian as he is, looking to the slow but irresistible influence of civilization with which he is in contact to effect a change, or we must reduce him to abject slavery.

We here in Nebraska are now in the midst of the wheat-sowing season. This vast stretch of country, which has been called the Great American Desert, is fast beginning to blossom like the rose. Seven years ago, where vast herds of buffalo roamed at pleasure and not a white man's habitation in sight, is now dotted thickly with thrifty homesteads, and everywhere signs of prosperity greet the eye.

If the people's material wants are supplied, they will be more apt to give heed to Spiritual things. How strange that the material is so curiously blended with the Spiritual! I sometimes am at a stand to know which is of the most importance, the Spiritual or the material. I often ask the question, is it one, or the other, or both? The answer invariably comes, "it is both." If this is the case, then if the next world is a continuation of this, it must certainly be material. But no more of this now, as I have no more room; else I might weary you with my quondam ideas.

Yours, fraternally,

ERNEST QUART.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

INSPIRATIONAL THOUGHTS.

BY MRS. A. BAILEY.

WHAT a world of thought is open for contemplation to humanity, yet how few think beyond the present condition of life and its associations; how few realize the importance of living so as to be prepared for the life that awaits them in a future state of existence!

It is a well-demonstrated fact that the Spirit survives the death of the body, that it loses nothing of its identity, and that it is emphatically the same individuality it was when inhabiting the mortal form; only it has changed conditions, cast off those which were effete and useless, and assumed others better calculated to inspire it with a higher, loftier sense of its being.

In view of the evidences surrounding the various manifestations of Spirit-power, does it not deserve more consideration and respect? The Spirit-world asks you to believe nothing it has no power to convince you is true; but at the same time it would not have you shut your eyes in the face

of truth, or turn a deaf ear to the entreaties of the conscience within. There is a mighty work for humanity to do, in order to develop and unfold what lies within their own existence. Earth-life is the time to sow Spiritual seed, whose blossoms will open to the conscious life of immortality, whose beauty and fragrance will dispel all the storm-clouds of the earthly, when your Spirit enters the glorious portal of its Spiritual habitation, stripped of all disguises, but firm in its own immutability of character.

Nothing can be destroyed; all of thought, memory, affection lives; everything that is essential to the Spirit's individualized life exists as fully and as perfectly as before; and each one is obliged to accept such conditions as they have been instrumental in preparing for themselves.

How many erring mortals might be guided, could they know the truth instead of wandering blindly about; could their Spiritual eyes be opened, what a different view they would take of life, and how perfectly amazed would they appear at their condition. They would cease to be in-
fluenced by the greedy lust of a selfish power and ambition, that ministers only to carnal things, and seek to be exalted in Spiritual truth and righteousness. The silver and gold of human speech would be upon their tongues, and the sweetness of their lives would be as one grand altar of sweet incense ascending up in perpetual offering to the Infinite.

PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

THROUGH MRS. M. Y. BRIDGE.

DENVER, COLORADO.

[Given December 13th, 1878.]

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

MANY mistakes are often made by us, in regard to the time when an event will take place, as also the nature of such events. We give them to you as they appear to us, so far as it is judicious so to do. You must be aware that it is not always advisable for you to be informed as to what will apparently transpire; consequently we do not make known all we see in either the near or distant future.

You will observe that in giving messages from our side of life, we often omit that which to you may appear to be desirable information, and thus, it may seem incomplete and even perhaps erroneous. Now, let me say that very much depends upon yourselves.

We have hard work, at the best, to convey to you what we desire in the matter of messages; and when some circles are reeking with the fumes of tobacco and al-

cobol; in others, some or all the members are gorged with food, perhaps of an unhealthy and pernicious quality; again, some are bloated with animosity and bitterness; some may be jealous or envious of other members;—is it any wonder that the messages are not reliable, or hardly intelligible, and consequently of little or no importance? Any of your mechanics would not undertake a job, with as poor tools as we are often expected to work with. And then some will grumble because it is not done in a workmanlike manner.

Too much care cannot be had in making up and conducting your circles. Often the magnetism of the room, and even the house or neighborhood, is bad. Again, the members may not be properly arranged as to harmony or magnetism. Frequently the time is taken up with desultory and frivolous conversation.

Bear well in mind that not unfrequently "like begets like." You surely cannot expect to deposit worthless funds in any bank, and draw out sterling currency. Therefore place yourselves on the level upon which you desire to meet us. Let the surroundings be as harmonious as possible; your sittings regular, uniform and systematic; your desires concentrated for development and instruction; and my word for it, you will receive a rich compensation for your efforts. We are even willing and anxious to commune with you for good, and will do so under favorable conditions.

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

[Given Feb. 25, 1879.]

GOETHE.

CONSIDER well the course to take, then pursue your journey with perseverance. This holds equally as well in a business career and philosophically considered. Whenever you, in the earth-life, are convinced that a certain course is right, just and proper, then should you walk therein, if all others are in opposition, and the whole human race take a diametrically opposite direction. Be true to your honest conception of right, and you will grow strong, and be able to climb to great heights.

I am sure that those who ape others, whether in or out of the form, will ultimately find themselves, what they have been trying to be, merely great monkeys—nothing more or less, Spiritually. It has often been said, "Be yourselves, and no one else."

Millions of souls are mere mental machines, moving whichever way they are turned; slow or fast, according to the caprice of the operator; with the exception of some who are not constructed to stand a high rate of speed without flying into

pieces. Do not expect to glide smoothly along without meeting with obstructions; as in that case you would have nothing to tax your powers, nor try your metal, so as to show if it were capable of retaining a fine edge. All the ups and downs in life are useful in bringing into action the latent forces, and utilizing them when developed.

You should work out life's problem, nor allow any one else to solve it; as in that case both will fail most signally. Many of the trials, for which yourselves are not responsible, are hard to bear; but the hotter the fire, the more pure will the precious metal be. Sometimes, we admit there are obstacles that seem to close the way entirely. In that case, if you can neither climb over, go around, or dig under them, wait patiently until a way is opened for you to move onward. The opposing element cannot always stand; it is perishable; you are immortal.

Lay up for yourselves treasures in the beyond, where friends are waiting to receive you when the "fullness of time has come."

GOETHE.

THROUGH MRS. A. BAILEY.

[To the members of the "Golden Circle" at Louisville, Pa.]

FROM MRS. S. M. STOWELL.

INSTEAD of crying humbug, why don't people investigate? When I came here, I was well established in the doctrine of immortality; I possessed direct and positive knowledge of the fact of communion between the invisible and visible worlds, while in my mortal body; and this interchange of thought was not new or strange to me, only as I possessed some very imperfect ideas concerning the law that operates upon the various conditions of human life, which my limited experience and knowledge of the world had not led me to discover. In theory I was at home with those about me, and I found everything in perfect order and tranquillity; all had been previously arranged for my reception here, and my coming was no surprise, either to them or me.

At the time of my departure in mortal form from among you, it did not then occur to me that my absence of form and person would increase your anxiety and desire for any further knowledge of me; and I found a pleasant surprise to see how true were the attachments of my earth friends to me. I have congratulated you again and again for this friendship and love, and I feel it a sacred privilege to hold converse with you, and to do you all the good I can. My motives are not of a selfish character. I simply desire a mutual and common benefit, and to this

end I am willing to assist as far as I possibly can every object and enterprise that is humanitarian in its nature, put forth either by mortal or Spirit. I am fraternally yours; a co-worker with you; and it is my desire to inculcate in your minds those truths that are of a high Spiritual nature, and to exalt your lives in all that is noble and useful.

THROUGH MRS. HANNAH T. STEARNS,
[Trance Lecturer at the "Golden Circle," Lotus
ville, Pa.]

JOHN BARNSDALL TO HIS BROTHER WILLIAM,
TITUSVILLE, PA.

IN all the affairs of mundane existence we take a part, Billy; not to displace your individuality, not to lessen your work, but to do our own; that our individual experiences may bear fruits and change the currents which move life to broader oceans of wealth and power—wealth of knowledge, which is the power of unfolding life. Ceaseless are your efforts in reaching after the hidden sources of life, which are in store in the different kingdoms of Nature. You not only knock at the gates of the Celestial Kingdom, but earth's rocky mounts and sulphureous domains are invaded; her ocean bottoms and skyey currents have been touched by eye and brain, and their sources of power been reached and fashioned into forms of beauty and use.

The wise God does not hold our invasions into upper or under world as contraband intrusion, but as a child's venture into his father's store-house of unlimited abundance, which all coming years are given to, for the unfolding of their variety of infinite beauty and use.

Man's versatility makes him fit counterpart of the lesser kingdoms. They come to him for interpretation. He goes to them for revelation; knocks at the door of each, to find it opening to reveal its individualities and perfectibilities.

In individual type, or species, or kingdom, or strata, we find one common life of inter-penetrating Causation, which unfolds its methods to our keeping; gives its details to our laborious observation; and we, with fashioning hands and brain, Billy, working together, as mortal and Spirit, put them into thought, then into word, and brass, granite and iron, fulcrum and lever, ether and steam, form and motion—we call it mechanism, and civilization, and wonderingly contemplate our imitations of the master-mechanics which unfold us.

The unknowable is all around us, within and without, in the least atom, in the vastness of their congeries. In feeling

and consciousness we repeat an endless experimental life. In the lesser kingdoms, in the human, in the celestial, the speaking God of these kingdoms finds our ears through our anvils and hammers, our yokes and plows, as surely as through seers and prophets, Bibles and Sunday-Schools.

The priests of the work-shop are God's vicegerents on earth, and walk into the cushioned seats where working angels display the metallurgical resources of our earth, not to steal heaven's best crown of gold for an eternal singing Circle, or Spirit Scance, but to push earth with cords of steel, to envelope her in clouds of gas, to utilize her treasures, to bring her metals to forging fires, her ethers to commonplace uses.

Joined are the forces of life; in heaven are the homes of the departed, their working abodes; and so from these they descend with their light or added experiences, that it may illumine your pathway. But added knowledge is no power to use, unless understood. To be understood, application of theory must result. So you work out your salvation by being hewers of wood and drawers of water; earning the blessing of the worker, wearing the crown by divine birthright.

Live as you may; let your worn-out body turn to dust, or be burned to ashes; your life of soul bath its counterpart forces in the kingdom of life, and by law of motion forces their varied being into co-operative work. We knock each unto the other; they for life-speech and liberation, that they may fill their use by reformatory relation, we by unfoldment.

You of earth, Billy, send your ventures as prayers to the heavens; we ours above, alone? Not so! not to archangels and seraphims and such ilk, from out the starry realms of uncounted glory; but down into God's growing working-world, the world of life, where human beings grow, are born and live; down into animal human nature, vegetable love of life, of power, of gold and gain, of place and distinction; into unformed human nature, where human life in germ is seething and boiling and forcing its magnetic centres into shape and comeliness. Man is from all kingdoms; so into all the soul finds its answers for destiny and use; and must, to know of ceaseless causation, descend into hell, as well as ascend into heaven. Hell is only heaven wrong-side out; heaven is only hell with its best clothes on; and they may get worn out, Billy. Life is comparative; heaven and hell succeed each other; the pains of hell are the birth-pangs of our next heaven. So life's suc-

cessive stages through the spheres, Billy, is rest and motion; by them are unfolding laws made manifest and understood. The rest of heaven as a condition comes by life purposes accomplished. Attainment prepares for further aspiration, which brings its fill of inspiration.

So round and round we run, Billy, shaking hands with God everywhere, and his grip may be the master's degree or the apprentice's desire. Each hold their own in the temple of wisdom, to testify unity in degree and accomplishment. Being on the square, Billy, we see by the eye of power; through knowledge we fashion our garments for our needs—existence, Billy, or out of mind, if not out of the coarser covering of clay, and to do the will of the master power we walk and talk with you through the Mediums of flesh, which the magnetic relations of existence provide.

Billy, our old ideas of angels have faded into nothingness. We saw them in our dreams as slim gentry, male and female, with waxy looks and flowing locks, staring, upturned eyes and stiff wings, and unlimited amounts of pocket-handkerchief for weeping sinners. Today finds us with tangible human life, with human needs, holding the gates ajar; and our angels such a vast variety as earth-life affords, in its mixed unfolding characteristics, to mould the angel-form, and they but messengers coming and going, travellers from the hither to the thither life. Allow me to be one of the Angel-voices coming to your home, in such way reaching others, moving some currents of life to new power and endeavor.

Billy, you live at the mouth of Church Run, on famous land, in Titusville, Pennsylvania, whose flats have with their oily abundance changed the lights and shadows of the working world. You in the body of flesh, and I without, have watched the course of events for nearly twenty years; and no small book would hold the great result. How much more mighty the result in its illuminations is the electric power of that small Rochester rap! So the world moves. Human angels are the levers, life the fulcrum, and Almighty Law the motive power. Let us work in divine accord with all life and be blessed in living.

JOHN BARNSDALL.

"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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|---|--------|
| From "Little Florence," in Spirit-life, to Tunie, | \$1.00 |
| Charles L. Veazie, Dorchester Station, Boston, Mass., | 0.35 |
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| A friend to humanity, Glenwood, Mass., | 1.00 |

[For the Voice of Angels.]

MESSAGE FROM ROBERT HARE TO
DR. FAHNESTOCK.

THROUGH DR. ORR, LANCASTER, PA.

DEAR DOCTOR FAHNESTOCK,—The subject for this evening's investigation will be the mode in which mind or Spirit acts on matter; that is, the *modus operandi* of physical phenomena.

Let us here digress slightly, in order to be better understood hereafter. Every human being, while on the earth-sphere, has exhaling from his system a particular aroma, which consists of the effete particles of his physical nature resolving themselves into their original parental condition; and in so doing they necessarily envelope the individual in a sphere of this semi-decomposed materiality. The quality as well as the quantity of this aroma is varied by the accidents of health, fatigue, diet, rest, temperament, etc. In addition to this exhalation, which is purely physical, there is also another, which is an emanation or elimination from the Spiritual body, and may, for want of a better name, be called the mental aroma. Now, these two eliminations in the case of a living man or woman constitute their bond of union with the Spirits.

This mental aroma is constituted by the expenditure of thought, desire, hope, fear, and, indeed, by all the passions of man's spiritual nature; and is more or less powerful in proportion to the intensity of the individual's will, by which any or all of its components may be made to act, or to remain quiescent, either on its own physical medium, or on the mental aroma of any other intelligent being, whether man or Spirit.

The physical aroma of man can only act on the physical senses of another, as is noticed in the particular odor of certain persons; as the African, and others of this class. The dog, with the lower animals, (to some extent,) possessing a nicer sense of smell than man, by means of this physical exhalation, is enabled to recognize his master, although that master may be in the midst of persons who, in point of dress, size, etc., are precisely like him.

The mental aroma is only recognizable by the mind; and as it carries with it the entire nature of the individual to whom it belongs, it apprizes those possessing a nice sense of mental discrimination of the character of its owner, even while at a distance; hence, the affinity or aversion we feel to persons at first sight. This gives you at once the principle upon which Spiritual affinity is founded, and you will perceive the impossibility of promiscuous intercourse or deception, in the choice of associates in the Spheres. The want of proper attention to the cultivation of this sense in man has been the fruitful source of fully one-half of all his earthly mental blights and disappointments.

From what has been said, you will perceive that there is always being eliminated from individuals a physico-Spiritual atmosphere, which, as it agrees or disagrees with Spirits who may be present, enables them to approach, or compels them to recede, according to its manifest intensity.

Unity of character in these eliminations constitutes the condition known as mediumship; that is, when the mental and physical emanation is of the same nature. For example, suppose an individual, when his physical aroma, from grossness of original fibre and unrestrained indulgence of the appetite, has become sensual and grovelling; but, in consequence of education or position in society, his mental elimination is of a more refined character. Now, you will at once perceive the discrepancy in such an individual; physically, he could influence those you call devils; but mentally, they would be unable to approach; and Spirits term such a man "a lie."

Again, suppose a person who is of fine fibre, has lived temperate, is in the enjoyment of good health, etc. In this case, his physical emanation is pleasing. But self is his god; he beautifies his person through feelings of vanity, and is careful of his physical being only that his own dear self-hood may be the more admired. Such a man's mental aroma would be too little for your "devils;" the only Spirits it would be likely to attract, if acting by itself, would be those of idiots, or possibly those of departed orang-outangs, or French dancing-masters.

But to be serious; a well-balanced character in these respects constitutes the essential prerequisites to Spirit-communion, as it is through these means that Spiritual phenomena are accomplished. I have but just got through my exordium, and will resume this subject at another time.

ROBERT HARE.

LANCASTER, Pa., March 25, 1860.

DEAR DOCTOR,—From this exalted, but deeply humbling position of glorious progressive humanity, I would again, with increasing love and purity, greet you. I would gladly describe to you the beauties of the Sixth Sphere, were it possible to convey the smallest idea through the meagre vocabulary of earthly language. I am, therefore, compelled to adopt the course of Paul, under similar contingencies, and sum up by exclaiming—"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, the glories God has in reversion for those who love him." Conceive, if you can, an expansive landscape stretching out as far as the Spirit-eye can reach clothed in eternal verdure; fountains, as clear as crystal, gushing from every hillside, sportively chasing impinging shadows on their bosom, as they meander through the valleys; trees, whose foliage sparkles like diamonds in the rose tints of an eternal morning's light, while balmy breezes, pregnant with heavenly odors and soul-subduing harmony, fan the Spirit's brow, and stamp but one desire unsatisfied—*Excelsior*; palaces, raising their stately domes towards heaven; streets, covered with golden pavements, becoming vocal with melody at every Spirit's footstep! Now multiply your strongest conception of all this by ten thousand times ten thousand, and then remember that even this is only the ante-chamber of Heaven.

ROBERT HARE.

APRIL 5, 1860.

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