



VOL. IV. } D. C. DENSMORE, PUBLISHER.

NO. WEYMOUTH, MASS., MAY 1, 1879.

{ \$1.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE }

NO. 9.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

Enlarged from 8 to 12 pages, formerly issued from No. 5 Dwight Street, Boston, Mass., will after this date be published at *Four Flow House, North Weymouth, Mass.*, the 1st and 15th of each month.

EDITOR: JUDITH PARDEE, Editor-in-Chief.

D. K. MUNER, Business Manager,

D. C. DENSMORE, Announcements and Publisher.

| | |
|----------------|--------------------|
| Price yearly, | -\$1.65 in advance |
| Six months, | .83 " |
| Three months, | .42 " |
| Single copies, | .08 " |

The above rates include postage. *Sp cimen copies sent free* on application at this office.

All letters and communications (to receive attention) must be directed, (postpaid,) as above, to D. C. DENSMORE, Publisher.

LITERARY.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

CHIEF JOSEPH'S PLEA AT WASHINGTON FOR HIS PEOPLE.

THROUGH TRYPHENA O. PARDEE.

Hark! on the western winds comes a strong voice
From the far forest wilds. 'Tis the voice of a man;
In tones of deep pleading, in freedom's high cause,
For his people he speaks, in his own native land—

"Speeches and promises, kind words and fair,
Lulled our poor trusting souls, while the years fled away;
Deception's foul heart left us only despair,
Broken promises drove us to bloody affray.

"Vainly we smoke the clean pipe of sweet peace;
Vainly lay tomahawks 'neath the green turf's sod;
Our weeping wives starve, and our children decrease;
Nevermore can they rise from the mouldering clod!

"Heart-sick and weary, we wander forlorn,
Listening for truth, and begging for homes of our own;
In Freedom's broad pathway, like rays of the morn,
We would travel unchecked, as white brothers have done.

"Oh, white Chief-President, list to our woe!
War-Chiefs and Law-Chiefs, oh, turn the tide of our wrong!
We ask but our God-given free right, to go
O'er the earth as we please, that to others belongs.

"Born free as the zephyrs that glide through the vales,
Playmates with sunbeams, soft in their warm golden glow;
'Tis hard to be driven from our own native dale,
Where the forms of our loved ones lie sleeping below.

"Oh, valleys, blood-stained with kindred's dear lives!
Flowery haunts, fragrant still in memory's core!
Oh, love from on high!—'tis not thy law that drives
Us away to be strangers, and see them no more.

"Law, like the oak, ever towering to heaven,
With its roots firmly set in Equality's soil,
Becrowned with green leaves, (human rights to man given),
Is the bounty of Nature, that never can spoil."

ELLINGTON, N. Y., March 31, 1870.

One thought fills immensity.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

GLENDOWER;

A LEGEND OF THE OLD AND NEW.

BY ALICE CARY.

THROUGH MRS. HENRY GOODRICE WAGNER.

[CONTINUED.]

GLENDOWER! Oh, dreamy, dreamy vales!

Secluded are thy bowers.

How sweet it is to meditate

On dear departed hours!

Though all of romance there may be

Its conscious truths are wrought,

The science, the philosophy,

Of every word or thought.

In a flood of light I was again ushered into a bower of beauty; where forms gathered about me, where ever-shifting scenes are presented to my view; varied by landscapes or cities, appearing or receding. A new light seems to dawn upon me; new thoughts and impulses, as divine oracles given unto me; the place of my former observations and occupation; of scenes that were once familiar—transported as I was again to the ruins of Glendower. But no spectres greeted me now. All phantoms were living forms, all shadows tangible realities, and all supernatural visions inwrought designs—the adaptable, the eternal condition. The apartments were no longer gloomy; the traditions no longer marvellous; neither did its silence betoken desolation; for what is desolate that ever is harmonious to life?

The twilight, as of an April evening, lulled me to an ecstasy of repose; so calm, and tranquil, and natural, were all living things and presences; and she whom I was pleased to call the Lady Ernestine, was the heroine, not in the shadow, but in the substance; no longer my guide from the vista of darkness into light; where, in the solitude of the manor, she once inhabited. The attractive elements of my nature absorbed the more potent and ethereal force of her own spiritual one. Nor was she to figure in this romance or experience, save as the condition, not the delineation, the figure, and not the actor; that from which the picture is colored; the design from which to mould, to embellish the picture.

But the presence of my father assured me that I still retained my individual capacity to

think, to do and to act. Resuming his conversation as naturally as he had ever done, and giving me cognizance of life material and expressive, or organic and spiritual, "Child," he remarked, with a smile, "what are your ideas now of life, of the separate forces of mind and matter, of the supremacy of the soul over the physical nature? Is it heterodoxical or paradoxical, as regards thought and time?"

"Oh, father," I replied eagerly, "surely it cannot be that we so naturally adapt our earth condition with the spiritual. The very essence of life is about me. My whole being thrills with the same sensations I experienced while clothed in the physical. I feel as a child that has been confined to close apartments, and at once given unrestrained liberty to roam at will; or a captive bird, that released from its prison-house, sings its parting song and vanishes from sight; that takes in all nature at a glance, and bounds all space through the very courage that liberty inspires."

"But in a conversation once, while in the body, you remember, you were incredulous not to continuous existence, but to the relations or conditions of that existence, indeed almost disputing the whole principle; although the psychic or inherent force within you brought you *en rapport* with the fact, or gave you indubitable evidence of soul individuality."

"But when you consider that I was of the earth earthy, that I was the tangible edict, you cannot wonder that I could not comprehend, or probe to the depth of the unknown, the unfathomable. It is the doubt that shadows us, the flesh that cumbars us, that dims the vision and excludes the light. I know it now; indoctrinated in forms of religion or creeds, we wholly ignore the natural or expressive thought, the boundless offerings or tributes of divine love."

"Ah, my child! degenerate into the cold and indifferent sophist, or even worse, the fanatical bigot, the irresponsible, the irreconcilable, wedded to all heretical and improbable belief. Knowledge is the index to life; it is the motive power, the plausible, underlying principle. Absorbed with all that is marvellous or fanciful, we overlook all that is real. A false theory once engrafted in the mind is more difficult to

eradicate than noxious weeds; poisoning the finer intuitions of nature. The planets have not lost their significance because their particular orbit or action may not be discovered; and the same rule applies to the whole realm of nature and of art. The topic we discussed today may be different from that of yesterday; yet the same principle is evolved or paramount to the case. The unity of forces are the attributes of soul, the action of life, the tension, the elements of strength in nature, unto the final adjustment of all human and divine effort. The ever-varying phases of nature remind us of its wonderful workings, of its inexhaustible resources, of its productions, and that it is not confined to one sphere alone, to one part alone, but to many; supplying from its measureless sources all the diversity and grandeur of natural or conceivable beauty; and not in the conception alone, but in the fruition of all delicate and affirmed knowledge, given to and through the finer senses. The undefined or discarded thought of yesterday may be defined today, and applied with equal force to the discoveries of today—the qualities of the human mind coming in contact with the qualities of adaptable law. Our conditions are natural, and not unnatural, and cannot be otherwise; though from the order of things they may assume unnatural proportions. Whenever certain qualities or forces come in contact with their particular kind, they assimilate; it becomes the natural, and not the force condition. Thus we realize the compatible, the inseparable instincts or conditions of finite or infinite decree. Law-givers and law-makers alike trespass on the emotional, the susceptible and adaptable relations of intuitive life. To ascribe to one part the whole is absurd; for while one system embraces many, the universal or absolute, all primary parts are subservient to the whole; neither do they stand alone, as separate entities; for the practical workings of creation interpret every thought within us; and when we consider how natural it is to live under adaptable rule, we wonder that the discordant elements, the erroneous and absurd, should form so large a part of our material existence. Illusive and vague as it is, the dependence of one on another can ever be illustrated in all conditions of life. The loss of one faculty may incapacitate or impair the whole fabric or structure; though the other parts may apparently be undisturbed. The propelling part is gone; that which gave it zest and impetus, that characterized its formal vivacity, is dormant, inactive and useless. Thus the material is not of itself the motive power; for that would be irreconcilable to reason and nature; and nature must ever be reconciled, according to harmony, and to the utilization of all its properties and principles.

"In drought, the action of the elements is suspended; not because of inadequacy, or inability to perform its natural part; but because it is restricted. Though the source remains the same, to be acted upon, notwithstanding the primal cause has been retarded or affected—the voluntary action of nature to suspend for a time its operation. Nature does not frustrate her own designs, nor vary the original plan: but

all are governed by the sovereign principle; the equipoise of one balances the unequal proportion of the other. The science of nature is ever attested in all the phases of life, and leaves its indelible impress on everything. It is not the superscription, the marginal, the preface or outline; but the entire volume, the book of knowledge, the recorded, indisputable, animate, individualized, positive creation. It is the unlimited, forcible action, the independent, supreme power. Life, love and liberty are sweet. Onward we go, as yon bird that flits from flower to flower; never satisfied. Reaching out, aspiring to more and more, higher and higher, we are ever relinquishing, but ever grasping, building and soaring, shifting and changing, yearning and longing. Eternal desire means eternal progression, eternal knowledge, eternal love. Aspiration never ceases; it outlives the ætæal or physical life; it is a part of nature, as it is a part of God. It is not the partial development we live, but every faculty and intuition, through divine emanation, resolves itself into a combination of one sublime principle—life and progression. The flowers bloom for a season, but the decaying parts do not perish, but mingle with the mother earth, forming some other property, dissolving into fluidic or material compounds, or utilizing its own prominent and permanent excrecence.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

SOFTENING OF THE BRAIN.

THIS complaint is generally caused by excessive mental labor, or by some physical injury of the brain or spine. The first symptom is a slow fever on the brain, accompanied with extreme nervous debility, restlessness, and a vacant, sluggish feeling in the head, that is indescribable. As the magnetic forces, that cause the heart to contract and expand, or beat, proceed from the brain, those forces must always be proportioned to the strength and health of the brain; and when the brain is weakened by a slow fever, the positive and negative forces that proceed from it being feeble, the heart beats feebly; therefore the hands and feet are liable to be too cold.

The warm head-bath, taken every evening, will gradually reduce the fever, and a cold shower or sponge-bath, twice or three times a week, followed by rubbing and exercise, promotes general health, and free circulation of the blood. Magnetism strengthens the brain, and through it, the nerves, causing the heart to beat stronger, thus forcing the blood to the extremities, and relieving the brain of too much blood.

The food should be such as the stomach can digest easily, and care should be used to not take enough to spoil the appetite. Hungry patients are very much inclined to eat enough to spoil their appetite, and, by so doing, thousands have brought on a relapse, and died. The amount of food that an invalid eats should be in proportion to the physical strength.

Drink hop-tea before retiring every night; say enough to produce quiet sleep, and be a tonic for the liver.

By following the above, there is no difficulty in curing what is called "the softening of the brain," though medical doctors generally say it is incurable. It must be attended to before ulceration commences. The above is the only reliable way to cure "softening of the brain," and we don't know that it has ever failed, when it has been resorted to in season.

HOW TO TAKE THE WARM HEAD-BATH.

Take water that is just warm enough to feel comfortable to the head, and put enough of it in a ten-quart tin pan to about one third fill it; the patient reclines on one side, and the pan is placed so that the head can rest in it, the bottom of the pan being a little lower than the point of the patient's shoulder. Now as the assistant will dip up the water in the pan and raise the dipper ten or fifteen inches above the patient's head, letting it fall in a stream on every part of the head, it is necessary to put cotton batting in the ear that is up, to prevent the water from running into it. If the water runs into the ear that is down, it will run out as soon as the head is taken out of the pan.

After the head has been in moderately warm water, and been showered with the same two or three minutes, the patient can bear it a little warmer; and then the head is raised just out of the water, and the assistant puts in a gill, or a half-pint of hot water, and stirs the water in the pan that it may all be of equal temperature; then the head rests again in the pan, as before, and the assistant again engages in dipping and turning the water on the head; and as often as the patient can bear it still warmer, a little hot water is put in, as before, and so on for twenty or thirty minutes, as the case may be, making the water nearly as warm at last, as the hand can bear it comfortably; and then the patient raises the head out of the water, turning the face down, when the assistant turns a little cold water over it, say enough to wet it all over, and then the hair is wiped, and the patient is not liable to take cold, but may get asleep if not disturbed.

Cold water is a stimulant, and increases the heat when the reaction takes place; and warm water opens the pores, letting the heat escape; and if the pores are not stimulated by cold water and rubbing, the heat may escape so much as to produce a chilly feeling, followed by a cold.

Every dairy-woman that is about to work over butter, in warm weather, by hand, first washes her hands in as hot water as she can well endure, and then rinses them in cold water. The boy, to get his feet warm, runs in the snow just before going to bed. They soon get warm. Read and learn. JACOB A. SPEAR.

CONCEIT.—Some people are like telegraph wires. They set themselves high up in the air and congratulate themselves upon their subtlety, their fine-drawn sympathies. One might think that they held all the electricity in the universe. But below them stretches the great earth from which they were digged, giving little heed to them or their electricity, or to the mightiest currents that run to and fro beneath its serene surface.—Scribner's.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

MESSAGE FROM ROBERT HARE TO
DR. FAHNESTOCK.

THROUGH DR. ORR, LANCASTER, PA.

DEAR DR. FAHNESTOCK,—After considerable time spent in useless attempts to alter fixed laws, by your Medium, "Reason has at length been permitted to resume her sway," and I avail myself of the opportunity of continuing my descriptions.

We have seen the distinctions which constitute the difference between Media, as well as individuals generally, who enter the Spirit-world, with advantages or disadvantages each derive from particular constitutions in earth-life.

Let us follow an individual through his progressive development in the spheres; and in order that we may have at a single view the varieties, we will take as our example, one in whom the physical and Spiritual aroma is in equilibrium. Let it be observed that this condition constitutes the highest developed earth state of an individual; that is to say, that the highest development of which any one is capable on earth is the harmonious equalizing of his physical and mental nature, so as to constitute a unit. I do not wish to be understood as saying that all persons, thus in themselves harmonized, are equal to each other; for this is not so. One, from his high mental condition, may assimilate an angel; the other, from his degraded physical aroma, is a devil; although each, physically and mentally, in himself, is a unit, and of course has arrived at that condition in earth-life beyond which further progress is impossible.

Now, by taking these two examples, in their progress through the spheres, we have, as it were, a bird's-eye view of all the human family; merely observing that the first progression of all, who are not thus equalized, is to arrive at that point; after which their future course is identical.

At the expense of being charged with digression, let me illustrate this point. You have on earth two great sources of human progression—one called *good*, the other *evil*. One consists in those means used to elevate man's mental nature above the animal, and to raise his physical being with it; that is, to equalize these two natures into a unit. The other labors to bring the mind to a level with a degraded physical nature, by fostering and encouraging animal propensities and vitiated desires. When the one has subjugated the animal, and merged it into the mental, it has accomplished its work. So when the other has made a brute of the man, further progress in that direction is impossible. The one is an *angel* on earth; the other, a *devil*; although both harmonize in their own natures.

When the first of these examples passes into the second stage of human existence, (the spheres,) no time is spent in equalizing—that has been done on earth. Nothing which he could have done was left undone; and now, having nothing to retard, his course is rapid. In union with angels he becomes the recipient

of all the knowledge necessary for his progression by intuition. The other also dies. Mental darkness was his condition on earth; Spiritual darkness now occupies its place. Physical appetites, fostered and cherished in life, forever burn unquenched, and urge him onward through midnight darkness, grasping for the means of their gratification. The light which beams from above reaches him not; for the windows of what little soul remains are only open from below. Light from earth-life reaches not his case; for, like the buzzard, odors are only grateful to him when wafted from putrefaction. Thus for ages will he continue, until weary with groveling, his soul abhors its cause and grasps the straggling ray that enters his dungeon, making it the lever to raise him to Paradise.

When conditions are more favorable, I will proceed.

ROB'T HARE.

LANCASTER, PENN., June 24, 1860.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

A VISIT TO ROBERT BURNS.

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

[CONTINUED.]

IN conveying to mortals an idea of what passes in the immortal world, Spirits are obliged to make use of terms which can be understood on earth, but which are by no means synonymous with the expressions of thoughts and ideas which the Spirits use in their own sphere. For instance, were I talking to your own souls apart from the physical body, unlimited by mortal language, I should use no such words as "dwelling," "apartment," etc., in describing the house of the Spirit; but it is impossible to convey to those dependent upon objective sights and sounds an adequate idea of events and localities in the Spiritual realm, without making use of their own external expressions. Therefore, I will go on; premising that what I give and have given is but a faint type of the whole—a misty shadow of the reality.

Still another apartment in the home of the people's Scottish bard is fitted up as a library or study. Here are collected volumes by the master poets and philosophers of all ages. Some are prototypes of what is and has been on the earth; others are the outward productions of minds, grand and glorious in their brilliancy of thought, radiant with their exquisite imagery, glowing with descriptive genius, or sweet, pathetic, appealing to the tenderest emotions of the soul, through their simple, homelike, heart-felt tales of life and love; and which have never been sung or spoken through mortal lips.

But you must not for a moment imagine that Robert Burns, or any other Spirit, is dependent upon books for intellectual enjoyment or the gaining of knowledge.

The soul is limitless in its resources; it is boundless in its capacity for expansion; and that Spirit, unconfined by earthly trammels, who is earnestly desirous of gaining knowledge, finds within himself or herself a power developing, which enables him or her to comprehend the fields of learning continually opening out before the vision; while facilities are given, opportunities afforded, by which the honest seeker may grasp the truth as it is held out to him.

That soul in the Higher Life, whose delight in communing with the Spirit of Nature, with the soul of things, who is intellectual, provided with a rich imagination—as mortals speak—gifted with the power to weave songs of cheer, webs of romance, or to philosophize upon life and its seeming mysteries, has within itself a storehouse of wealth, from which it can draw abundant material for intellectual enjoyment.

Then again, could you but faintly realize the scope of the Spirit, its perfect freedom when it so wills, its power and right to travel where it listeth, you could understand that in the home of light we have but to earnestly desire to be in the presence of any great mind, in order to gain benefit and enjoyment from the gems of love, wisdom and beauty which fall upon the seeking souls from those great repositories of thought and expressive ideas; and lo, we are there, drinking in the crystal drops of dew from the souls who are far above us in grandeur of thought, beauty of expression, or sweetness of spirit.

Therefore, Robert Burns is by no means confined to his books; but, as he informed me, although his brightest thoughts are drawn from the life of Nature or the hearts of humanity, yet he loves to gather about him all the expressions of the sweet, soulful, noblest ideals of good which others have had and are ever having. Much that he was deprived of on earth, by force of circumstances, is his now; all that will tend to ennoble and elevate the soul, which was denied him here, he has on the other shore; and why he does not ornament his home and surroundings with the adornings of beautiful objects, which would denote rank and wealth to mortal eyes, could they gaze upward, is because his soul loathed the arrogance, learned to despise the intense selfishness and superciliousness which he found in the hearts and stamped upon the faces and manners of many wealthy, aristocratic personages he met while on earth.

He is Nature's child to the core, and no glittering pageantry can ever be brought to adorn his heart and home. As well at-

tempt to gild the rose and paint the lily, to add to their beauty.

Together, he and I went forth into the smiling valley. A low burn wended its way beneath the shade of waving trees, close down to the mountain base; thither we went, for he wished to show me, with a sort of fatherly pride, the great plummy bunches of purple heather tufting the sides of the gigantic pile.

A tiny child, paddling in the dark waters of the burn, her snowy feet gleaming pearly white amid the shadows thrown by the green branches of the trees, her brown locks hanging in a profusion of luxuriant curls over her dimpled shoulders, and half veiling the azure blue eye and damask cheek, arrested our attention and formed as pretty a picture as one can well imagine; and the poet soul of my companion, drinking in the beauty of the scene, felt all the sweetness of life rushing over him, as he broke out in his quaint Scotch fashion:

Thou winsome, winsome, smiling creature,
Half formed of human, half of nature,
Thy soul gleams through thy every feature,
This gladsome day;
While life itself becomes thy teacher—
Thou prattling fay!

Thy e'en, as blue as summer skies,
Reflect the joys of paradise,
An' glisten wi' their sweet surprise,
That knows no guile;
While angel praises o'er thee rise,
An' bless the while.

Thy bonnie tresses veil thy face
Wi' such a winsome, modest grace,
My spirit fain wad leave its place
An' clasp thee close
In ane sweet, fervent, pure embrace,
Like some rare rose.

Thy snawy feet, like twa fair pearls,
Gleam brightly 'neath the wave that whirls;
The water o'er them softly perls;
God lo'ca thee best,
An' keeps thee 'mang the sweetest girls
That Heaven has blest.

In conveying a pure stream of crystal fluid through a muddy pipe, the liquid loses much of its clearness and gathers sediment from the channel through which it passes. So in striving to convey to your understanding a type of the outpourings of a noble spirit, the stream loses much of its transparency and becomes unsettled through the medium of earthly expression, and perchance distorted by the crude materiality it is sometimes obliged to pass through. Therefore you are to take this as a symbol only of what I had the good fortune to enjoy.

I learned in our rambles that the inhabitants of this smiling valley were not all the countrymen and women of Robert Burns; neither were they—when on earth—all of one belief or religion. They were of every race and clime. Some had been fierce denouncers of the truth; some earnest defenders of old theologic ideas and doctrines; others had no religion, no faith

either in God or man. But it was plain that all had suffered, had been weary, repentant, lonely, heart-sick, and home-sick; and all had found a home, rest, action for their pent-up energies, development for their repressed powers, love, enjoyment and peace, beneath the ministrations of this good man and his gentle companion.

I met with some of these happy people; conversed with them, after the manner of Spirits, read the interior conditions of their souls, and found them all pure, loving, simple, intelligent, respecting man, adoring the Divine in humanity, and recognizing God as the author of Life, whose Spirit was found in everything. How their Spirits sent forth a halo of light, which, springing from their unbounded love and veneration for Robert Burns, settled about him like an atmosphere of glory!

Well did I think highly of the good this man had accomplished; of the beauty of his life-work, of the grandeur of his Spirit, which, rising above adversity, rejecting the tempter, had outwrought by his example, by his endeavors, such a noble result as this—the emancipation of souls from bondage. How many, few could tell; for his efforts were unlimited, and the result of his labors are not confined to this valley, but are scattered far and wide in Spirit-life and on earth.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

[For the Voice of Angels.]

CHEERING WORDS.

SHARON CENTRE, Feb. 9, 1879.

DEAR BROTHER DENSMORE,—How it rejoices me to know that our little messenger, the VOICE OF ANGELS, which makes so many hearts glad with thanksgiving, by giving incontestable proof of a continued life, direct from their own loved ones,—I say it makes my heart glad that it is becoming established upon a sure footing; for it is appreciated by all who read it. And why should they not?—for isn't it grand?—even more, it is heavenly—to be assured by those who have long since passed away, that there is a beautiful residence in the Spirit-land!

My mother, who passed on when I was a child, over sixty years ago, once said to me, not long since, "My dear son, from your earliest infancy have I watched over you; have seen and known all your troubles and trials; and often in your darkest moments have sympathized with you, and clasped you in my arms, and seemingly could not give you up; and then seeing that it was best that you should pass through these trials, I yielded. But who shall say that my boy has not a beautiful home in

the Spirit-land, whenever he is ready to come to it?"

My dear brother, why should we not be happy, when we have such evidence of immortality?

Please excuse this wandering epistle, my brother, and accept of something more substantial for the physical, in that which will bring me the paper for another year.

Please excuse my tardiness; and may the kind angels, peace and prosperity, ever attend you, until your journey shall end!

Ever yours fraternally,

LUTHER GRAVES.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

MORE FROM "LITTLE SPIRITS."

NO. 1806 NORTH SEVENTH STREET, Philadelphia.

FRIEND DENSMORE,—In my communication published October 15th, I promised to take up for my next contribution "several astounding mentionings," which then, as now, I consider as extra tests of Spirit-communion and intercourse. To the Spiritualist of but ordinary experiences, what I have furnished as from the "Little Spirits" may not appear as extraordinary; and yet to such, even, I think they will increase and enlarge their assurance of the grand truth; while those yet unconvinced or unconsciously of the verity of our Divine Philosophy, will see something to excite their interest and induce inquiry and investigation. This, in fact, is all I hope for: knowing as I do that honest inquiry and investigation will often lead to the inward conviction, which must come to one's own consciousness to be worth anything in resultant good.

We will preach, lecture, and exhort to no purpose, unless the individual soul asks, seeks, and opens the door. Light will not penetrate the solid rocks. The promise of our religion is, "to him that openeth the door, I will come in and sup with him, and he with me."

I am happy in the thought, that while the Spirit-world is anxious for the happiness of mortals, we also partake more or less of their solicitude, and unselfishly seek to have them come to the fountain of heavenly truth and love, and drink to the full with us. Thus are we co-workers with the Angelic Hosts in the vineyard; and, planting and sowing, we hopefully look for the harvest of fruits in due season.

We invite our fellow-mortals again and again to the feast prepared for them; and if they disregard the invitations, it will be their fault if they go hungry for the bread of life, and feed of the husks that the swine do eat.

These thoughts have been pressed upon my mind from the fact that you are the

Spirits' devoted servant in the noble work of human redemption from ignorance; giving your body, spirit, and soul to the enlightenment of mankind, and the enfranchisement of souls from the evils of superstition, and from the bondage of creeds founded in the darkness of error, or the mischievous dogmatism of sects and hierarchies. Still, let us smite the rock, perchance the waters will gush out.

Now to the subject matter of my promised contribution: what has forced itself upon my consciousness, as one of the "astounding mentionings," is the message to me from "Little Helen," through a Medium at a distance of one hundred miles from here, namely, "That she and her *grandma* were with me at a Circle where I got flowers and fruit, and that it was brought by Spirits *through the brick walls*."

True to the letter; for some time previous to this, I attended a seance by special invitation of Mr. A. James, Medium, when, under the strongest tests, the whole company was treated to oranges, apples, and bananas—quite a large bunch of the latter—and also a profusion of cut flowers.

She says she was present, and I have no doubt of it; for I realized the facts as stated by her. The only mistake or misnomer was that there were no "brick walls"; for the house occupied by Mr. James is a frame or wooden building. Does that impair the message? Not at all, in my estimation. But this alone is not the strongest nor strangest feature of the "astounding mentionings." For who does she mean by her *grandinamma*, when her two grandmothers are yet in the flesh? This is the question; and she answers it, or solves the problem, by telling me, when she says, "and my grandma is with me, that is, *your mamma that was*." This to me would appear extremely wonderful indeed, if I was an entire stranger to our glorious philosophy of heavenly truth.

My mother left the form in the year 1851; but has been present with me often within the three years of my Spiritual experiences, and was the first to greet me with her loving salutation of any of my Spirit-friends. I can in this realize that by the affinities of Spirit-life my mother and this darling infant-Spirit have come together in their relationship, and are happily cognizant of each other in the endearment of maternal and filial ties. Can it be explained otherwise?

Little Helen has mentioned this grandma since, and gave her name as Annie, (correct,) in the presence of a Medium in this city. She has, in answer to a question from me, told me that she and grand-

ma were together at my house, and this led me to the conclusion that there it was that their affinities were developed.

Helen is a happy Spirit, and wonderfully determined in her manifestations; for she comes in complete control of the Medium. She may have, and doubtless has, the aid of her guardian and teacher, or some kind Spirit-friend.

A few Sundays since, at the conference held at No 259 1-2 North 9th street, the Medium was controlled, and Helen presented me with a growing plant. Since then, at another Medium's, the subject of plants was mentioned, when I asked how many I had received altogether, and the answer was *eleven*. To this I replied, that I thought it was ten only, when the little Spirit insisted upon its count being correct, which proved so, when I went into the enumeration.

Helen and her infantile companion are intent upon contributing to the columns of the *VOICE*. They call it the "Angel-paper," and commend it specially to my notice as the agent by which the messages of the "little Spirits" would be sent out to the world.

What think ye? Since your visit to my house, the "little Spirits" gave me your name in full as connected with the *VOICE*, and congratulated me that you and I had become personally acquainted!

Truly, brother Densmore, you and your *VOICE OF ANGELS* have a *popularity* (shall I use that term?) in the Spirit-world that you may rejoice to know. What a good time you will have with these, or other little fellows, when you pass over to the other shore! How they will surround you with flowers of beauty and love, and sing joyous songs of welcome, you may anticipate; for, as you know, little Spirits, as little children, here, lovingly recognize those who exhibit affection or love for them. How natural! J. W.

INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

(For the "Voice of Angels.")

TO A POT OF FLOWERING PRIMROSES ON MY TABLE, JANUARY, 1879.

BY M. THERESA RUELHAMEL.

Ye dainty darlings, from what forest wild
Have ye been brought to grace my lonely room?
What glimmering sunbeams on your birth have smiled,
To wake such tints of pink and snowy bloom?
So sweet and fragile is your gentle mien,
I look upon you as some heavenly gift—
As from its nest of sheeny emerald green
Each scented cup you sweetly, gladly lift.

The months have rolled in unlovely away
Since that you came to bless my quiet home,
Like Angel-messengers that come to stay,
Nor from our heart's recesses care to roam—
As delicate and fair as glistening pearls,
With roseate gleams, like those a bright sea shell
Will gather 'neath the foamy ocean whirls,
In shimmering caves, where nymphs and mermaids dwell.

But fairer, sweeter, brighter far than those,
Your fragile blossoms breathe of peace and rest,
As blooming on, through wintry frosts and snows,
A summer's gladness thrills through every breast.
No think the angels feed you with the breath
Of endless Spring, that wafts from heavenly bowers,
And that perchance your forms shall know no death,
And be transplanted to the land of flowers.

Amid the cold and frost of wintry strife
Ye bring the visions of the sweet Spring hours,
That fill with glory every form of life,
And wake anew the fragrant wayside flowers.
I catch a gleam of smiling, laughing streams,
That wander merrily through sweet green fields,
Where golden sunlight in its richness gleams,
And Nature all her sweet possessions yields.

And more than this, ye dainty, darling forms,
You bring me visions of that sunny clime
Where never gather wintry blasts and storms:
For flowers adorn it through eternal time;
Where Spirit buds and blossoms sweetly bloom,
And angels guard them with their tenderest care,
Extending all their choicest, rich perfume,
To bless the souls of mortals bowed in prayer.

(The pot contains two plants, one bearing white, the other pink blossoms. They were brought for our Circle table, January 16th, 1878, just one week before the inauguration of the *VOICE OF ANGELS* Circle. The florist who raised them told the purchaser they would bloom until the following May; but on the contrary, the plants have been constantly flowering from that time to the present, bearing a profusion of blossoms, and proving a perpetual source of delight to numbers of returning Spirits.)

(For the Voice of Angels.)

THE BEACON-LIGHT.

BY D. L. PALMER.

It was just at the close of a bright Summer day,
The sun was fast sinking in the far distant west,
When I a young child in the old cradle lay,
Looking far out upon old ocean's breast.

I saw a bright light streaming o'er the blue waves,
And it seemed very strange unto me,
As it came beaming in at the low cottage door—
The low cottage door by the sea.

I knew not the meaning of that bright light,
As it came from the far distant shore,
While the breeze played with my golden hair,
As I lay in the old cottage door.

But I learned in after years the truth—
The tale to me my mother told;
It was to save the lives of men
Who out on the ocean roiled.

When tossed upon the restless waves,
'Mid storm and tempest's fearful roar,
It was a beacon-light to save
Poor sailors' lives from off the shore.

As I grew older in my years,
I traversed all along the beach;
I laughed and played with the beautiful sand,
The beautiful sand beneath my feet.

I gathered the shells and the pebbles up,
And played with them upon the shore;
I wondered what made them so smooth and round,
As I studied them and rolled them o'er.

But I learned the truth in after years;
It was the tale my mother told;
It was the action of the earth,
And the mad billows' constant roll.

From childish ways I soon was brought,
To walk in Wisdom's holy way;
And I was placed in Sunday School,
Where I was taught to seek and pray.

I could not, did not comprehend
The solemn ways they taught me there;
My mind and soul was on the beach,
It was not in the place of prayer.

And thus it was all through my life,
Until the light in God I found—
Came streaming to me o'er the waves
From Spirit-Life—of the Beyond!

I now behold the beacon-light,
Which, all along my pathway given,
Lifts me above the storms of life,
And lands me in the port of Heaven!

MALDEN, MASS., March 1, 1879.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION:

FAIR VIEW HOUSE, NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS.

Spirit, L. JUDD PARDEE, Editor-in Chief.

" D. K. MINER Business Manager

D. C. DENSMORE, amanuensis and Publisher.

NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS., MAY 1, 1879.

EDITORIAL.

MEDIUMSHIP.

It will not be disputed by any one that a well-tuned harp, when swept by skilful fingers, pours forth sweet strains of enchanting music, and its strings vibrate with full rich tones of harmony. Also that the same instrument, when played upon by an ignorant, careless hand, produces nothing but discord and inharmony. Everybody knows that any instrument, to produce the best music, must be handled with exceeding nicety of touch, or it will twang and groan, as if in extreme pain. Just so is it with well-developed Mediums. When operated upon by equally unfolded, harmonious Spirits, they (the Spirits) can pour forth, through the well-prepared organism, sweet strains of harmonious teachings, which delight and instruct the listener; but, if the Medium is ever so highly unfolded, and is operated upon by an ignorant, wilful, uncouth influence, not unlike the harp referred to, he gives forth nothing but incoherent, conflicting, discordant sounds.

Hence it will be seen that the result of a Spirit, in its attempts to teach earth's children, through earthly organisms, determines the exact character and Spiritual status and advancement of the communicating Spirit. Highly-unfolded Mediums are extremely sensitive. Coldness and neglect and slander often unfits and shatters these sensitive instruments so completely that they cannot be used with profit as the mouth-pieces of the Spirit-world; whereas, sympathy and true fraternal love will keep the instrument in order, and cause the controlling Spirits to put forth rich echoes of celestial harmony from the higher spheres.

"But," you say, "we do not play upon the instrument; the Spirits who come to us do that. What, then, have we to do with it?" Our answer is, "You are mistaken." It is true, however, that Spirit-voices are the music which you hear flowing from the instruments, but you are the *operators* who draw forth the full, sweet, dulcet tones of harmony, or the harsh grating of discord. If you visit a Medium for the purpose of hearing from your friends in Spirit-life, with a prejudiced mind, with preconceived opinions upon the matter, and say to yourself, "It is all false from beginning to end,"

you become unsympathetic, and your spirit clouded with suspicion. With such feelings uppermost in your mind, when the Medium claims to speak under Spirit-control, you regard him or her as an impostor; if you ask questions, it is in tones of distrust; hence the result. Chilled by your manner, confused by your coldness, and saddened by your distrust, the Spirits communicate unsatisfactorily, if at all, and you depart more prejudiced than ever before. The great difficulty is, you forget that *you and you alone* are the operator who has drawn from the mediumistic instrument thoughts and expressions reflecting the state of your own Spirit. You do not know that every nerve and fibre of a highly sensitive Medium is so finely strung that it shivers beneath the chilling blast of the harshness and distrust of your own Spirit, and you retire in an unenviable state of mind, leaving pain and distress behind you.

Another party visiting the same Medium, whose heart is warm and full of sympathy, his motives honest and pure, his soul free from the clouds of unjust suspicion—that bane so fatal to the free exercise of true mediumship—mentally says, "I wish to hear from my loved ones; if they can come to me, I will bid them welcome." Thus he comes into close *rapport* and harmony with the higher spheres, and everything being harmonious, the Medium soon passes under control, and an intelligence claiming to be a Spirit-friend manifests its presence. The sitter kindly bids the control welcome, listens courteously and with interest to what it has to say, questions it with gentle kindness, and when satisfied as to the identity of the Spirit—that is, that it really *is* what it purports to be—enters into true soul-communion; and his whole being grows stronger and better for it.

Now in this case, as in the other, the inquirer is the *real* operator; but instead of producing harsh, discordant tones, he has drawn forth strains of harmony, love and power; his Spirit-friends have drawn from him that sympathy essential to making their presence known, and come singing sweet paeans of love and truth; while the Medium's sensitive mind reflects that calm, trusting condition of the sitter's spirit; thus becoming passive, and allowing the Spirits full scope to prove their identity.

Hence we repeat, a Medium's organization is like a musical harp, which may be made to pour forth enchanting strains of love and melody, or it may be shattered at one fell blow.

Again, a highly mediumistic mind may be likened to a lake of clear water, or a crystal mirror, which reflects all things upon its surface, be they black as midnight, or light as the golden sun of day.

Ponder well on these things, investigators, and especially Spiritualists; and when you wish to hear from your loved ones gone before, look to it well in what state of mind you approach their precincts; for it rests with yourselves whether you gather thorns and thistles, or beautiful blossoms, which, if well cared for, will take root and grow in your hearts, filling your lives with their own fragrance and celestial beauty.

SPIRIT MESSAGES.

GIVEN AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE,
MARCH 23, 1879,

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELHAMER.

INVOCATION, BY ROBERT ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN.

Oh, thou who fillest immensity with thy presence; thou who art the unknown and unknowable; we who are gathered in mortal and immortal guise would offer up the incense of our Spirits. We would not worship thee as the unknown God. We would come to thee, worshipping thee as our Father who art in heaven, in whom we live, move and have our being.

We praise thee that our Spirits can blend in the harmony of song. We bless thee that the aspiration of so many souls is "Nearer my God to thee, nearer to thee." May it ever be so. May the lessons of the past lead us on to make in the future, still nobler, grander efforts to attain that God-like character that only the pure and good possess.

We thank thee not only for past blessings and present joys, but for the hopes that lift us over the trials of life and lead us onward. We bless thee for all victories gained; and oh, may we sing a nobler, sweeter song of praise to thee! Spirit-guides of this Circle, work, oh, work, according to the needs of humanity. Look on the dark, benighted Spirits, who are brought here to receive light. Extend to them your sympathy, and strive to uplift them into an atmosphere of peace and joy.

Bless the human instruments; through them may many rejoice, many be made glad with the tidings of truth sent from this place.

OLIE FREEMAN.

I DESS I tan tum; I'se want to speak. I hees Olie Freeman. I tumed all'er way in'er tars long do, an I'se been waiting all'er time to speak. [You have? Where did you come from?] Albany. I was mos' four; I'se five now. Mamma don'

know I see tan tum, but I does; an' I plays with my kitty 'at I had here. Kitty sees me, an' she scratches awful; she doesn't scratch me, but she claws the side of 'er door. She's all white, only one brack paw. Does you know what we calls her? [No; what is it?] Brack Foot.

My mamma's name's Mamy. [Mary.] I see tum to speak about the frowers; 'ers lots where I is. Ain't you frowers pitty; Is it Summer all 'er time? [No; but these grow in the warm room.] Don't you never have no snows? I see went away in 'er snows. My froat ain't sore now. Is you ganpa to all 'er little Spirits? [I guess so.] 'Ell I likes you. Dood bye. Sing now, for old man' at's tuming.

WILLIAM SMITH.

[By request of the Spirits, the Chairman sang a verse of "Joyfully."]

How do you do? I enjoy that; it seems glorious to get into a Spirit-Circle again. The world moves, and time slips into years, since I went home. I was an old man, but I've been growing young every-day since I passed on. My name is William Smith, and my earthly home is in Geneva, Wisconsin. I fell dead with heart disease before I could reach the door; but it's all right with me. I had no fear; I knew where I was going. No one has called for me, but I thought I would step around, and if any of my friends glance at this, they may know I remember each one with affection. God bless all good works and their workers!

CAPTAIN O. BACON.

I MIGHT say a generation has arisen since I passed over yonder, friend; and the world has marched on, especially this movement has rolled along, growing bigger and grander at every turn, like the school-boy's snow ball. I wonder where it will bring up!

It's long since I have manifested through a Medium; at least, so it seems to me. But I've tried to make the best of my time and opportunities, as I hope I always did; and I feel I've not lost anything by my experience.

I come from the good old town of Woburn. It has fond memories for me; but I'm not vegetating there altogether, by no means.

Now, I want to ask you Spiritualists, wherever you are, if you are doing your conscious best, according to your light?—if this belief of yours has entered into your lives and made them better and broader and sweeter. Are you more charitable, forgiving and kind? Are you trying to do the best you can? Because if you are,

the truth has been a beacon-light to you, and you need not fear storms and shipwreck.

You may call me old Capt. Bacon, or Capt O. Bacon, just as you like. I send my love to all old friends.

E. B. D.

THE germs of life are waking
In Nature's throbbing breast,
And Spring's sweet bloom is breaking
The chains of wintry rest;
The boughs are all a-quiver
With budlings all aglow,
Where leaflets soon will shiver
In every breeze that blows.

New germs of life are waking
Within the human soul,
And Truth is grandly breaking
Beyond death's fierce control;
And love and joy and gladness
Roll from the Spirit-Sphere,
To permeate the sadness
Of mortals bowed in fear.

For lo! the grave is vanquished,
And death hath lost its sting;
Love soars triumphant singing,
With peace upon its wing;
And through the swinging portal
The angels swiftly glide,
To lead their friends in mortal
Safe to the heavenly side.

L. JUDD PARDEE.

AH, my friends, we have a grand company this evening. Could you all witness as I do the happy, earnest Spirit-faces here assembled, hear the words of wisdom and songs of cheer uttered by Spirit-lips, you would fully realize what a work of instruction, of consolation as well, is carried on by the Spirit-side of this circle.

I come particularly tonight to send a brother's greeting, a brother's love and sympathy, appreciation of work performed, and commendation for Spiritual duties ever fulfilled, to my soul-friend and brother, my co-worker and associate, George A. Bacon. We have stood together shoulder to shoulder—aye, heart to heart—and we understand each other as only Spiritual affinities can. We have watched the surging tide of Spiritual Truth come rolling in, and have rejoiced when a soul has become submerged in its golden waves. Now he still lingers on the material plane, active in battle; still active in peace; silently, quietly and unostentatiously performing a noble part in the mighty work; while from the upper heights of immortal life I strive to fill my place and complete my mission. And as a dear brother, I whisper to you, George, my appreciation for that work of tongue and pen which is steadily working in the hearts of the people for good, and is often opening their eyes to the various landmarks of truth, as well as the pitfalls of error.

Go on, my brother, and be sure my sympathy and blessing is with you. This is not the first time I have come to my friend; but it is the first time at our Circle.

To all my friends and associates I waft my enduring love and remembrance.

L. JUDD PARDEE.

MESSAGES GIVEN MARCH 30, 1879.

MARY E. CARTMILL.

THE flowers are so beautiful. My sister Flora came here last winter, and now I would like to come and send our love to all we love. I come from Tulare, California. I am going on fourteen. Eva and Flora send ever so much love, and of course I do too. We come often, and bring a nice influence, so as to make home so happy and peaceful. I have a brother left, and we throw a good influence over him, and will make him a comfort to mother and father.

Oh, I have a happy home. Everything beautiful that we loved here we have now. I have a pair of birds, and a garden. We have mother's and father's pictures, more real than any you have here. Grandfather brought us a picture of our dear old home.

Please remember to say we are happy, and watchful over all; and we will prepare a grand reception for them; and we study hard to learn something useful and good; and above all, we love them dearly.

My name is Mary E. Cartmill. My darling mother's name is Sophia.

[Send to Mrs. Sophia Cartmill, Tulare, Cal.]

J. EMORY WILSON.

CAN you see me? [I see a little fellow.] Well, didn't you say every body could come? [Yes.] I bring a wreath of lovely flowers to my darling mamma. Tell her they are tea-roses and pinks, and they are to give her strength. Tell her the sweet flowers bloom forever in the pretty Spirit-world, and the birds always stay; and grandpa says that hopes that sweetly bloom never decay; they are only transplanted to heaven, where they forever bloom like the Spirit-flowers, and soul-treasures never fly away.

I'm J. Emory Wilson, and give heaps of my love to mamma and papa. Papa was sick, and we don't want him to tax himself with too much business, 'cause he isn't strong enough yet. Uncle Doc and uncle Luther send love to all.

Tell dear Mr. Major I send him my love, and so do his dear Spirit-friends. When he went to papa's, he brought such a good healthy influence, and the Spirits could come so near, papa felt stronger and mamma, too. If Mr. Major comes East, when it is hot weather, I'm going to talk to him. Ask him what made the bridge burn on the other road two days ago.

Good bye. I'd like to join the band

and help Spirits to come. I come from Parsons, Kansas.

PIRENE YOUNG.

How do you do? [Good evening.] Although a stranger here, I would like to send word to my husband from this place, to thank him for his kind attention to and his active defence of misjudged Mediums. The angels bless him for it; they give him strength and fortitude, and in every way possible they brighten his faith; but above all, they will prove their gratitude when they welcome him home. So glad are we at the last settlement he made where he now is; such was the location marked out for him by the higher powers.

I have proved true what I witnessed here in the way of Spiritual manifestations, and I have endeavored to prove it true to others. Time flies on rapid wing, and months lengthen into years, ere we realize it; but I have been a busy worker since my ascension, and do not regret. Say I am never going to grow old, as I often prove in manifesting. Thank you.

PIRENE YOUNG.

[Direct to Stephen Young, Memphis, Scotland County, Missouri.]

PARK WILBUR.

This is a strange manifestation of natural law, sir; at least, so I find it. Devoted entirely to the duties of my profession, studying into and keenly analyzing—as far as in my power—the complexities and the niceties of material, natural life, I had no time to give to the study of religious or Spiritual theories, and I had but little interest in them; feeling as I did that matter contained the ultimatum of life. And so I come for instruction, for experience, in this department, that may be of use to me in my investigations—come as a pupil to gather crumbs of knowledge from the lips of those advanced Spirits who delight to assist others.

I am a cosmopolitan; my duties calling me hither and thither, I claim the whole world as my country. Although I have friends in Europe and this country, I presume they would not accept this; but as I come for my own benefit, it does not matter. I am deeply grateful.

I am Park Wilbur, dead yet living, a number of years. If Liverpool friends call, I will answer. I was and am a naturalist by profession.

PAULINA WESTWORTH.

ALL the way from Montana I come, hoping to drop a line in the mail. I have been trying to reach home for four years. I was eighteen when I went away. My name is Paulina Wentworth. I think the

new life sweet and beautiful. I bring my love, and ask my friends to so live that they will be glad to meet the death-angel as a friend who will bear them to a world of love and beauty. My head is so bad I can say no more. Perhaps I can come again. I had brain fever.

WILLIAM YOUNG.

ANXIOUS to waft a word of comfort to one very dear to my soul, sir, I have been long trying to come and thank the blessed Spirits for this privilege. I am often with you, dear Lizzie; and in the stillness of night do I hear your Spirit away to find peace and rest with those for whom your heart yearns. Do you not know I am with you, bringing you strength, easing your heart of life's burdens, and watching over you for all time? What change can come to you that I may not know? What sorrow fill your heart that I do not sympathize with? What care perplex you that I do not share? In Spirit-life, human love becomes developed and intensified, until it flows out and surrounds the objects of its care with a stream of undying affection.

Death strikes boldly, and swift as thought we sever the connection of the body and rise to higher realms, never to weary, never to grow old, save in experience and knowledge; and never to separate.

Dear wife, to me the release was as but yesterday; to you time shows his lengthening finger, proving that his march has travelled far onward. By-and-bye, we shall meet in the dawning of a new day, always to be one in heart and spirit, as we have been through the past days.

[Say it is William Young, to Elizabeth Young, Champaign, Illinois.]

JENNIE NORRIS.

I'm Jennie Norris, and I come from Springfield, Mass. I went away when I was seven years old, and I've been gone nine years. My father's with me; his name is William. My mother's living here with my aunt; her name is Sarah. I know a man who reads the paper, and I want him to read this to my mother. I tried to come once a long time ago. My cousins tried it, just for fun, and I tried to come. They got scared, and said they'd never touch it again. It was a board on two wheels, and a pencil stuck through a hole.

Well, I want to send my love, and father's love, and Minnie's love, and tell mother she'll soon be with us, out of all pain. Good bye.

KATIE WYMAN.

WILL you allow me to say a word? [Yes, indeed.] I came before. I don't

like to intrude. [You are welcome.] This is anniversary time of Spiritualism, you know; and I thought they would like to hear from me at home. I am so happy in this beautiful home; but from its quiet groves I often come to twine my arms of love about the necks of those I love; and in whispering Spirit-words of comfort, I seek to scatter the clouds that sometimes gather, and thus bring them comforting tokens of sympathy and affection.

Darling mother, give my love to all; assure them of my remembrance; tell them I am happy. And to you, who felt you had lost the sweetest link holding you to earth, when you laid my form away—to you I bring the choicest, purest offering of my Spirit, the undying love and sympathy that can never tarnish nor grow dim; but through all the years it will shine for you, drawing you onward to that land where dear souls await your coming, and among whom you will find your Katie developed into the full form of womanhood, glorified through the love that is ever yours. I am Katie Wyman, from Stoneham. Thank you.

FANNIE, WHOSE SPIRIT-NAME SIGNIFIES TRANSPARENCY.

[The following was given by the Controlling Intelligence of the Circle:] I speak by proxy. A Spirit-lady who wishes to be recognized by none but the party addressed, bids me speak for her as follows, signing herself Fannie, whose Spirit-name signifies transparency. She says: "To the one particular friend with whom I was associated—to the chief operator upon the material side of life, in the business with which I was identified—I wish to convey this message. The Angels are gathering to your side with greater strength and energy, blessing you for the noble efforts, the good accomplished and the determined stand upon the side of truth taken in the past. Your Spiritual backers are consolidating their energies for your continued support, and for the furtherance of your undying endeavors to spread the light of truth. And through me, who as one interested heart and soul in the success of your work, who upon this anniversary eve deems it important to thus recognize your worth, the mighty band controlling the destinies of your work, waft a Spiritual blessing that shall be as healing, that shall be as strengthening to your spirit, as the great wave of magnetism that often streams upon you from the Higher Life.

For nearly four years I have worked for the good of my beloved mission, which I bore from earth to the Spiritual world. Part of my labors have been expended in one direction—the perfecting of one more

means of keeping open the way. Remember what we told you long ago, if necessary, we would raise up any amount of—means—to carry on the work. The time will come when you must have a change, when different means must be provided. Now I tell you we foresee this, and have been working for it, that there may be no interruption. You may now know where the means can be found, and we will give you information when you seek it of us.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

THROUGH M. T. SHELFHAMER.

WAUKESHA, WISCONSIN, April 12, 1879.

Editor *Voice of Angels*:

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—In your little paper of March 1st issue, there is a message through M. T. Shelfhamer, claiming to come from William White, formerly of this place; and sure enough, it is from him. There was an old resident of that name, a Spiritualist, who passed on four weeks prior to the date of giving his message, (Feb. 9th.) I am sure it was him, for several reasons: One was, he said to his family and friends, before he died, not to make any display over his remains, as he says in his message. Rev. Mr. Camp spoke at the ceremony, and was very liberal in his remarks, as also mentioned in the message. Hence, I feel sure it came from him.

Fraternally,

W. D. HOLBROOK.

[For the *Voice of Angels*.]

THE NEW DISPENSATION.

NUMBER THREE.

WITH the advent of Spiritualism came marked and powerful forces, and with its advent we believe came all that is meant in the term—"The New Dispensation," and marked a dividing line between two great planes of human progress.

In order to fully comprehend what is written in these articles under the general term—"The New Dispensation"—it seems necessary that we should take a look at the age we live in, and see, if possible, if we can fully apprehend its real meaning; because if we look sharp and compare correctly, we will see that the immediate approach to Spiritualism by humanity marks the greatest and most progressive advance in all that pertains to human intellectual comprehension this planet has ever seen.

Historic man does not furnish so rapid a strido in all that has to do with human interest as that which has taken place within the last sixty years. Sweep out of existence the accumulations of this period, and the paraphernalia of our social structure would be barren indeed. Within that pe-

riod has appeared all we know of steam-boats, railroads, telegraphs, etc., that have greatly facilitated commerce and made a rapid transit for all that mankind needed. All these have brought distant places near to us, and made a continent as one family and one neighborhood. Steam-boating, railroading and telegraphing are elements as essential in bringing on the brotherhood of man as anything that has appeared. In fact, they lie at the foundation, in the establishing such a dispensation.

It seems that this prelude to Spiritualism is essential to what Spiritualism really intends to be, and the whole combined cannot be less than the work of some far-reaching intelligence, which we believe to have its existence and power in the Spirit-world.

Within this period, the mower and reaper, together with all the smaller, but none the less beneficial implements of husbandry, have been brought out, together with our stoves, our steel-spring wagons, friction matches, all we have of pictorial magazines, daily, weekly and monthly, pianos and house organs in the musical realm, and not least, the sewing-machine. All these, with many other things that are at present a part and parcel of the everyday necessities of life, mark a great, if not the greatest epoch of historic human development.

Also, this approach to Spiritualism was identified with all we have of experimental mesmerism, and all we have in the science of phrenology.

It is well to understand this age we live in, in all the ramifications of human development; for all that has come to humanity has come through its intelligence. Really, then, this crop of benefits is the result of intellectual expansion and power to comprehend more than in the days gone by.

Not only is it necessary to view this sixty years' grand march, but all that has been accumulating during the last four hundred years—an intimate and connected link in our present intellectual attainments, reaching back to Copernicus. All we have of what we call the sciences dates back to him, but not beyond. Back of him all intellectual attainments are relics of a past age, or a something not connected with our present modes of thinking.

In works of art we reach back to the Italian school, with Michael Angelo at its head; and the German school, with Rubens at its head.

The bringing into existence the print-press, the invention of the telescope,

that demonstrated the Copernican theory of the heavens to be correct, with all that has been discovered since, form one grand chain of connected thought, which we now have on the sciences of astronomy, geology, chemistry, botany, zoology and anthropology, or man and his relations, so far as man is an animal and material being. In fact, all life below man, and man as a material being, has been analyzed by the intelligence of the past four hundred years, and the orderly arrangements of which we find in our present sciences. Spiritualism comes in to complete the scientific analysis and arrangement of the products of this planet. So Spiritualism in its full understanding completes the list of the sciences, by learning that man, one of the productions of this planet, lives after the death of the physical body, in another sphere of existence; and in learning this, forever settles the destiny of man and solves the religious problem. The settlement of all these questions marks a new era. We term it "The New Dispensation."

It must be remembered that Spiritualism has not come to this present age; neither have any of the sciences nor any of the inventions. A steamboat, a railroad, a telegraph, or a mower and reaper, or a sewing-machine, were as possible four thousand years ago as they are possibilities today. The reason they have not existed before is because human brain-force was not sufficiently developed to comprehend and put into orderly arrangement the appliances and forces necessary to produce them.

Just so with Spiritualism. It lies all along the track of historic man; but man in the past could not comprehend it; and it exists today simply because of human development, the expansion of brain-force. Spiritualism, therefore, has not come to this age, but this age has come to it, through the law of progress and development.

The acme of human brain-power may in ages gone by have reached great intellectual heights, but the products of this age prove beyond dispute that the present towers high above all past intellectual powers.

At the present time it is necessary to note one fact. Our present religious beliefs, which contain in them all our conceptions of our relation to God and man, and our destiny as Spiritual beings in another state of existence, had their origin, conception and formulation away back of our present age and its intellectual formulations. In fact, our religious beliefs were

created when the world was flat, not round, as it now is. Our religious beliefs were contemporaneous with the old philosophers of physical life, all of which the present age has reconstructed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[For the Voice of Angels.]

"OUR DAYS ARE AS THE WEAVER'S SHUTTLE."

BY EVA E. TO M. L.

WHAT is Life?—A magic web,
That we with careless deeds do fill;
A web that sorely tangled gets
Against our hopes, against our will;
When happy days with soothing power
Around us fold their peaceful wings,
When our hearts feel at rest, and we
Can look beyond all earthly things;—

Then with a hand that lightly moves
We weave a thread of golden hue,
And deem not, while our hearts are full,
That these bright threads will be so few.
But sorrow, with a ruthless power,
Seeks out our joy, and cries, Away!
And with a cruel grasp, it holds
Our heavy hearts beneath its sway.

Sweet friend, and dost thou grieve and pine
For that soul kindred with thine own,
That presence, near and dear, of one
Thy breaking heart so long hath known?
I know not words of comfort—they
Our deepest feelings cannot tell;
But try to think, to feel, to know
Heaven doth all things—all things—well.

And know one heart is fraught with love,
And pity for thy sacred grief;—
Life is not long—be patient, wait—
Earth's joys at best are few and brief.
And do you doubt that "over there"
A welcome waits, so holy, pure,
That you can bear this—more than death—
For his sake, suffer and endure!

VERMONT, Feb. 6, 1879.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

EXPERIENCES OF A SPIRIT.

BY CYRENA W. KNOX.

LITTLE did I think, when I passed to the Spirit-world, that I should find things as I do. Instead of the old ideas of theology being realized, new ideas of Spirit light and power understood. I find not the old Bible here, but a new one instead, revised and enlarged, and translated into new language and rebound. Nor do I throw the old entirely away; but I am eager to grasp the new, eager to get all the enlightenment I can, to know and see things in their true light, and to eradicate what is false and erroneous from my Spirit forever.

I did not have so much knowledge in regard to the Bible as many; my means for obtaining an education were limited; therefore I learned from observation and experience more than from books. The ideas of theology were instilled into my mind when I was a child, and they followed me ever after. Not many days after I came here, I found those old ideas must be banished in order to gain new light and new powers; and I am striving to the utmost to obtain all the power and knowl-

edge I can. I am happy to say I am not the only one. Many in the same sphere with me are anxious to gain power and progression, and it gives me impetus to press forward and gain what I can, and through the hand I use, return to that sphere, and teach what has been taught to me.

We have formed many ideas of labor. The plan of our work will from time to time be given, and the knowledge gained will be given also. I wish to give the experiences as I passed through them, for the education and benefit of others; that they may form some ideas of how we work, eat, drink, and sleep, and how we strive for other Spirits' progression.

As I have said, not many days after I came to the Spirit-world, I realized the situation I was in. I always had a mind to work. That was a material element of my nature, and I saw I was destined to carry out that element here. I had failed to learn before coming here what my situation might be; therefore I had to find the place or sphere which I was best adapted to. It is impossible to be in a sphere one is not adapted to, and be happy. I knew not the laws that governed the Spirit, therefore it took me longer to find my sphere. It was a happy day to me when I found it. Out of it I was unhappy, and the bitterest experiences of all my life were nothing compared to it.

The first food I took in Spirit-life seemed bitter; but after a while I got so I could eat different food, and I liked it better. Coming as I did with the sickness of the body, and not knowing the laws of progression, I had to take the bitter food in order to cleanse my Spirit from those conditions; and then I had to return to earth to throw off my earthly nature. "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." Oh, how true this is! The material or earthly matter must return to mother earth, before the Spirit can roam in high celestial fields. There are elements which belong to my Spirit alone. These are living today; while those of the body or the material world had to be carried back and left upon its shores, before my Spirit could pass into a more spiritual state. Not long after I came over did I find this out, and not having much strength nor light, I groaned in agony. The flowers and trees and fruit seemed nice for others; but there was no enjoyment in them for me. I could not stay in that sphere. What was sweet to others was bitter to me. Remember this was my first experience in Spirit-life. I had got into the wrong place. I could not stay.

I went down to the next sphere or grade. Such a moving mass of Spirits hurrying to and fro; some just come over, others had been over a long time; all had a restlessness and uneasiness about them. I tried to form some idea of my own, but I could not. I seemed to be moved and acted upon by those about me. I began to ask questions. No one could answer them; they all seemed to be as much in the dark as I. Presently, I saw an old man beckoning to me. He seemed to be a friend, but I had never seen him before. He told me I was in the Spirit-world; that my body was buried many days before. I had not fully realized this until then. All the thoughts and acts of my life rushed through my Spirit in an instant, from the earliest moment of recollection until the unconscious state before I left the body. He said he was sent as a guide to help me, and if I was anxious to know about the place, he would tell me what he could; but I should have to work to get up there. I looked in the direction he pointed, and saw gardens of flowers. "I have been there," I said. "Not in progression," he said. He told me I must go to my home, and try to talk with my friends; that I would have to throw off the old conditions of my body before I could be happy or find a more Spiritual state. This seemed hard, for I was very weak. I could see my home, and how I left it, and see the way back. I started, the guide assuring me of success if I struggled for it. But oh, the weary and tired feeling!

For days I wandered about, not having much power or strength to make much headway. I struggled with many opposing elements. The currents seemed to take me home. I tried to open the door, but could not. I tried to ring the bell. No sound came forth. Faint and weary, I sat down on the steps to rest. A shadow came over my spirit. A stranger in my own home!

With what eagerness I rushed forward, thinking the doors would open for me; but alas, the disappointment seemed bitter! By a current, I was carried into the street, and I followed a man who had a peculiar influence. For days I tried to influence him to go to some place of worship, thinking the music might harmonize my condition. I left him in disgust, he being a very profane man, and not given to heavenly things.

I travelled on, over hills and valleys, through the woods, then into the cities of New England. I followed an old lady home. She saw me, and asked me why I came. I told her I was trying to get

home. She tried to tell me about conditions, etc., the best she could. I thanked her and left, feeling strengthened and benighted.

I went to a hall, and tried to influence a number. No one knew me, as I could not speak my name. I got power to control one, however, to speak upon storms and clouds of Spirit-life. I told the people not to come to Spirit-life until they had learned about it. I was so elated with my success that I forgot my home, and for days I kept around the hall, and those who came out and in there.

At last, I got tired of that way. The old feeling of home came over me. I looked in that direction. It appeared easier and clearer than before. In an instant I was there. I found I had gained strength, yet the barriers were not all removed. I found the door of my own home did not open so readily for me as the doors of strangers; but I was not discouraged. I resolved I would be a welcome visitor in my own home. I could see my wife dressed in black, with a long crape veil. I did not like the veil; it made me feel sad. I felt she was mourning for me as one dead, and I alive. I felt eager to grasp the veil and take it from her. I followed her to church, but could not get very close to her. I followed her home, but could not go into the door.

I thought I would go to the spot where I left the old man—the guide, as he called himself. Perhaps he would help me. My spirit seemed lighter for the thought. I found myself surrounded by many Spirits, all eager to help me. They told me there were prospects of success, that I would yet be a welcome visitor in my own home. I went to the door and rapped; she did not hear it. I continued to rap, but with no better success. I gathered new forces; a host of Spirits came to my aid; and with all the power I could raise, I made one loud rap upon the door.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

THROUGH C. E. WINANS.

MATTIE WILLCOTT.

Oh, auntie, auntie! How do you do, and you, uncle John, too? Don't you know me? I am your niece, Mattie Willcott. Oh, is it possible that I can converse with you? Oh, you don't know, auntie, how hard I have tried to talk to some of my dear ones. Auntie, it is all well with me. But my little boy, my child, I had to leave him among strangers! Oh, how much suffering he had to pass

through with! Oh, he was so near to death's door, but the angel of death saw fit to spare him and take me. Oh, to take me from my darling it was so cruel, cruel! But auntie, after I entered the Spirit-world, I came back to my child in Spirit.

I cannot tell you how I watched by him and guarded him, until by that blessed watch he was restored to mother, yes, to his grandmother. Now he is safely housed and in mother's protection. Knowing this, I can rest. Waldren is safe, safe at last; and I am so happy. Auntie, I have come tonight as a returned Spirit, to tell you there is a life beyond this dark vale of tears—a world so much more refined and pure and perfect, so much more beautiful and real than the dark lower plains you live in; where there is much more light, and better folks; and best of all, no sickness, no more death, but where we can become so much better and happier, and grow in grace and knowledge, and progress into a higher sphere, and learn of all things that are good and pure.

Oh, auntie, you all soon learned of my departure from this life, and that it was the yellow fever that so suddenly snatched me from among you. I could not run away, as some did, while there were so many around me in so much distress and suffering. No, auntie, I could not have the heart to—no, no! But, auntie, and mother, your child, your niece, died doing her duty to those who were in so much suffering and pain. I knew that our Heavenly Father would protect me, and if he saw fit, would take me.

It was the will of Him that rules and governs all things that I should go. I had accomplished my work; and I was through. Oh, auntie, I had often heard ma speak of the returned Spirits influencing Mediums, and telling of their beautiful home in the Spirit-world, and of herself seeing and conversing with the Spirits, and how the Spirits could influence the weak ones of earth to do right; and of the beautiful truths and their teachings. And to think, auntie dear, that I should think that ma was imagining these things, or maybe she saw so and so, and maybe not; not to say that ma would tell stories to me or any one else! But now I know, now I see; I can learn for myself and understand. If Spirits can't return, why am I here? Oh, it is true, it is true! I will doubt no more. Oh, how grand and beautiful is the Spiritual world! And the life after death is so real and genuine, and the world of Spirits is as real as the world you live in.

Auntie, there is to be a change of place with me; that is, I am to go into another

band of Spirits; and when the change takes place, I can communicate to you much better. I have met grandfather Montgomery, and D. and C. I must quit. Love to all. For the present I am your niece,

MATTIE WILLCOTT.

To Auntie Griffiths.

THROUGH WEST INGLE.

FROM J. R. SCHNEELY.

MY DEAR S—:—Shall I call you so—as the angels speak of you, when they whisper your name one to another—when mentioning your ministrations of love to your living friends?

I have been in Spirit-life a long time—since the fall of 1862. What noise and confusion was abroad in our country at that time! What bitter times we had! Every man's hand was against his brother, apparently; though good and true men answered the call, and some of us found Spirit-life before we lived to shout victory over the "starry flag."

Women were compelled to suffer most. Tears and heart-aches were for tender, loving wives, mothers and daughters. You can hardly realize it now, dear S., as peace is now over all, and the Spiritual has triumphed over the material.

I did not want to die. I did not desire to leave family and friends; though I did not have much time to think of the subject; for you know I did not know I was going till the breath left my body; and if others knew it, I did not; or if I thought so, I did not realize it. Yet I was glad when it was all over, and I found myself happy and free from the noise of battle, and the pain and anguish caused by human suffering.

I found many of our dear ones here, and best of all, I found hope and rest; and I also found a world governed by law and justice, peace and harmony, love and mercy, which made all things beautiful; and I was satisfied. I found that I was counted at my true value; each gift was pointed out and developed, till my Spirit seemed to grasp in a measure all I had ever aspired to.

I would like to speak of our dear friends and neighbors, who are here—my own friends and family connections—and your mother's also; and tell you of their Spiritual progress. But I cannot do so tonight, as the Medium is weary. Old and young are here, and some who passed away before you can remember are among them, who love you dearly; and you are worthy of all love and confidence.

I was rejoiced when the dear ones commenced to arise; I welcomed them as we welcome friends from far lands.

Irene Lewis stands near me at this time. She says, "Tell dear S. that I am happy. After all my hardships, pains and griefs. I am happy now, and shall try to do my best for you all, while you are in earth-life. A change will come to you, my dear child—a great change. Into your life will come a perfect love, embodying the one gone out and the better and more perfect one coming in, with the Summer months, with the green leaves and sweet-scented roses."

I must leave you now, but I will surely come again, and give you a true history of my Spirit-life.

Heaven bless and keep you all. I clasp your dear hand on Spirit-ground.

I am as ever, to all who love me and mine.
J. R. SCHNEBLY.

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

TUNIE TO HER FATHER.

DEAR FATHER.—Knowing that Thursday is your birthday, and feeling that a word from us in commemoration of the day would please you, I write to give you my love, which you know is always yours, and to bring you the love and the honest blessings of all your dear Spirit-friends. My grandparents, my aunts and uncles, Eddie and Davie, Mr. Pardee and Mr. Miner, and ever so many more, all send greetings, all send best love and sympathy, all bless you.

The Spirits know the trials and obstacles you have to encounter; the difficulties in the way—physically, spiritually and mentally—of always receiving what is needed; and while they commend and bless you for keeping on in the work, they are constantly striving to lighten your labors and to brighten the road; and eventually they feel that they will more than succeed.

Dear father, we will all be with you on your birthday, celebrating it in our peculiar manner, and will bring you strength. You are not used to having much thought of in connection with April 10th, but we do think a great deal of it, and are the happier for assuring you that we do.

Thinking that I would like to give you a little memento of my love for a birthday souvenir, this Medium has worked the pretty book-mark, and I send it with pleasure, and a whole heart full of love.

May your life be sunny and sweet, and your days full of that wisdom which bringeth strength to soul and body.

Jennie sends her love and best wishes to you. Please give her love and mine to her mother, Aunt Maria, as I love to call her. Tell her we are often with her, as

she knows, and that her Spirit-friends bless and love her.

Dear father, keep all the letters you receive, asking for communications, and when you get ready, send them here. I am doing all I can to bring the Spirits to communicate, and I am getting quite a band of little ones and young Spirits to help me.

Please, father, always send the messages when printed to the address given in the message.

Once more, with love, your own Tunie,
TUTE.

CORRECTION.

In the Voice of March 1, Message on Civilization, second column, second paragraph, occurs the sentence, "I am of the opinion, rather, that you will . . . plant a home—a State—a tree, in short, whose leaves shall be for the healing of the nations." The word *State* should have been *stake*.

"TUNIE" FUND.

WE have been requested by the Band controlling the destiny of this paper to call upon those of our patrons who are able, to contribute to a fund for sending the Voice of ANGELS free to those unable to pay for it. To any and all our patrons who can send any amount, if ever so small, for the above purpose, we will credit the amount they may send, in the next issue of the paper.

Since our last, we have received the following donations to the "Tunie" Fund:

| | |
|--|--------|
| A Friend, | \$0.35 |
| John Dutcher, Dover Plains, Dutchess Co., N. Y., | 0.35 |
| Almeida A. Fordtran, Industry, Ill., | 1.00 |
| B. A. Hollingsworth, West Pittsfield, Mass., | 0.25 |
| Sarah Wale, 2 Jasper Street, Cleveland, Ohio, | 0.35 |
| Jane A. Butler, Decorah, Iowa, | 0.50 |
| J. E. R., Ohio, | 1.00 |
| A Friend to Humanity, | 50.00 |
| B. M. W. Reading, Miss., | 0.17 |
| D. Chester, Bangor, Mich., | 1.00 |

D. EVANS CASWELL, BUSINESS, TEST, AND HEALING MEDIUM.

Will be located for the Spring and Summer at
No. 9 Hancock Street,
BUNKER-HILL DISTRICT, BOSTON, MASS.

Hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.]

Mr. C. will attend funerals when requested. 4t-m51

MIND AND MATTER.

PUBLICATION OFFICE.

Second Story No. 713 Sansom Street,
Philadelphia.

J. M. ROBERTS . . . PUBLISHER AND EDITOR.
C. C. WILSON . . . ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Each line in nonpareil type, fifteen cents for the first insertion, and half this rate for each subsequent insertion.
Special Notices—Twenty cents per line for each insertion.
Business Cards and Continued Advertisements inserted at special rates.
Electrotypes and plates will not be inserted.
Payment strictly in advance.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

To mail subscribers, \$2.15 per annum; \$1.09 for 6 months; 57 cents for 3 months, payable in advance.
Single copies of the paper, six cents—to be had at the principal news stands.

CLUB RATES FOR ONE YEAR.

| | |
|---------------------------------------|--------|
| Five copies one year, free of postage | \$8 00 |
| Ten " " " " " " | 15 00 |
| Twenty " " " " " " | 30 00 |

This is a splendid opportunity for News Agents in all parts of the country to realize a handsome profit, without investing their cash capital.

BANNER OF LIGHT, THE OLDEST JOURNAL IN THE WORLD DEVOTED TO THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY.

ISSUED WEEKLY

AT NO. 9 MONTGOMERY PLACE, BOSTON, MASS.

COLBY & RICH,

Publishers and Proprietors.

ISAAC B. RICH, . . . Business Manager.
LUTHER COLBY, . . . Editor.
JOHN W. DAY, . . . Associate Editor.
Aided by a large corps of able writers.

The Banner is a first-class, eight page Family Newspaper, containing forty columns of interesting and instructive reading, embracing a Literary Department; reports of Spiritual Lectures; Original Essays, upon Spiritual, Philosophical and Scientific Subjects. Editorial Department; Spirit-Message Department. Contributions by the most talented writers in the world, etc., etc.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, IN ADVANCE.—Per Year, \$3.00; Six Months, \$1.50; Three Months, 75 cents.

Postage fifteen cents per year, which must accompany the subscription.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Money Order on Boston, or a Draft on a Bank or Banking House in Boston or New York City, payable to the order of Colby & Rich, is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without our loss or the sender's.

Advertisements published at twenty cents per line for the first, and fifteen cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

THE SPIRITUAL RECORD.

The above paper is published weekly, at 14 Canal St., Chicago, and will contain in each issue the Mediumistic Discourse of

MRS. C. L. V. RICHMOND,

Before the First Society of Spiritualists of Chicago, the preceding Sabbath. It will also contain news of the Spiritual World of interest to all believers.

Price two dollars per year; single copies five cents.

Wholesale prices, postage prepaid—100 copies or less, \$3.00; 200 copies, or less than 500, \$2.50 per hundred; 500 copies or more, \$2.00 per hundred.

All orders should be accompanied with money order or registered letter, and addressed to

COLLINS EATON, Sec'y, 14 Canal St., Chicago.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, A Large Eight-Page Weekly Paper, De- voted to Spiritualism.

Established in 1865, it has overcome all opposition, and has attained a standing and circulation unprecedented in the history of liberal publications. The most profound and brilliant writers and deepest thinkers in the Spiritualistic ranks write for the JOURNAL. Through able correspondents it has facilities unequalled for gathering all news of interest to the cause, and careful, reliable reports of phenomena.

Terms, \$3.15 per year. Specimen copy free. Address

JNO. C. BUNDY, Editor,
MERCHANTS' BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

M. THERESA SHELHAMER,

Medical Medium, 89 K St., South Boston, Mass.

Pupil of old Dr. John Warren, formerly of Boston. Prescribes for, and treats all kinds of Diseases. Lung, Liver Complaints, and all Cutaneous and Blood Diseases particularly attended to. Kidney Complaints a specialty. Terms for Examination, Advice, and Prescription, when necessary, \$1.00. Moderate rates for medicine, when furnished.

Office hours, 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.

Parties writing, please enclose fee, stamp, and be particular in stating symptoms.

Please remit always by P. O. Money Order.

MISS KNOX,

TEST MEDIUM,

1 Wyman Place, off Common Street,
BOSTON.

Circles Sunday evenings, and Thursdays, at 3 P. M.

MEDICATED BATHS GIVEN.

C. E. WINANS,

Test Clairvoyant and Business Medium.

He can diagnose disease, read the past and future by a lock of hair; also give advice in business matters. By remitting one dollar and two three-cent stamps will insure prompt attention. Direct all letters to Edinburg, Ind.

LUTHER PAINE,

Clairvoyant & Magnetic Healer

Address—EDINBURGH, JOHNSON CO., IND.

H. A. POLLARD,

Clairvoyant and Magnetic Healer,
74 CHAPMAN STREET, BOSTON.

Mrs. Ira B. Eddy,

BUSINESS AND TEST MEDIUM,
666 Fulton St., Chicago, Ill.